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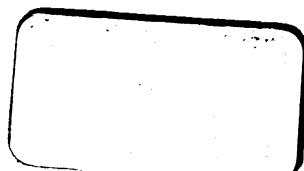
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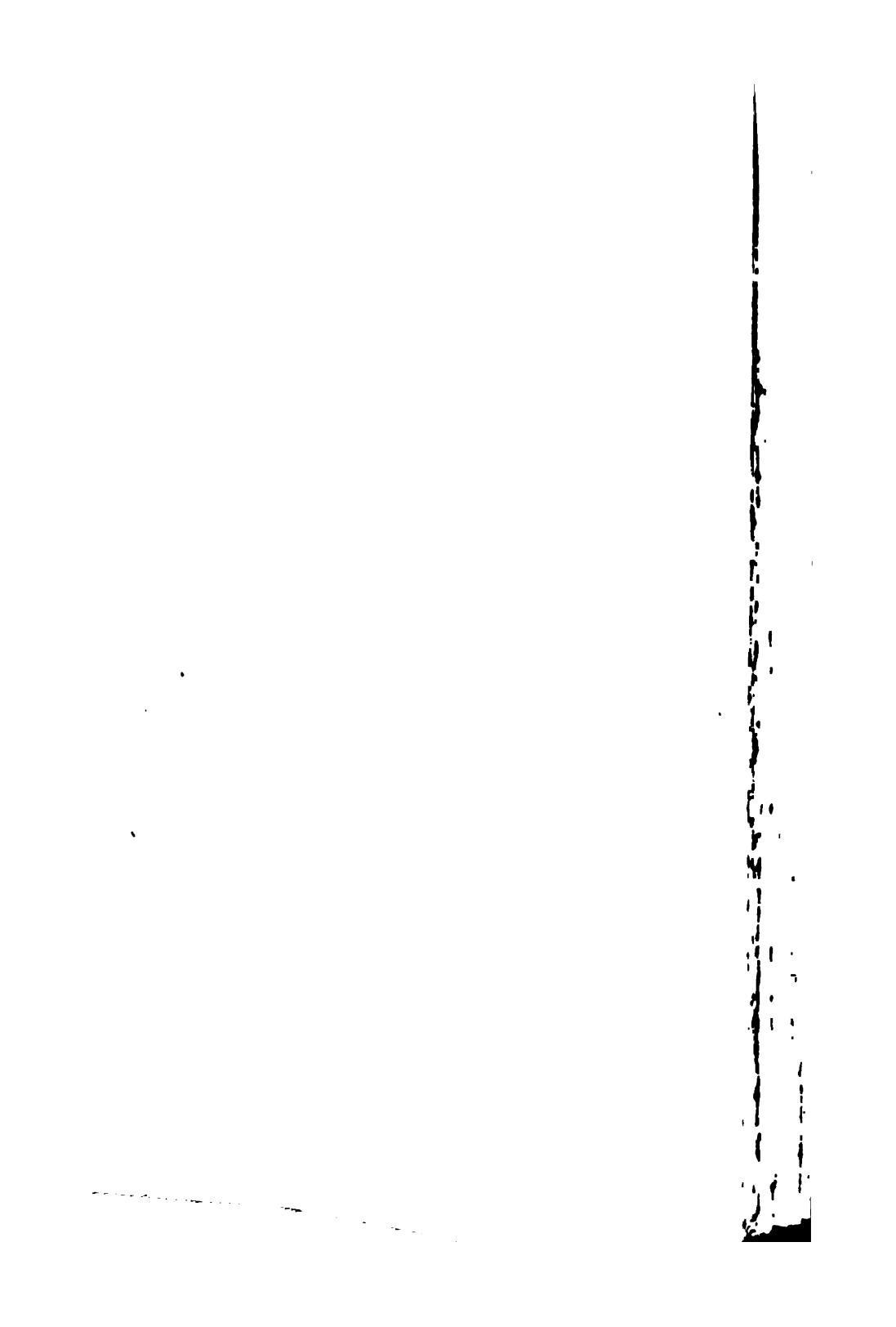
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Caesar in Egypt



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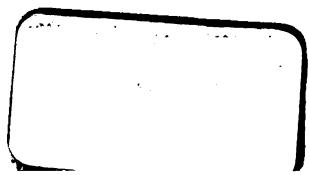


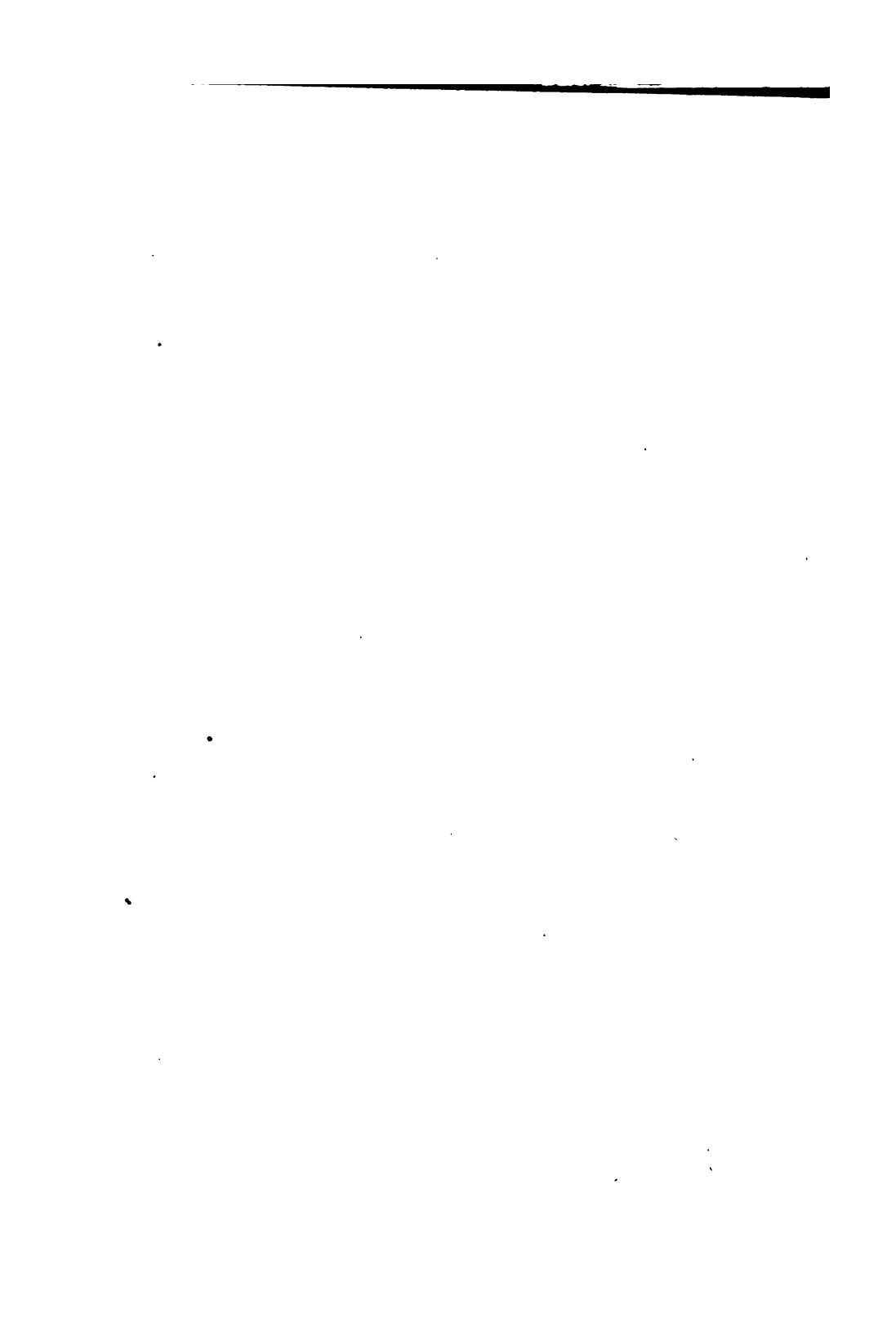
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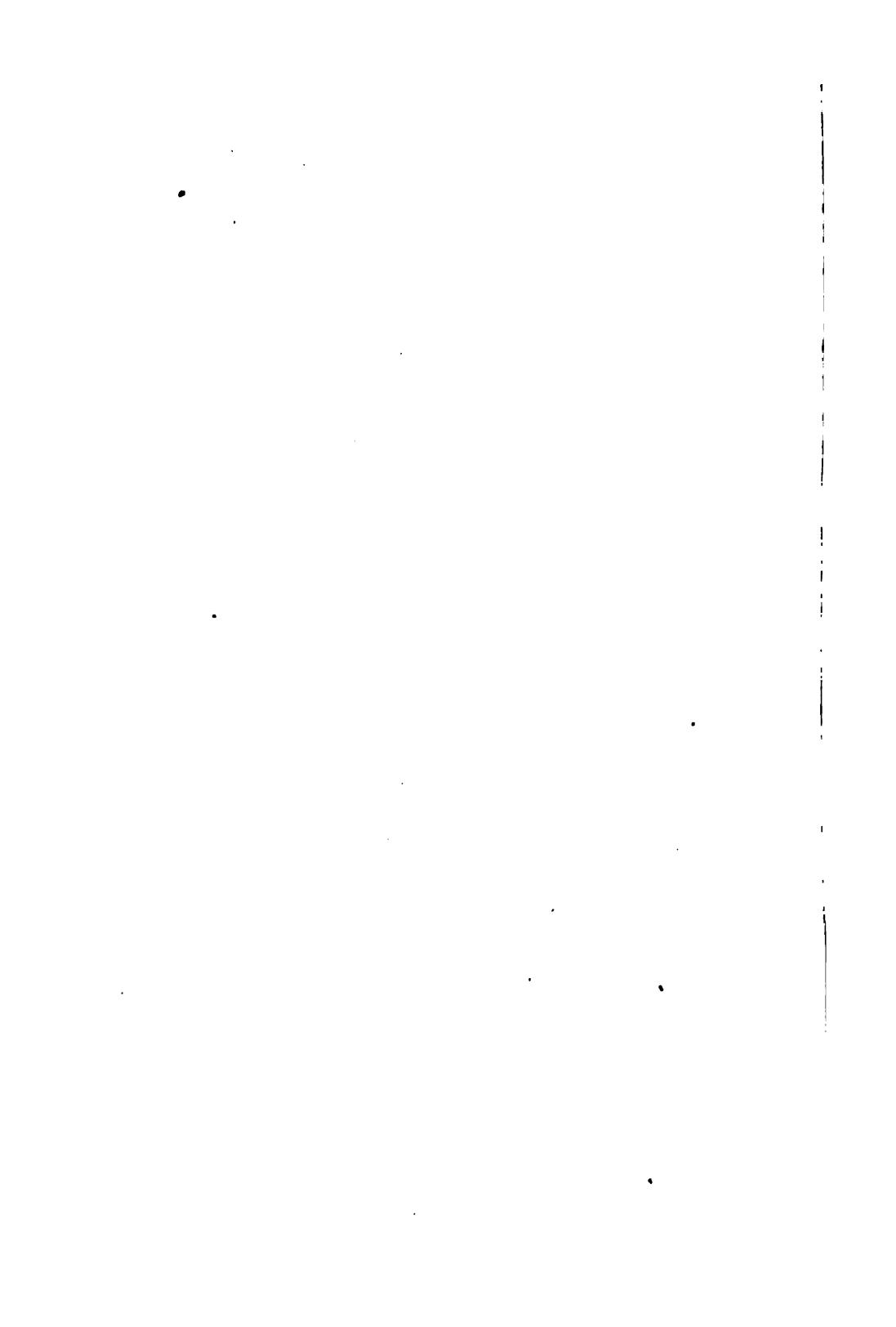




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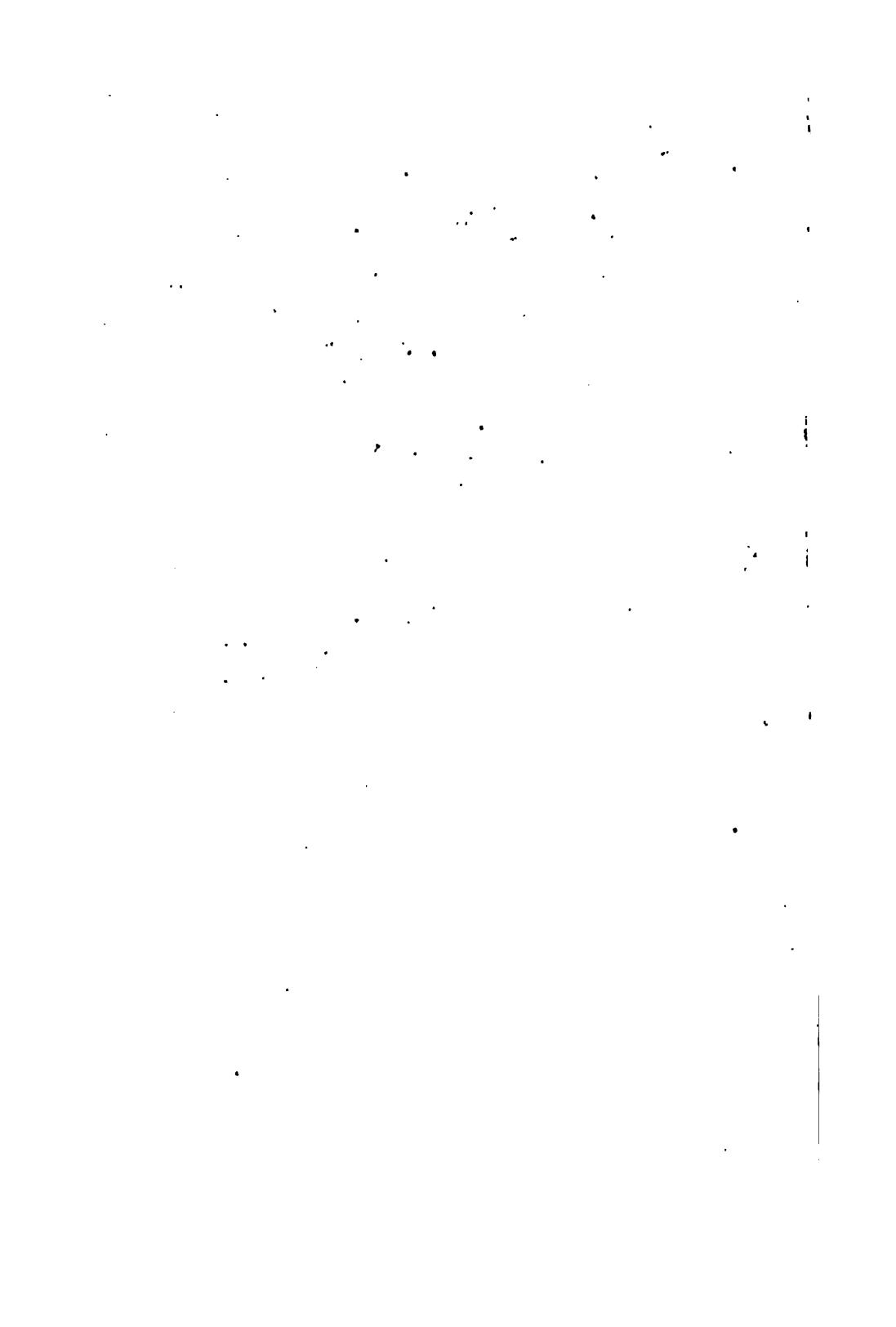
Caesar in Egypt
COSTANZA
and other
Poems
by
Joseph Ellis



LONDON
BASIL MONTAGU PICKERING
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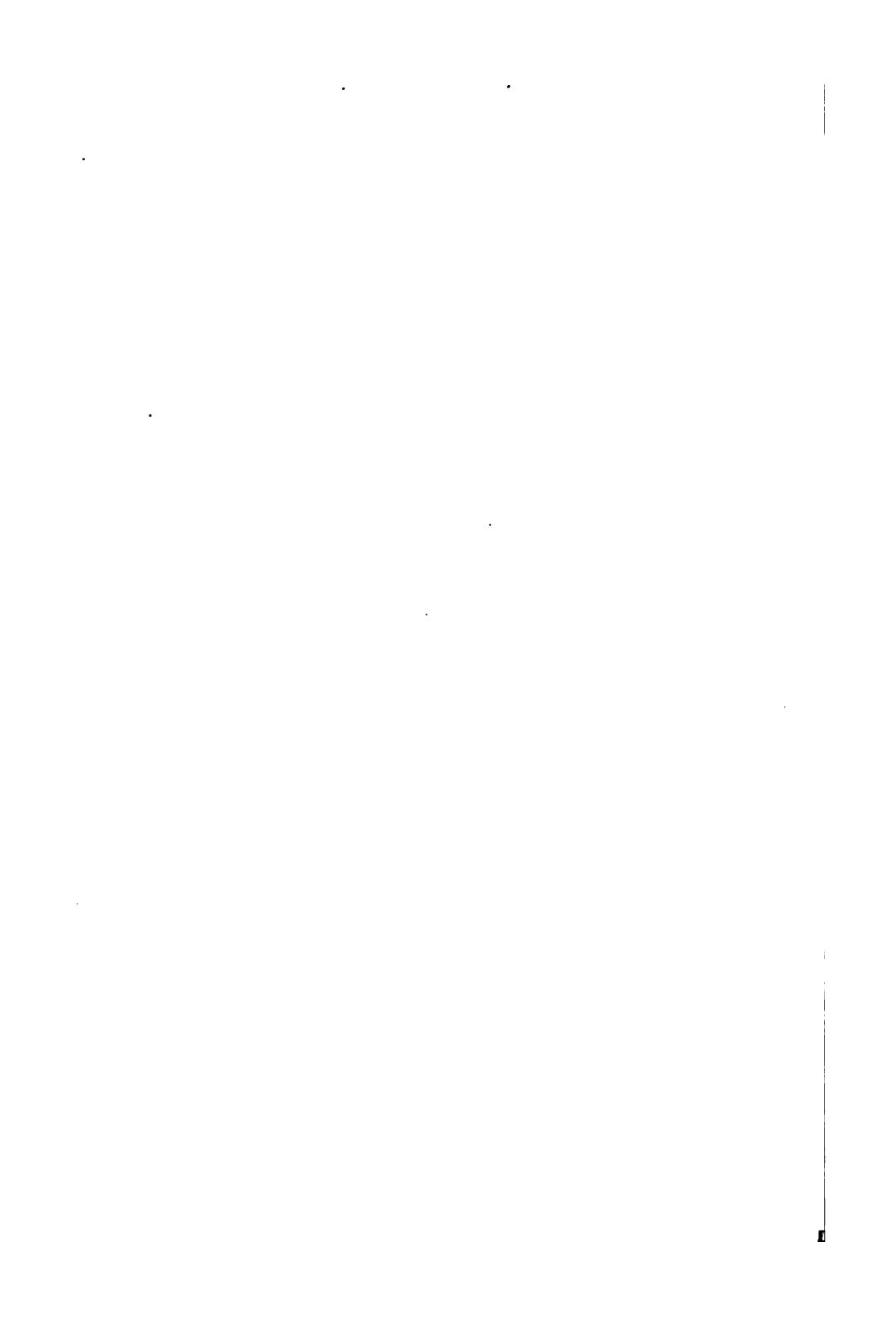
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Caesar in Egypt.





TO
HIS LEARNED AND GENEROUS FRIEND
PROFESSOR GEORGE LONG
THE AUTHOR DEDICATES
“CAESAR IN EGYPT”
WITH GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF
THE ASSISTANCE DERIVED FROM
“THE DECLINE OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC”
AND MUCH VALUABLE
COUNSEL

George Long.

*As the hard Miser does, he makes a store
Of various mintage—from each learnèd tongue !
Of all the wisdom that is said or sung,
So none can count or gues's his wealth—of lore ;
And, like the Miser, doth he fret and pore,
Yet, as he groweth old,—as ever young !
Delving the Mine wherewith his riches sprung,
His greed insatiate—crying more, more, more !
Unlike the Miser, he doth freely yield
From all he hath, with no begrudging dole,
And still doth render from the fruitful field
Wherever knowledge thrives—from pole to pole,—
Till men may wonder at the hoard concealed ;—
Ah, we but gain an atom of the whole !*



The Argument.

CN. POMPEIUS, surnamed *Magnus*, after his defeat at Pharsalia, escaped ultimately to Egypt. He was son-in-law of Caius Julius Caesar, by having married *Julia*, Caesar's only daughter. In his flight towards Egypt he took up his second wife *Cornelia* (widow of *Publius Crassus*, one of Caesar's favourite generals) at *Lesbos*, and sailed thence to *Pelusium*. He had good reason to reckon on influence and support in Egypt. During the second consulship of Pompeius, *Ptolemaeus Auletes* (father of the then heirs to the Egyptian throne) had been befriended by Pompeius at Rome. *Auletes* had left the administration of his *Will* to the Roman senate, and a copy of the *Will* had been deposited with Pompeius. Moreover, Pompeius had induced

Gabinius with a Roman force, to restore Auletes, who had been driven out of Egypt in B.C. 58. Two legions of Gabinius' had been left at Alexandria. On the other hand, the Egyptians had assisted Pompeius in his last contest by sending ships, and otherwise. But the Alexandrines, having intelligence of the defeat and flight of Pompeius, partly from jealousy of Roman interference, and in view of the ascendancy of Caesar, caused the murder of Pompeius at his landing. Cornelia witnessed his death, and escaped with her son, Sextus Pompeius.

The Egyptians were in a state of anarchy. Pothinus, governor (a eunuch), Achillas, general (an Egyptian), and Theodotus of Chios (tutor), supported the young King, Ptolemaeus, in opposition to the Will of Auletes, which directed that Cleopatra (the eldest child) should reign conjointly with and wedded to her brother. Cleopatra resisted, and was then, with her adherents, beyond Pelusium. Hence there was a civil war.

Miraculous events are recorded coincident with Caesar's victory at Pharsalia. In the Temple of Minerva at Elis, the image of victory turned towards the portal. At Antioch, noises of fight-

ing and trumpets: the same at Ptolemais: at Pergamum, in the adytum of the temple, sounds of drums: in the Temple of Victory at Tralles, wherein a statue was consecrated to Caesar, a palm sprouted from between the stones of the floor.

When Caesar with (2,300 soldiers) reached Egypt in pursuit of Pompeius, he heard that death had ended his opposition. Caesar was deeply affected on being told of the murder of Pompeius. He had, still, other and important interests on his own part. As consul and dictator of Rome, it was his duty to administer the Will of Ptolemæus Auletes. His natural disposition, too, was for justice. Therefore he did not hesitate to declare his wish for the joint sovereignty, as ordered by the Will.

Caesar occupied that quarter of the city of Alexandria named Brucheium, which extended towards the sea. He lodged in the palace with the young King and his younger brother, and sister Arsinoe. Pothinus and Theodotus were also in the palace; Achillas was with the army. The views of Caesar were avowedly opposed to those of the King and his ministers. Yet it was, necessarily, the policy of the latter to simulate, for a while, respect

and consideration for Caesar's wishes. But Caesar had also demanded payment of the large debt due by Auletes to Rome and to himself, which, added to hatred of Roman intervention, caused him to be very unpopular with the Alexandrines. This feeling being displayed, Caesar sent into Asia for the legions there.

Caesar persisted in his views, and required Ptolemaeus to plead before him, to show on what grounds he refused to admit Cleopatra to the throne, as directed by the Will of his father. This angered the Ministers, and Caesar soon learned that Achillas was preparing to carry out their design by force. Achillas had command of 20,000 foot and 2,000 horse, besides the sympathy of the people, and possession of the city and open country.

While this state of things existed at Alexandria, Cleopatra waited, with her little army, beyond Pelusium. Reflecting on the situation, and how possibly to secure the favour and influence of Caesar in support of her sovereign rights, she resolved to present herself to him, and, by persuasion, with the advantage of her womanly attractions, win him to her cause. The age of

Cleopatra was then about twenty, and she is described as beautiful in person, witty and courageous, with pleasing manners, and melodious voice. In the execution of her project she was aided by Apollodorus, a devoted officer of her household, and, with him only, coasted from Pelusium into one of the embouchures of the Nile. Landing, in disguise, she, folded in a sacking, was carried by Apollodorus into Caesar's apartment in the palace, and there laid on a couch. Caesar soon after entered alone, observed the figure on the couch, removed the veil, and saw the face of Cleopatra. He commanded that the Queen should be suitably lodged and guarded in the palace. He insisted more than ever on the reconciliation of brother and sister, and on the fulfilment of the directions regarding them in the Will of Auletes—with seeming success, so far that there was a banquet to ratify the arrangement.

But Pothinus and his party furtively opposed the purpose of Caesar. It is said that Caesar's barber discovered a plot. At this time Princess Arsinoe fled to Achillas, and assumed royal authority.

Caesar then persuaded the King to send, as

ambassadors to Achillas, two distinguished men, Dioscorides and Serapion, both of whom had been in the confidence of Ptolemy Auletes. Achillas, without parley, ordered them to be seized and put to death. On this, Caesar secured the King, and, being informed of Pothinus' treachery, condemned the latter to death.

Caesar was now fully on his defence, and had to send for ships and soldiers. Achillas advanced in open war, and besieged that quarter of the city occupied by the Romans. Caesar's cisterns were rendered brackish by the enemy; he had to dig wells, and in every way to exert his wonderful abilities to maintain his position. The Romans were in great danger, and suffered some defeats. Yet he succeeded in taking the Island and Tower of Pharos, with the Heptastadium,—the mole which connected the island with the city,—and burnt many of the Egyptian ships. During this struggle, the famous Alexandrian Library was accidentally destroyed by fire.

Prince's Arsinoe, being now, as Queen, with the Egyptian army, quarrelled with Achillas, accomplished his death, and appointed Ganymedes, the eunuch under whose care she had been educated,

General of the army. Ganymedes proved himself to be a very able man. After an interval of cabal and intrigue between the two parties, the Alexandrines, on finding that the Romans were so difficult to conquer, offered friendship to Caesar, on condition of his releasing the King, whom they said they preferred to Arsinoe, and would obey. Caesar, wishing to conciliate them, and thinking that the concession would scarcely increase their power, gave up the King. Ptolemaeus parted from Caesar with pretended regret, and with the warmest expressions of affection; but, immediately after, headed the army, and recommenced operations against the Romans, so well, that Caesar was put to some disadvantage. Cleopatra remained, under Caesar's protection, at the palace.

The Egyptian fleet was in great strength at Canopus; the army invested the quarter of Bruchelium. Caesar had received reinforcements by land and sea, and was thereby enabled to hold his ground. He appointed Tiberius Nero admiral of his fleet, with the brave Rhodian, Euphranor, under him. Caesar's fleet contended against the Egyptians with partial success, but with the loss of Euphranor.

At this crisis, Caesar received a message from his friend Mithridates of Pergamum that, having reached Pelusium with an army, he had fought there a successful battle with the Egyptians. Caesar lost no time in making arrangements to go to his support. Meanwhile Mithridates had taken Pelusium, and advanced towards Alexandria. Caesar, with great ingenuity and boldness, fought his way out, and joined Mithridates on the Delta.

Then came the final encounter. The King had advanced to meet Mithridates, and had commenced the attack, when Caesar approached with his soldiers and ships. For some time victory wavered; till Caesar ordered a desperate onslaught on the camp, which resulted in the complete rout of the Alexandrines; and the King, in attempting to escape to a ship, was drowned.

After this engagement, the Alexandrines submitted to Caesar, who established Cleopatra on the throne, coupled with her younger brother, then but a boy:—thus fulfilling his duty as executor (for Rome) of the Will of Auletes.

Peace having been restored, Caesar lingered for about three months, regulating the affairs

of Egypt. But he did not let that interval pass unemployed for increase of knowledge, and for recreation, after his severe trials and distresses, which had brought him almost to despair. The lost books of Appian on Egypt contained the particulars of Caesar's journey up the Nile with Cleopatra. In that journey, so far as to the first cataract (the limit of Egypt), he would see most of the wonderful remains, ancient to them as to us,—Memphis and Thebes, Heliopolis, the Pyramids, the Memnon, the Sphinx, the cities of Lake Moeris, Syene, and the romantic island Elephantiné. In Cleopatra, he had a companion whose wit and spirit were congenial with his disposition.

But Caesar did not for long forget his duties to his country. His chief mistress was Rome. Returning to Alexandria, he did what he could, promptly and resolutely, to consolidate the authority of the Queen. He took the sixth legion with him to Syria—there to oppose Pharnaces—and left the rest of his Roman force at Alexandria to support Cleopatra.

After successful campaigns in Syria, Africa, and Spain, Caesar—at Rome—held a Triumph

for the Alexandrine War, in which two conspicuous objects were the Princess Arsinoe, and a cameleopard (or giraffe), then for the first time seen in Europe. This may be viewed as the closing scene of a very interesting and too little regarded episode in the career of Caius Julius Caesar.





Caesar in Egypt. •

I.

SO while away the ages,—come, and gone !
Monuments voices have ;—the later arts
Yield livelier records of the silent Past.
Pile we the relics ! print the letter'd page
In multiples unreckon'd, till, entranced,
We see the wither'd centuries, embalm'd,
And, as in fossil or in crystal shewn,
The disembodied Mind :—in vain ! in vain !
For Mind is ever new ; emotion springs
As fountain newly from the riven rock.
Lo, like the petal wakening to the Sun,
The Soul that cometh hath inheritance
Coeval justly with the birth of Time.
Yet do we fondly ween, if passion moved,
So passion kindles now ; and, thus assured,
Live, in vicarious ecstasy, somewhiles,
The life of Men foregone ;—conceive their acts,
And feel their mental wounds.

Pompeius Magnus !
 Who, as a Palace in a Fortres, stood—
 In strength or splendour equal,—at one stroke
 Bared of its boastful beauties, and laid low.

Pharsalia lost ! how but to die or fly ?
 “ What, even to the ramparts do they come ?
 My dear Cornelia ! now at Lesbos waiting,
 Waiting to greet me Emperor of the World.
 Take off my Armour,—take that purple robe,
 And bring me russet of the peasant-fort.
 As least that came of greatest ! let me go.”

And then he went, through woods and coverts
 winding,
 First to Larissa, fair Thessalia’s pride,—
 Cradle of Thetis’ son, Achilles, erst,
 Nor far from where Olympus towers to heaven ;—
 Then on through Tempe, to the poets dear,
 And to the strand, whereat, by dream forewarn’d,
 Peticius, from his bark, Pompeius hail’d ;
 And, with Favonius and the Lentuli,
 To Lesbos bore him. Of Cornelia’s grief,—
 Why tell what every human heart doth know ?
 But now—how next the conqueror’s hand evade ?
 To Libya, to Parthia, or to Egypt ?
 Pompeius Magnus ! could he then o’erlook

Egypt's indebtedness?—to Cyprus next,
Thence to Pelusium and the new boy-King.
A Dæmon, doubtless, led him to that shore!

Attended poorly, came Pompeius there;
His ships but few, his men two thousand told.
The one-time arbiter is suppliant now:
Whereat the fiend, Ingratitude, took form.
Urged by Pothinus, eunuch, misanthrope,
And hater,—hating most the man most loved!
Accurst Septimius, striking from behind,
Achillas following with a soldier's aim,
Him left of life whom legions could not kill.
So fell he, butcher'd in Cornelia's sight,
Her swooning shriek resounding to the shore!
Her guardians, hastily, the anchor weigh'd,
And, with young Sextus, of Pompeius scion,
Convey'd her, grieving, to a friendlier land.

Gallant Pompeius! strong of arm and loin,
Of curly crown and merry countenance,
Giant in muscle, or of body or brain,
Charmer of women and men, the paramount,
Save one—of loftier zenith!—must it be,
By the strict canon of pre-eminence,
To pale and fall before the brighter star,—
Desert the world to make, for Caesar, space?

Lo, on that day of strife unparallel'd,
The ghostly spheres were moved to visible signs.
At Elis, in Minerva's sacred Fane,
(Elis, the sanctuary of the nations round,) The Phidian image to the portal turn'd ;
At Antioch, Ptolemais, Pergāmum,
The temples rang with superhuman sounds
Of drums and trumpets, and the crash of war.
At Tralles, shrine of Caesar's effigy,
A palm-tree sprung, full-leaf'd, from stony floor.

Then Caius Julius, first and greatest Caesar,
Becomes the Monarch of all humankind.
Not yet ! for, from Pharsalia's hateful fray,—
Where, with insensate rage, the gods of Earth,
To Roman, Roman, friend and brother strove,
Despising death, to prove that *One* must reign,—
Vanish'd Pompeius ! whither—whither gone ?
To Egypt onward ! scorn the scatter'd hosts,—
Which like evaporate clouds again condense,—
Speed on to find the famous fugitive,
In ruin strong—with magic in his name !
To find—too late, alas ! his trunkleſs head :
Too late to conquer, and too late to save !

The end assured, to Rome the Hero sent,
And, his o'erbrimming heart relieving, wrote
“ The crowning comfort of my victory rests—
To pardon Romans by mishap my foes.”

And Caesar wept—such tears as must be true,
His Julia's husband, and his dearest friend !
Dry—dry the tears ! men cannot work and weep ;
And now is urgent, vital work to do.

King Ptolemæus, his last Testament
Committed, haply to secure its aim,
In sacred trust, unto the Roman senate.
This was Auletes, or the Piper, named.
Sometime deposed, he had been guest at Rome,
And to Pompeius, Cato, and Gabinius,
Owed, by advice and War's arbitrament,
Safe re-instatement to his regal power.
Owed he, moreover, cash to divers Romans,
And much to Caesar, who, sole Consul now,
Remain'd, for Rome, his representative.

The Consul, (knowing not Pompeius' death,—
On Romans counting, by Gabinius left,)
To Alexandria came, with slender force,
And as a King,—a King of Men,—the City
In regal progres, with his lictors, enter'd,
Fasces before him,—and the people frown'd :
“ Pompeius rid of, must they still confess
Roma's authority ?” Stern, Caesar strode,
Following his bold and trusty messengers,
Until the Royal Alexandrine House.
There Ptolemæus, and the Prince cadet,

Arsinoe, Princess, Sister of the Queen,
And grim Pothinus, Eunuch-Minister,
Him met with smiles and simulate honesty;—
And there, with cool and courteous dignity,
Abided he in well-pretended strength.

But Caesar said, “By King Auletes’ Will,
The Princess and the Prince conjoint must reign.”
Pothinus, with design not all unwise,
Forestell’d the Salique law; full well aware
That Cleopatra could his craft outreach!
Yet Caesar said “It is Auletes’ Will,
By Rome held sacred, must accomplish’d be.”
Whereon Pothinus, in dissemblance deft,
Bent low the knee—“Behold! a judgment just.”
So far assented, Caesar pressed his suit
For monies due to Romans, for himself
Of more than half-a-million sterling pounds.
Pothinus bent the knee, gave monies, yet,
Among his friends, made pleasure of his scorn,
And multiplied indignities on Caesar:
“He had but delf—all silver vessels sold
To yield the requisition;” clamour’d citizens
Against the impost raised to pay the debt.
Pothinus prosper’d in a fool’s delight,
Whilst Caesar sent for legions,—far away!

And while Pothinus plotted, Caesar thought,—

On surface smooth to Minister or King.
Here was a lull of rest, and Caesar said
“ I would the wonders of this City see,
Design’d by him the Great of Macedon,
Built at whose heft by skil’d Dinocrates ;—
Myself survey the works whereof I read.”
He saw the Soma which “ the body ” held,—
“ The body ” term’d, with just significance,—
Of him the founder,—Conqueror of the World ;—
At thought of whom he, once, had grieved to tears,
That other man surpaſſ’d him in renown !
He saw Serapis’ Temple, and the Tower
Of that ingenious schemer, Sostratus,
On Pharos raised, (with Beacon-fire,) led to
By Heptaſtadium ; and the Docks and channels
The Palace nearing, (with belligerent view ;)
The Catacombs yclept Necropolis ;
Poseidon’s Temple, to the seamen dear ;
The vast Emporium, (to Canopus loft ;)
Gymnasium, Stadium, Amphitheatre,—
Pan’s Temple, on the hill-top towering ;—
The Hippodrome,—the subterranean Cisterns :
But more than all did Caesar’s cultured mind
Rejoice beholding that far-famed Museum,—
Well-spring of learning—scroll on scroll up-piled—
Of science and philosophy much loved,—
And nursery of the men who him had taught.
Ah ! little thought he, by his act to perish.

Meantime Queen Cleopatra, — self-styled
queen,—

Watch'd, with her true adherents, from afar,
Beyond Pelusium, in some strength encamp'd,—
By resolute Achillas held at bay,—
The peril knowing, and yet undismay'd.
Was she not daughter of a line of kings ?
No moment yielding to a craven mind,
As born a Queen,—a Queen she meant to be.
Of all the Cleopatras fam'd most,
Or Alexander's sister,—made a bride
On Philip's fatal day ; or she the wife
Of royal Oeneus' son, doomed Meleager :
Who, wasting slow, by magic spell accurst,
For his wild love of Atalanta died.
Like all high spirits, her own counsellor
In things of import grave, she reason'd thus—
“ Comes Caesar, mission'd by the gods for me !
He has decreed, and justly, must I own,
My brother me should wed—the paltry boy !
For me, alack ! no mate—it shall not be.
I reign alone, and wed me where I love.
My friend shall Caesar be ! how gain I him ?

In thought entranced, the Queen uprose, transfix'd,
Her hands on high, by fingers interlock'd,
With lips compressed, and look of firm intent ;—

Then, disapparelling, unwittingly
Turn'd to the speculum her faultless limbs,
And, at her image glancing, self-enamour'd,
Sank couchant, to voluptuous slumber given.
Sleep hovers o'er the spirit at unrest ;—
“ What can I offer Caesar ? he is mighty !
Hath fame and wealth, and, in the name of Rome,
Commands the world. What *can* I give to Caesar ? ”

Succeeds a waking dream,—Ambition's dream !
Expanding, warming—melting into sleep.
Fresh as the Lotus to the eye of day,
Woke Cleopatra to her phantasy,—
In somnolence resolv'd purpose grown.
Well did she too her thoughts impersonate ;—
Of goddes' visage, lit with eyes of fire,
And brain that kept them burning, and of form
Instinct with dignity and Queenly grace,—
Meet incarnation of her dreadles soul !
Like a fair column set alone, she stood
Revolving her design.

“ What man of mark,
A man with me to match, will disregard
A beauteous woman, and that one a Queen,—
That Queen a Cleopatra—last of all
Of men the greatest ? Caesar needeth nought—

What *can* I give him then?—but Cleopatra!—
If to be lorded, let my first lord be
The man of men who rears above them all;—
Queen Cleopatra Cleopatra gives,
That only one!—so must he yield, and place
Me on my throne.”

Clang-clang! clang-clang! the cymbals;
Dames attend: composed, with gracious gesture,
Greeting, she welcomes them; would fain conceal
Her passionate temper, wrought by schemes untold;
Diffimulates, with pleasant irony, and says
“ They are too anxious and too loving all.”
The tiring done, the sumptuous tresses plaited,
The jewels and the perfumes minister'd,
She bids them, parting, “ send Apollodorus.”
He, as a champion, unbought, chivalric,
Bound to the Queen in fealty, instant came.

Seated, in royal robe, the Queen of Egypt!
Spake Cleopatra,—“ Friend Apollodorus,
Thou knowest well my straits; my army weak,
Achillas traps me, and Pothinus dire
Hates me, as eunuch should; then what to do?
The Queen of Egypt,—and I am the Queen!—
Thou see'st that Caesar, noble though he be,
Rules, in observance of my Father's whim,

To wed me with that boy, to have me reign
In couples ! this, Pothinus and Achillas
Resist alike,—and I am with them there !
'Tis hard, contending with a Father's Will,—
Made it not I ! thenceforth must I contend ;
Despite of them and Caesar, I shall reign.
The Consul knows me not—to him I go :
Nay shrink not ! for, with thee I to him speed.
Trusty Apollodorus, can'st thou doubt,
I will succeed in that I machinate ?
Caesar is mortal man, though like a god
In force and eminence, and I will be
The grandest woman of this God-made Earth,
Of this world's victor, victor,—with one arm,
Will rout Pothinus and his daftard crew.
Now listen well, my friend, the while I tell
Particulars of my arch stratagem.
Thou hast some friends in the Palace,—learn from
them
Of Caesar's goings out, and comings in ;
This done, we coast in menial guise, by night,
Unto the gate of my ancestral home,—
The princely City of the Ptolemies,—
Where, my Apollodorus, I will dwell.
A friend worth having must be strong and brave,
And thou art strong of heart and limb I know—
Thou can'st and wilt, whereto I bid, me'carry,—
Even to Caesar's chamber ; start not so !

I'll tell thee how anon ; but leave me there,—
The rest is mine to do."

Devoted as

A loyal knight, whate'er the venture prove,
Apollodorus bowed, obeisant, saying,—
" Be it so," quickly went, and soon return'd,—
To tell, " O Queen ! the project is prepared."
The next still eve they sped, in tiny skiff,
Muffled and mask'd ; watchful, the verges nearing
Of the Internum, next Egyptus' shores,
Past the seven mouths of Nile, to port of Pharos,
Whereat, unseen, they landed,—to proceed
Along the Mole, along the dusky streets
Of busy Alexandria ; there, foretold,
Apollodorus promptly hid the Queen,
In covert safe, for rest and sustenance.
He to the Palace, she to think her part,
And, after sleep, the bath, and then to braid
Her raven tresses, to the cin^cture falling,
And clothe her fair for Caesar. Well she knew
To make perfection perfect, and the art
To win :

Ere long Apollodorus came.
" What more my Queen ? I but exist to serve thee."
And Cleopatra thank'd him by a smile !
" Quail not, brave heart ! I'll guide thee what to do ;

Am I attiréd as befits a Queen?"
Beholding, much abash'd, her dazzling beauty,
Scarce seeing for the radiance of her presence—
E'en as the Sun, too bright, a darkness brings,—
Bending, he utter'd low, "Thou art my Queen."
Then Cleopatra, in fierce hope exultant,—
"Swathe me, Apollodorus, as I lie,
In that coarse canvas, as some merchandise,—
For it is custom, delicate things to hide
In rude outcovering,—straightway with thine arms,
Thy muscular limbs, transport me, till I rest
The rightful tenant of my Royal House,
Nor less than occupant of Caesar's Room."
Effrayed, obedient, bold Apollodorus
Inwrapp'd her gently, and, with tender grasp,
To his broad shoulder raised her, and, away!

In garb of slave, his precious burthen bearing,
On, heeding none, his devious course he threads,
As one on work intent, who goes his way.
The Palace knew he, and the Greek slaves there
Cared not to stay him. Caesar then in council
Apollodorus found, as pre-designed,
His sanctum void; and next, the curtains shut,
Soft on a silken couch the Queen disposed.
With timorous hands, and palpitating pulse,
As o'er a lovely flower, constrain'd to leave
Its perfume and its petals unimpair'd,—

The rough envelopment he then unroll'd
From off her dainty members, folding her
Closely, in mantle rich, of royal woof ;
And so she, bound in the brocaded coil,
Lay, as a mummy waiting for the tomb,—
Only the face unshrouded. Spake She then,—
“ Veil me, Apollodorus, then depart,—
Thee I forget not,—to my people say
Their Queen is soon to reign,—they have my
blessing !”
With lowly crest retiring,—backwardly,
Apollodorus, mutely, draped the door,
And fled the Palace.

All is silent now.

Listening for footfall, Cleopatra drowsed ;
And, drowsing, hears, eftsoons, a manly tread,
Soldierly, measured—yes ! it must be Caesar.
The Consul enter'd, in disrobing pensive—
Next, slowly walk'd, and walk'd, and presently
With sharp glance mark'd an object new and strange.
Thy nerves fail not great Caesar,—“ what is this ? ”
Observing, curiously, the regal vesture,
He, statue-like, the dormant figure scann'd.
(His towering forehead, his far-searching eye,
His firm-set lip that, voiceless, could command.)
The while he thought, and thought, impassively—
Then, with a cautious hand displaced the veil,
And met, full blaze, two black, resplendent eyes,

In passion or intelligence supreme !
The placid countenance, immobile, spake,—
Not to the outward ear,—the world is hush'd !
Gazing, turn'd Caesar—turning, gazed again ;
Then utter'd in deep tone, “Thou ? Cleopatra.”
A moment's pause,—the sunny cheeks grew sunnier,
Flash'd forth fresh sparkles the significant eyes,
The ruby, pouting lips to sweet tone parted,—
Pronouncing only, “Caesar.” Then is silence.

As a huge mountain in the Earthquake-shock,
The frame of Caesar quiver'd ; yet no sign
That the full-throbbing heart its pulses found.—
The soul that, dauntless, had confronted death,
Dissolved to weakness by a woman's smile !
With dumb respect, and kingly dignity
Raised he the Queen,—unfolded her, demure,
Placed her enthroned, and with a knightly bow,
Sat at decorous distance.

“ Royal Lady,
Yes,—I am Caesar,—needless to declare
That thou art Cleopatra,—other none ;
Less than a Caesar could that truth divine.
Yet, may he humbly ask, how cam'st thou here,—
What may he do, of good, for her so fair ?”
Commenced the Queen,—“ Great Caesar, King of
Men,
Thou knowest my distress ;—Executor
Of Ptolemaeus, King, would'st have me reign

In wedded link, with that young brother-boy !
 Say'ft thou it is his Will ?—it is not mine !
 Wed not I with the stripling ! even though
 Pothinus and Achillas not oppose—
 Even though Caesar says it shall so be !
 Am not I First of Egypt ? so to wive,
 No Queenship other than the Slave of slaves.
 In thy told purpose, Consul, thou art just,
 But know'ft not Cleopatra,—she is here !—
 The Queen of Egypt am I, and will reign ;
 Mate I with equals,—may with Caesar mate,—
 Elect my Knight, my ægis, and my Jove ! ”

With pause for breathing, Caesar—“ Well thou
 speakest,
 And in thy Regal bearing, Regal spirit,
 Should'ft, in mere justice, win thy way to power,
 The Queen of beauty, as by birth a Queen.
 Yet, above all desires, my Mistrefs chief
 Is Rome,—no matter ; let it rest to-day ;
 To-morrow shall we find what course is best.”

Then Cleopatra, seeing she had gain'd,
 Her manner easing to a genial humour,
 Jubilant, radiant—smiling, “ Yea, my King !
 Thy mistres Rome of me precedence takes !
 That I accord, ungrieved ; thy mistress Rome
 Exacts obedience, Egypt, prays thy help.
 Be love and duty equal in regard.

What Cleopatra pleads is Woman's plea,—
The feeble to the strong one, who controls
The hundred Nations,—who may add to these
Egypt in Cleopatra,—when she reigns !”

“ Sweet sorceress ! sweetly conquer,—better so ;
Than I to overcome—where I would not !
Yet would I conquer, only to obtain
Sole sway, with love's subjection,—in thy heart.
Thou shalt establish'd be,—though men may say
Thou do'st prevail o'er him who doth prevail.
For, lost the halo of the Crown of Egypt,
Thy Seer foretells that, to the end, thou wilt
Prevail as Cleopatra.”

Caesar rose,
Elate,—a courtly gallant ! kiss'd her palm,
(Holding the taper fingers wistfully.)
Whereat she laugh'd exuberant,—and, unthinking,
Clapp'd hands for joy: this taken for a call,
Brought in attendants, Caesar's Quæstor one ;
To whom the Consul, nearing, gravely said,
“ Guard well this Lady,—for she is the Queen ;—
Conduct her to the Matrons, let them care
To lodge her Royally: my order this ! ”
The Quæstor sign'd assent, and Cleopatra
Moving, (with formal reverence to Caesar,)
Dumbly, him following, went.

Along the floor,—

Chromatic, tessellate with marbles rare,—
Pacing, on-pacing with uncounted steps,
As one who finds new pabulum for thought,—
Caesar, somewhile irresolute, suddenly
Summon'd his vassals.

The succeeding day,
Met with Pothinus and the boyish King,
Unchanged, he urged the reconcilement due
In prosecution of Auletes' Will,—
True to his office as Executor.
Pothinus temporized,—the King agreed—
Moreover, to a banquet for that day,
Whereat, in proud array shone Cleopatra,
Herself a Queen, albeit not yet of Egypt !
The King, but young, nor wholly confident—
Accomplish'd Alexandrine in deceit,—
Lean'd to Pothinus, and Theodotus,
Or Minister or Tutor, of one mind,—
Withheld consent to Cleopatra's claims.
Caesar decreed,—“ to me the King must plead,—
Make manifest his right to reign alone.
Auletes' Will is Law, myself am Rome.”
At this Pothinus, anger'd, made cabal,
And, with the General, Achillas, leagued,
His mandate to the army boldly sent,
In the King's name, Bruchium to invest.

Caesar, still earnest for a friendly close,—

His force unequal to the instant war,—
Ambassadors despatch'd, the King's true friends,
(Serapion, Dioscorides, men of mark)
To parley with Achillas, who, uncaring,
Said—"they shall die!"

Then must great Rome's Dictator
Rome's power display :—the Alexandrines bold,—
In numbers, horse and foot, munitions, strong,—
(Some, Roman Soldiers of Gabinius erft,)
Must not be openly fronted : fortify
The Palace ; guard well outposts and the harbour ;
Inspire the soldiers to their stauncheſt valour,
And win by ſtrategy what arms would loſe.
Pothinus, and the King, are prisoners now
With Caesar,—whilst Achillas hems him in,
Surrounds the Palace,—in his pride ascendant !
"Will he not vanquish who the greatest van-
quifh'd ?
Nay, kill great Caesar, as he did Pompeius ?"
In vain the onſlaught !—to the Harbour now !
Their fleet ablaze ! and ſoon the dreadful firebrands
To the ſhore waſted—to the buildings ſpread,
And then alas ! the treasure-house of wiſdom,
That library moſt valued of the world,
Is wrapt in flame ! who dares ſuch loſs compute ?
Who diſinter the thoughts that ended then ?
Will genius regenerate a conceit,

A once evolvéd germ be born again ?
There went destruction of immortal parts,
Even as the burning of the souls of men.
Then, with resistless ardour, fallied Caesar,
Seized Pharos' tower, and gave it garrison,
Storm'd the strong places to Bruchelium nigh,
And, for the nonce, Achillas kept aloof.

During that day of perturbation dread,
Whilst, in the doubtful fray, confusion ruled,—
Princess Arsinoe to Achillas went,
And, with oft proven Ptolemaic spirit,
Assumed the regal power,—and title, too ;
For that shrewd General felt his own defect
Of true authority, to popular view,
By Caesar's wife detention of the King.
And, at this time, Pothinus, surely shown
In traitorous missives to th' Egyptian camp,—
The Consul doom'd him to a felon's fate.

Albeit Cleopatra,—all her charms,
And, certes, Caius did not such misprize,—
Caesar, astute, energetic, press'd the war,—
For now indeed a war, against his wish.
To Rhodes, Cilicia, Syria,—for fleets ;
To Crete for archers, e'en to Nabathaea,
(King Malchus, of the line of Ismael,)

For cavalry. Meanwhile, the outworks guarded,—
Intrenchment, bastion, gabion, all devices
For safety indispensable, are done.
Yet had he active foes, with power and wit:
Shut out from land, from sea prevented much,
His cisterns render'd brackish,—so, he might
Heed the misgiving murmurs, doubt himself.
But he was Roman, and allied with Romans.
“Dig wells,” he said: “retreat before these
caitiffs?
Forget not Rome ! ”

Pompeius' legion came;—
But could not enter: off! to bring them in.
Achillas now no more, Arsinoe made
Ganymed General, judging well his worth;—
For with much art he strove—in tactics quick,
To baffle Caesar. He untrammell'd quite,
With multitudinous host,—his foe penn'd in
By land and sea,—obstruction either side;
The city, like a cliff too straight to climb,
The Harbour block'd and patroll'd ceaselessly.
Off, off! to Sea,—the legion to relieve.
There in great strength is Ganymed; and Caesar,
In paltry squabble perils his repute,—
As hero-born, the same for small or large,—
Confronts the chance, whate'er the odds, to gain.
The strife is hot,—the Consul's ship surrounded,

Away he swam, his scarlet chlamys loosing,—
His tablets bearing,—and a charméd life !
He masters,—and the Alexandrines quail
(Craven at sight of Roman fortitude—)
Appeal to Caesar,—“ Give us back our King,
We love nor Ganymed, nor Arsinoe,
Let us but have the King, and there is peace.”
Caesar foreknew his legions marching on,
Delay advised, preferr’d at worst to strive,
Though with a beardless King, if that must be,
Instead to combat with a headless herd,
Whom to discomfit were inglorious,
Whom to be beaten by left honour none.
Then went he, Ptolemæus, streaming tears,—
Egyptian tears, unreal and unimpassion’d,
As those their crocodiles’ ; he “ could not go,—
Esteem’d to live with Caesar more than all
The rights of kingship :” yet he sped, and soon
Unmask’d his nature,—like a tiger-whelp
Freed from the toils ; and, in few-counted days,
Made clear there was a motive in that change.
The tears that falsely had been tears of joy,
Were, prematurely shed, his tears of woe !

Caesar, in pauses sweet, by leisure strain’d,
With Cleopatra honied counsel held.
Amid such dangers, well it was to have
So fair a Chancellor,—withal so wise !

Taught in Egyptian wiles, adept in craft,
Did she unthread the tangles of their schemes,
And circumvent their projects ; knew she not
Methods and men of Egypt ? who outwits
Egyptian like Egyptian ? land or sea,
Leader or follower, every trick of war,
To her apt cognizance, not idly shewn.
Expert in tongues, she could, with tact, discourse
To divers races, their intrigues to learn.

The King away, free, Cleopatra breathes !
And thus, at ease, the storm a while becalm'd,
For fit reception of the Consul cares.
With fervent eyes, as one in trance o'erjoy'd,
With light imbued, her soul to love resign'd,
Array'd in raiment fine, of silver tissue,
Anklets and armlets, serpent-like, of gold,
Her white, well-moulded bosom half display'd,
Fair neck begemm'd,—yea, jewels laid on jewels,—
Her ebon hair luxuriant, braided part,
And partly flowing,—proudly Egypt's Queen
Awaits his advent ; lift ! his footstep sounds,—
A sound familiar grown !

Both hands held forth,
“ Welcome ! thrice welcome to my heart,
O Caius,—
Timely consenting to release their King—

He now their King—I, next, their Queen to be !
Nor will my praiife be poorer, when I tell
'Twas I their errand prompted—dost thou frown ?
Was it not well ?—nay, blame me guardfully—
For thou haſt done the thing *I* pre-ordain'd,—
Deſign'd to practice Cleopatra's thought !
Thou art my King ;—I, thy prime Counſellor,
Have diſentangled thee,—as time will show.
The foolish boy, on ſole dominion ſet,
Will head againſt thee the Egyptian hoſt,
Thy rival he, and Roma's enemy !
Then what becomes of King Auletes' Will ?”
Her arms outſtreching, laugh'd ſhe—Caesar
 laugh'd,
In chorus sympathetic, and impaſſioned—
Diſtraught in loving admiration,—ſaid,
“ Bright flower of Egypt ! cheriſh'd in my heart—
Even as thou ſay'ſt that Caius is thy King.
He had thy view, but told thee not, for love ;
Wiſh'd to be chided by thee, bear thy gibes,
To gain the rapture of thine after-praiife,
When he ſhould ſpeak of this thou di'dt foreknow !
Ah !—Charmer fair,”—then riſing to her eyes,
In thoſe ink-miſſors his own face he found
Reſle&ted—
 “ Cleopatra, *I am* there !
It is myſelf,—to be Caſarion named,
The Son of Caesar—King of Kings unborn ;

Of Cleopatra born—a Son shall be !”
Then, being lost in love’s beatitude,
Embraced her, murmuring fondly, “We have loved,
And it is strange that the divided years
Do not ill-match us ; such thy Caius was—
His fate accomplishing, in manhood’s prime,—
Strong in the greed of empire ; so art thou !
Bating not hope that, whatsoe’er the baulks,
Thou’rt born to reign,—and thought he so, thy
King !
Yet, dearest dear, the striving is not done,
Nor past the peril,—but we *must* prevail,—
‘For Cleopatra, Caesar !’ now the cry.”

Gladden’d, inspired, she, the incomparable,
At instant impulse, close enfolded him :
“ Mine earthly Jove ! look at me, kiss me thrice,
That thou may’st love me to thy heart’s content,
Be with me quite, for now and evermore :
Thou hast risk’d greatly for me ; I am proud,
Beyond my kindred pride of Ptolemy,
To have been mated with the greatest man ;
Must—must we part ? thy Mistress Rome for thee !
Thy Queen,—lone Mistress—Mistress, lost her
lord !”

The Consul, gently loosing, gravely then—
“ Let each be great,—I, as of Rome the Ruler,

(For so again have they elected me,)
 Or thou, of this fair region, which I more
 With thee would search, this brawl ignoble past.
 Then will we visit Egypt's far confines,
 Love more and more each time we meet or part ;
 More loving, part, perchance to meet no more ! ”
 With drooping forehead Cleopatra, silent,
 The chamber quitted, as o'ercome with grief,—
 Attending, Caesar, to the gates of Sleep.

Though hours fly gaily, Time the future broods,
 And utmost stillness bodes the impending storm ;—
 Yet, in such pause of quiet we relax,
 And quaff and laugh, oblivious of our cares.
 Nor did those easeful hours quite fruitless pass,
 With Cleopatra ; she, at eve reclining,
 In pensive mood :

“ My Caius, happy now,
 We may forewarn of things that next will be.
 I have some notice from my native friends
 That soon the leaven of our brother King,—
 Which you or I, or both,—nay tell not either ! —
 Have thrown among that ill-assorted host,
 Will breed a ferment difficult to stay.
 Guard well thy ships, watch well thy water-ways,
 Or they will starve us, like a rat shut in.”

Then Caesar, cheerly, with approving sign,
 “ Sage as fair Mentor ! it is order'd now ;

Their schemes know I, yet value what thou say'st;
To-morrow will our fleet be fully arm'd,
Our brave Euphranor, Captain of the Fleet,
Tiberius Nero, General in command.
True they exceed us much in ships and men,
Still, by our prowefs, shall we overcome;
And thou, enthroned, wilt with me glory share."

" My King ! forgive if, woman, I would know
More than thou knowest,—though the stake be
mine ;
If I preserve the courage of my race,
Would I not succour thee, at any cost,
And prove me Cleopatra ? Young she is,
Yet dares she now to die, for greater life,
Or thrice to die Caesarion to give ! "

Beyond himself exalted, Caesar rose,
To clasp her, saying, " Have no dread, my love,
Be sure Caesarion shall protected be,—
Unborn, or born, be safe, and comforted
In thy maternal soul's serenity ;
So, to the shield of Caesar keep thy faith."

At dawning hour the sounds of contest rang ;
First with the Navies,—for, along the night,
Scouts had return'd, with tidings of alarm :
The Egyptian Fleet emerged, in hostile form,
Waylaid the convoys, much by Caesar needed
For war's supplies ;—away, away ! to sea ;—

Too soon returning—lacking bold Euphranor,—
For once too bold.

Then came the grateful news—
That Mithridates, styled of Pergamum,
Whom Caesar somewhile sent in search of succours,
(A constant friend, deserving of report,)—
Had, with his gather'd force, Pelusium gain'd,—
(The barrier strong 'twixt Syria and Egypt,—
By foresight of the wise Achillas arm'd;)—
That fortress storm'd, and the Egyptian foil'd.
Egypt had entries dual—one from sea,
By Pharos, and from land,—Pelusium;
Both, now, the Roman's. Onward, Mithridates!
Still, as he went, subduing.

To the fray
The Consul, parting, doubtful comfort takes
In a constrain'd farewell: “ Now, love, adieu!
My chance is equal, though the war be small.
This—this the lot of life, to satisfy
The world's demand; fair Queen, for *thee* I go,—
And for myself,—for true it is to say
That I *must* do it; sorrow some to know,
And motive much to urge, that Egypt's fate
Is in the hazard,—ill the gods forefend!
Yet, if I die,—then, love, for *thee* I die:
Go thou to Mithridates,—he has virtue,
For Caesar's sake, will guard thee;—failing that,

To Cæsarius ; those I shall instruct.
The while, Rome needs me ; though the ardent
glow
Of those grand eyes is as the draught of Lethe,—
With no more wavering, must I close this feud,
To save, if then to lose thee,—first to save !”

“ Caius, thy love is proven ! have full faith
That she thou lovest,—whatsoe'er betide,
Will not dishonour thee ; herefrom I watch ;
Here is my eyrie, whence, with eagle-eye,
Anent the counsels of their King I search,
To aid thy politic measures : oh, come back !
Add to thine honours, if in glory least,
‘ Of Cleopatra Saviour !’ kis me, dear,
And say thou *wilt* return !”

Now pitiless war !
Young Ptolemæus, mustering horse and foot,
March’d to the Delta, fronted Mithridates,
(“ Delta,” as like that letter circumscribed,
A fertile plain, too fair for battle field !)
And, in the first encounters, had the worst.
Yet did the balance tremble ; the Egyptian
In rich resource, and strength numerical.
This Cæsar knew, and, with profound intent,—
(Their army gone, their Fleet, too, on the Nile,
To aid their army;) sped, in strength, by sea,

And, with flight hindrance, landed troops to join
His co-adjutor,—super-adding Caesar !
Against Egyptian, Roman, arm to arm,
The stake tremendous, and the issue final.
Shall Rome, at such, be conquer'd ? The Egyptian
To test extreme his skill and valour goaded,
Sometimes o'ermaster'd,—victory delay'd.
Then Julius—“To their Camp ! no more diversion,—
Attack their ramparts straight, and round them too !
My Carsulenus, take thy troop up there,
That bulwark seize, and let them know thou hast it,
Whilst I, below, direct our strategy.”
A dreadful struggle—hither, thither, where ?
Dismay'd, the Egyptians wildly seek their ships,—
Their King, a fugitive, amid the herd,
The river gains, and, with the herd, is drown'd.
So it is done ! the Alexandrine war,
Portending Caesar failure and reproach,
Begat him gladness, and access of fame.

Zephyrus with swiftest wing, and balmiest breath,
To Cleopatra brought the word sublime
That made her Egypt's Queen : a Mother now,—
For at this season was Caesarian born,—
A mother, and first mother of a Caesar !—
She knew the ecstasy of hopes fulfill'd,—
Love and ambition in one climax fated !
Prone on her bed, the infant in her sight,

She ponder'd dreamily,—then thought aloud,—
“ Myself I gave thee,—how to yield thee more ?
Why thou my babe,—a ransom for a kingdom !
What were I now, no more of mine to give ?
But there art thou, Cæsarion,—our Son !—
Soon comest thou, my Caius ? ”

Soon he came,—
In form triumphant, as a conqueror,—
Of Egypt Master, Roma's high Dictator.
Withheld the Alexandrines nought their homage ;
Defence no more, no more the work of war !
Abase the spear,—forsake the battlements ;
In suppliant livery, go forth to meet
The Consul ; “ Priests, submission testify ;
Bring out your idols,—carry them before us,
That he who hath prevail'd may cease to slay.”

Cæsar, just, merciful upon them smiled,
Bestowing kindness, so he took their love.
Through the late hostile city passing flow,
With added escort of admiring crowds,
He gains the Roman quarter, there to find
An earnest welcome from his soldier friends.

Then to the Palace,—the expectant Queen !
She last, in true, progressive happiness,—
Climacteric of his joy ! Not oft in life

To men such moments hap, or rarer still,
Are in fruition half enough esteem'd ;
For, at the crowning hour, we underrate
The rare felicity at length achieved ;
Occasion scantily use, or let it slip—
Then, in the after-time, regret in vain !

Eager, resplendent, near the door she rests,
His coming list'ning. Buzz of welcome ceased,
Caesar, dismissing friends, her chamber enters.

“ Salute thee,—Victor ! as but one may greet,—
As Cleopatra may,—from ruddy lips
Requital full of gratitude and love.
I know thy happiness is mine, my King,
I know my happiness is thine, my King,
E'en as my pride is great at thy renown ;
Resign'd to die, and yet but faintly doubting,
Meting thy prowess in the deeds of war,—
Having some fears for other than myself,—
The dangers counting of the contest dread,—
I re-exist, as one new-born, to bless thee !
Seat thee, O Consul, whilst I hear thee speak.”

Tenderly Caesar placed her, separate,—
Sedate beheld, admiring pensively ;
Her white hand raised, compliant, to his lips ;—
“ Queen Cleopatra,—now, indeed, the Queen,—
The chance of war is, as thou sayest, dread,

And we the gods must thank for last success ;
Despite all skill, and bravery, and strength,
May be misfortune past the power of man.
We had a stubborn wrestle ; and my heart
Hath sometimes quailed for *thee* ; I had to lose
A life already for mankind inscribed,
The best part spent, the rest of second worth ;
Yet would I conquer wheresoe'er I go,
Moreo'er for *thee*—for *thee* !”

Hereat she rose,
And, o'er him leaning,—“ Guardian Angel mine !
Were not I mean and poor in thankfulness
Possessed none other answer than my love ?—
For that, alas ! I know must pass away :
Thou goest to thy glory, leaving me
The Queen of Egypt,—Queen bereft of *thee* !
I knew it, sadly, in the lonesome days
Chequer'd by hope and fear, by doubt and trust,—
For me, for *thee*, and more for next to tell.”
Then moving noiselessly, she near'd a cot,
And, lifting coverlet, breathed out “ Behold !
Here, Caius, thy reward ; we both shall die,
Perchance not far between ! for I am rash,
And of a nature not for long enduring,—
Here, who somewhen shall memorize us both,—
Caesar and Cleopatra ! he who won
The world at will,—and she who ruled o'er him !

More great than Caesar possible,—he's here !
Ah, did *thy* mother, Caius, equal his ?
Lo, thy Caesaron ! whom I give as more
Than Cleopatra.”

O'er the cradle bent,
The child regarding, Caesar—“ Truly, Queen,
A goodly boy he is—a kingly boy,—
Proof of thy matchless wealth in witchery,—
A gift beyond thyself ! Caesaron, hail !
Supernal Augur who foretells thy fate ! ”
Then kiss'd the babe, and then the Mother kiss'd,
And gently her re-seated, and resumed,—
“ O radiant Mother ! after war's turmoil,
Dolour and danger, and the sight of death,
A while of comfort and repose were well,—
The compensation of our anxious hours—
With thee, with thee at best, ah, most with thee.”
At this the Queen shot forth enchanting rays
From her dark eyes resplendent ;—Caesar paused
To meet the meant cares,—and, after, said,
“ Why, yes, dear, most with thee ! what mortal man,
Since Saturn's reign, was otherwhile so bless'd,
As I in thy benign companionship,
And love ? for, e'er so long, we meet to love.
Together go we, ay, together go,
Thinking no cease of our consented Heaven ;
See thy Egyptus at the banks of Nile,

The same I read of in Herodotus,—
Antient to him, as antient now to us,
Antient ere Roma or Athenæ rose,
Ere great Achilles strove, or Homer sung ;—
Seen later by thy greatest Ancestor,—
Pupil of Aristotle,—Philip's Son ;—
That wondrous Alexander, demigod,—
Whom would I equal ! in desert of fame ;—
Dear one, thou art his kin, and thee I love !—
Am I not, loving thee, with him akin ?
Together go we to those hallow'd scenes,—
Hallow'd by Time, who hallows that he spares,—
Together go we,—body and spirit one !
But first,” and then his gravity return'd,—
“ Have we to seat thee firmly on thy throne.”

“ Dear king ! (thou art my king,—until thou
goest—
Shut out that thought ! my king, as now, for aye !)
Thou hast by virtue earn'd some restful span,
With her from Hades rescued by thy love,—
Forgetting circumstance, excluding all
The wretched premonition of the next,—
Forbidding pain, and caring not for care ;
O'erlooking not that Earth as Heaven can be
Whilst we ignore the future and the past.
What were Elysium but a livelong day ?
The present value, and the present seize,

For such surcease serene will scarce return :
 What is thy glory,—thy Dictatorship,—
 Compared with life by Cleopatra's side ?”

“ Queen, thou art subtle with thy tuneful voice,
 And tellest more than Caesar cares to own.
 Ah, fair enchantress ! my ambition fades,
 Whilst thee I touch, and look into thine eyes.;
 My Lotus thou ! I on thy graces feed,
 Unmindful of the worship of the world !
 Consanguine with the Macedonian hero,
 Thou hast a hero-heart ; and I would reign
 Sweetheart ! within that heart,—than chief of
 kingdoms.
 Be it as thou wilt ; to Nilus speed we ;
 Be it, then, joyance, pastime—Sybarite !
 Though not unblent with purpose ; we shall seek
 What Caesar ought to know ; he thanks the gods,
 Who bring this happy lot, to know with thee.”

“ Caius, thy words are strains from Helicon !
 I, once thy prisoner, hold thee now as mine ;
 (My prisoner always, if I have my will !)
 Next shalt thou see what is thy neophyte
 When she doth play the Queen ; the triumph past,
 By thy wife influence the State secure,
 A Royal Progress, have we on our Nile.”

As now, so then, success is deem'd the right ;

The cause is lost, and men forget the cause.
War is an evil, and the war is o'er.
Come peace ! as rain to the exhausted earth,
Or as the south wind to the ailing frame.
The Alexandrines, in heart-ease and joy
For Cleopatra clamour'd ; she appearing
In beauty well bedight, won popular love,—
Their sovereign and their pride ! Nor less did Caesar
Receive their homage : he, with sage attent,
Good counsel gives, to satisfy their will,
And there is rest.

A banquet by the Queen.
The Consul, by her side, the Chief of Men,
Forgets the conqueror, as honour'd guest ;
The singers and the minstrels have one burthen,—
Praise to their beauteous Mistress, and acclaim
To Rome's Dictator.

And, next day, a Pageant !
Went first the Priests of Thoth and of Osiris,
Each with his sacred idol, treading true
To sound of lyre and timbrel, well attuned.
In gorgeous Chariot, (whereunto were yoked
Six Elephants, milk-white, in silver trappings,)
Sat Cleopatra, and, with solemn mien,
The noble Roman whom they late had scorn'd.
Attending, soldiery, of horse and foot,

The prime of Egypt's army ; following,
A Car by Leopards drawn, supporting high
The younger Ptolemæus,—yet a boy,—
(Princess Arsinoe a prisoner now ;—)
Next Nobles, Officers of State, Macebearers
With the regalia of the Ptolemies,—
Aediles and Praefects, and the Palace helots,
Carrying the banners of their new-found Queen.
Then the prætorian cohort, veteran men,
Stalwart and grave, methodic in their motion,—
As 'twere to tell that, first and last, was Rome.
Along the teeming streets are groups, all
eyes,—
The smiling eyes of welcome ! housetops fill'd
With zealous women in their holiday gear,
Gay garlands throwing, as their votive gifts,
In Cleopatra's lap,—or half for Caesar ;
Sidelong the happy people dance and sing,
Whilst skipping maidens strew the way with flowers ;
On, to Serapis' Temple, there to offer
Due homage and thanksgiving to the gods.
Next, Temple of Hephaëstion ; built to him
The friend of Alexander, lost too soon ;—
At Alexander's will, a demigod.
On, o'er the Hepta stadium, to Pharos,
Passing the Harbour, where the doubled Navies
Tell, with a deafening shout, the Sailors' glee.
In festive trim, the Ships alike rejoice,—

Their sails and pennants, conscious of their Queen,
Swelling or flaunting in the sycophant air.

Back to the Palace,—a delirious throng,—
Whereat, descending, forthwith Caesar call'd
A Synod of the Nation, summoning
To the great Hall of Audience, all who would.

“ Ye men of Egypt, here accept your Queen ;
And thank the gods who grant you Cleopatra !
It is my fate,—for *that* the gods be praised !
To render to you such a Queen as none,—
No kingdom, can example ; Egypt favour'd,
Above all nations in this world's delights,
Has now a sovereign like with Egypt's Sun !
Prize her well, men of Egypt,—prize her well !”
With wildest cries hilarious rang the walls
Of that vast regal chamber ; Cleopatra,
In beauty beaming, and seductive grace,
Instant held Court ; the recusant nobles came
With loyal promptitude, to kiss her hand,—
To sweetly seal their fealty.

So, as Queen,
In the blest stillness of the darkling hours,
After suspense of rest—spake Cleopatra—
“ Now bankrupt am I, to the last ! my king,—
Be it in gift or praise ; yet whilst we live
Together, all is well ; the day's the day,

Withouten a to-morrow. I will show
Much to thy wonder—more than *I* have seen.
Joy ! to be seen with thee. Consider thou,
My Caius, what it is. On Nilus' breast
Like swans afloat, and better, leſs their toil !
Lodged in a Palace, which my Galley is,
We ſhall have halcyon days, and halcyon nights,—
Nay, look not thou ſo grave ! not void of aim—
Purſuit of knowledge, and increafe of wisdom,—
To thee, at leaſt, will fleet the funny hours,—
Will fleet ! alas—alas—but I have ſaid it,—
We will not think to-morrow.”

As ſhe ceaſed,
From muſing, Caefar gently took her hand,—

“ Moft loved, and lovely ! in this mundane life,
We mix to-day, to-morrow, and the gone,
Knowing not where they tend ; 'tis very good
To make the moft of that the gods beſtow,
With our scant viſion ſtraining not too much.
We have the preſent, the relentless done
Is with the Powers above ;—in that we do,
We ever make a paſt, and it is well
The joy we now intend ſome uſtance hath.
Thebae, and Memphis ! Caefar ought to ſee
Their broken grandeur,—juſtly to compare
Himſelf with greater ;—for he deeply knows,

There is no gain in pluming ignorance,
Which lets us measure higher than we are.
This but the search of Truth, (for Truth is not,)
To follow, fearless, where perception guides,
Minding not though it dwarfs us, and impugns
Our fondest faith in seeming verities.
Yea, on the banks of thine old Nilus' stream
Whose fountains none can tell, well'd up the springs
Of learning, science, and ingenious art,
(The gnomon, and the monthly march of Time,)
Philosophy, of earth, air, sea or sky,
Or of the fate of the unprison'd soul."

" Too wise art thou, O Caius,—wiser I,
Less wise, discerning less ! for me to see
The obje&cts near, which I can grasp, enjoy,
Take pleasure from, by eye, ear, every sense !
Whilst thou, too keenly noting, too far reaching,
O'erlook'st the things that bring delight in life.
Trust then thyself to *my* Philosophy,—
And thou shalt kneel, to kiss the Earth we tread."

" Fair sophist ! let *thy* wisdom have full way.
In the fresh flush of perfect womanhood,—
Yea, young as fair, thou see'st with hopeful eyes—
A healthful vision, not yet inwards turn'd,—
The dreary introspect of withered loves ;—
Lucifick orbs, that, with bewildering beam,

Work as Nepenthe to my inmost soul,
To banish all but blissful memories ! ”

“ Indeed my true-love ! go we to our rest,—
To-morrow prove I my Philosophy ! ”

This was the night when Caesar met the shade
Of fallen Pompeius,—by his thoughts upraised ;—
For, on his bed, in moments somnolent,
He mutter'd sadly, cabalistic words.

“ And where art thou, Pompeius, dearest friend,
Now when, the danger o'er, I count on joy ?
If we did hate, our hate had spring in love,—
We scorn to quarrel with the thing we scorn.
Why didst thou spurn me ? thee I did not spurn,—
But loved thee only less than one,—myself.
Why would'st thou wish thee greater than thy
Caesar ? ”

Then, clear to vision, (in his mental eye,)
He saw the figure of the famous Chief,—
His curly locks, and cheerful lineaments,
His model form, that made him pride of man ;—
“ Dear brother, *sake !* forth, for ever, friends,
If thou would'st speak to me, 'tis not to chide,
Thou dost forgive me errors unexplain'd,
Thou knowest that I love thee,—ever loved ;
When, in blest Leuce's Isle, our Manes meet,
We shall forget all other than our loves ! ”
The Apparition smiled,—and Caesar woke.



II.

THE phases of our life, as chapters, end.
We find ourselves pertaining to a world
Whereof, at first, we think it will endure ;
Then cometh change, by various circumstance,
And our next chapter is our world anew.
Again it changes, and again we live
As join'd and native to those strange new things ;
Until, at last, the changes being rung,
Arrives the latest chapter of our time,
For the next chapter,—of a world beyond.

Hail ! the charm'd hour when travel shall begin,—
Be over labour, care the while debarr'd.
A time of gladness is it, unconfined,—
Until the day, when caring must return.
But what shall liken to that signal morn,
Of beatific and luxurious life,
When Caesar went, in Cleopatra's lap,
To view the unspent glories of the Nile ?
Him, the vicegerent of great Roma's power ;
The brilliant sovereign of Egypt's realm.

All life, more life in Alexandria now !
Is it not told the Queen her voyage takes,
Her guest, the victor ? Streets to Nilus tending
With banners blazon'd,—lined with curious crowds
To wish the travellers joy. Within, without,
Laborious bustle with diversion vies.
A festive holiday,—the Queen goes forth !
The Consul's Officers, and Men of State
Of Egypt, join, in genial brotherhood,
To signify approval. All prepared,
Wends the procession, cheer'd by ringing tongues,
Unto Eunostus' bay, Cibotus' Port,
Where see the ships, in proud expe&tance waiting,
To bear the Queen of Egypt through her shores.
A glorious flotilla ! uncompar'd,—
Rigg'd in gay colours, decorate with flowers ;
Not as for sea, to brunt the winds and waves,
But inland bound, design'd for corporal ease,
Perchance that Epicurus were its lord !
Queen Cleopatra's Barge, a Water-palace—
A Palace floating,—with its tenants moving ;
Above the deck a canopy o'erspread,
Of gaudy colours woven, flashing bright,—
A cool Pavilion forming for the Queen
And Consul ; chambers underneath, hung round
With draperies of various hues well blent ;
For feast, for sleep, for bath, commodious.
The prow Hawk-beak'd, as type of Horus, god,

Guardian of crownéd temples ; at the helm,
Upraised, an Elephant's head, in beaten gold,—
The Ptolemaic symbol.

First away
A pilot barque, with music-men and maidens,—
Melodious harbingers of happiness !
Singing they go, to notes of pipe and lyre,
Sweet pérfumes casting to the Zephyrs near,
Scattering Earth's blossoms on the face of Nile.
Next goes the Royal Barge, and in the wake,
A faithful company of servitors,
With aliment of meat, and fruit, and wine ;
Succeeded by a minor ship of war,
Mann'd by the body-guards—a jovial crew.

Now Hapimou, beneficent god of Nile,
Prosper'd the regal pilgrimage, with air
Enough to swell the sails, and but enough ;
Sun-god Osiris gave his sanction full
By radiance unshaded. Winding on
Through Mareotis lake, and noting there
The water-flowers, and birds of various hue,
The sacred Ibis, Heron, King-fisher,
And, most to instant humour, vineyards near,
The source profuse of Mareotic Wine :
And then the festal hour, and then the night,
Which comes to humankind as given for sleep,—
Though man has life for night as well as day,

To do what best is done whilst others drowsie,
 To see the splendours of the skiey host,
 And much that Nature worketh in the dark.
 Yet is there this in Night to humankind,—
 It maketh a to-morrow !

Morrow came

To the Nile-revellers of that olden time,
 At Sais,—noted of the great Amasis,
 (And, earlier, for Bocchoris the Wise,
 Lawgiver, founder of prosperity,)
 By loss of commerce hasten'd to decay.
 Here were for Caesar wonders of the past ;
 The Fane of Neith, onetime of Earth the
 greatest,—
 The Fane of Neith “ the Mother of the gods.”
 An area vast, with columns scatter'd o'er,
 Of Palm-tree fashion : tombs of god Osiris,
 And Hophra ; giant monoliths, set up
 Where native stones exceed not grains of sand.
 Near these, the sacred Lake, whose glassy face
 The lamp-lit mysteries of Isis mirror'd.
 Nor far Busiris, with its temple-towers,
 That, at the feast of Isis, rivalled all.

See now Bubastis of the Hierarch-Kings,—
 Shishak renown'd, the noblest of their race,—
 Who to King Solomon a daughter gave ;—

Bubaftis high, up-raised by felon hands ;
Devote to Pasht, (by Greek, Diana named ;)
Whose Fane begirt with Groves, rose loftily,—
As telling, truly, it had been supreme.

Next Heliopolis, City of the Sun,—
A shatter'd sepulchre,—a wreck of Shrines !
Here Caesar, zealous, “ This must we survey ;
The hallow'd spot where Plato and Eudoxus
Conceived new thoughts,—where Moses, legislator,
Derived his wisdom,—to instruct mankind,—
Moses, prime leader of a tribe heroic,
Who told of Heaven and Earth, in god-like words.—
This City first-named On, whence Joseph took,
For Wife, the high-priest's daughter, Asenath ;
Whence later Baruch, Jeremiah sang.
This seat of learning where sage Manetho wrote ;
Which foster'd Solon and Pythagoras ;
Where somewhat dwelt sublime Euripides.”
So, saw he vestiges of those grand Temples
Built to the Sun-god Re ; and Obelisks,
Ancient when seen by Moses and by Plato,—
Transported now to European shores.

Then, from much labour or of limb or eye,
For Caesar, as the Galley onward speeds,
Luxurious rest, by Cleopatra's side ;—
All sights and sounds of pastime and plaisance.

And soon, afar outlined, by distance dim,—
As ghosts of objects next to be beheld,—
The simple forms of those stupendous structures,
Told of, described, unseen but half-believed,—
Pi-Rama—Pyramid,—the Mountain-tomb :
Great soul of Caesar ! its delight we share,
At thought of such a soul's desire fulfill'd ;—
For we behold them consecrated more,
By revolution of two thousand Suns !

Onward to Memphis ! old, to be so old
As to be old when older Thebae fell.
To Memphis onward, and to Möeris lake ;—
The mystic city, Crocodilopolis,—
To Sebek sacred, that grim Crocodile-god.
Memphis—a wide expanse of measured miles,
Ornate with solemn Fanes, colossal statues ;
Temples of Pthah, and of the Bull-god Apis ;—
Where Apis, in the holy stable lived ;—
On hill Sinopium, temple of Osiris ;
Of Isis, nearer, by Amasis raised ;
The Pyramid of Suphis, Cheops named,
Guarded by Sphinx of huge proportion,—
With features fair, of quietude divine,
Demonstrative of a resolv'd will,
That changes not,—that was, and is—for ever ;—
Symbol of Human mind, with Lion force,
In stone made manifest—inspiring worship ;

And countless tombs, the like, across the plain,
Some rivalling in largeness,—by the Lake,—
On whose green islet rose a lordly Palace ;
The wond'rous Labyrinth, wond'rous more and
more,
Of arch'd, cavernous chambers richly dight,
A maze of devious passages and halls,
Used for mysterious rites,—extending far,
To Möeris Island reaching,—therewithin
Sad tributes, numberless, outliv'd their purpose ;
Gone—gone, alas ! to that blank nothingness,—
The end of human toil.

At eve to say—
“ Here, Cleopatra, I had travail sweet,—
Less blest, for more is not, than thy blest pre-
sence ;—
Thou hast a land of wonders, that surpassest
Foreknowledge heard or seen ; those earlier men
Of thine Egyptus, surely giants were,
Had stature of Colossus,—equal souls ;
They acted as we dream,—built up their thought,
And in their God-ward search, went near to
Heaven.
Their stepping-stones, if rough, yet mounted high
Towards the blue Empyrean, and their yearning
Betray'd a virtuous effort of the mind.
Queen, I am loftier man for these beholdings,

And thank thee for a priceless, deathless boon—
 The sight of things that comfort much my soul.
 Now, after labour, rest ! enough of thought :—
 Now,—whiles the After-glow sheds quiet spell,
 Gladness, with music, and the time-struck dance !
 To-morrow more of old Egyptus' marvels.”

Then Cleopatra, in low tone,—affection'd,—
 “ Dear Caius, thy rejoicing is as mine !
 And yet, whate'er, compares not with my love,
 Wherewith I fain would pay thee,—that alone ;
 Come forth, come forth ! ”—and came the sounds
 of mirth,

Frolic and jollity. The stars shone out
 Primordial lustre, from that sky serene :
 Moon-goddes Ashtaroth, with clearest ray,
 Smiled on the revelling ripples, whiles the Barge,—
 That richest burthen e'er on Nilus' breast,—
 Its pennant lower'd for the balmy night.

Fresh to the glories of the opening day,
 E'en as the Orient Globe made gold the hills,
 Caesar alert, whilst on the Galley speeds,
 Survey'd the river-banks, with thoughtful eye,
 Until, Abydos gain'd, he signall'd “ stay ;—
 This is Abydos, of the Tablet-famed ;”—
 And, to declare intent, rejoin'd the Queen.

“ Here must we pause ; it was the home of Menes,

Egyptus' primal king,—first naméd This—
Of Menes 'the Eternal,'—sacred ground,
Whereon I needs must stand ; the conscious soil
Here whispers of long centuries bygone,
Anear the birth of Man ; it seemeth shame
Albeit the tree of knowledge yieldeth fruits,
The soul no greater grows !—what am I more
Than Menes ? yea—one Caesar, and one Menes !
For every soul is as the gushing rill
Outchannelling its course towards the Main,—
Returning to the source that gave it birth,
For dissolution in infinitude.
Each man fulfils his own, inceptive, part ;
He mimics other ?—still to be himself !
That is not virtue, dear, profess'd by rote,
Caught from the rostrum or the portico,
Or from stale maxims written on the walls,—
'Lo, it is written, *that* is what I hold !'
There is no virtue in a hackney'd phrase,
Conventional, or imitative forms
Derived at second hand, and glorified
In practices of superstitious rites ;
It is not virtue to keep safe oneself—
Boasting as 'good' what self alone affects,
No pain endured for other than oneself,
Good let alone lest it should harm oneself,—
As virtue claiming merely *not* to do
Some things, which, being done, were hurt to none,

Or, left undone, saved not a pang or tear ;
Nor is it virtue proudly to refrain
From things whereto our temper does not tend,
Or, wishing which, to act exceeds our wit—
Or whereunto our boldness doth not mount !
But, dear, the virtue is,—if virtue be
In good that, acted, is but negative *right*,—
Moved by spontaneous impulse of the mind,
To do what men call ‘good’ forgetting self,
For other’s weal—regardless of reward ;
Not, by design, to gain by other’s loss
In diminution or of fame or purse ;
To stay from punishing, (lest justice needs,)
Or causing mental pain, to slake revenge ;
To wish no harm to other,—to forgive ;
To be sincere—whene’er we safely can,—
And, crowning all, the closing of my tale,
Ne’er to neglect the calls of gratitude—
To fellow-mortal, or the beneficent gods !
Virtue,—in justice, courage, nobleness—
Includes the godlike attributes of Man.”

The Sun is up,—no day without its mark !
A light repast, in Cleopatra’s smile ;
Fruits, and the fish of Nile, confections rare
Of Earth’s most perfect produce ; delicate meats,
And wines of Mareotis and Thebaid,
Of Tenia and of Coptos. Next to see

Majestic ruins, and eternal tombs
Of the then ancient time ; the Temple-palace
Raised by Oimenepthah ; and what remain'd
Of Menes.

Envy, rightly, is dispraised ;
Yet may we envy such Saturnian travel,
With Queen and Consul, through that shining land,
Man's crumbled greatness noting as we pass ;—
The famous Fane of Antæopolis,
Shrouded in Palm-tree grove ; the gorgeous
Tentyra,—Temple vast as rich, adorn'd
With art, in form or colour, where was found,
In later age, that curious planisphere
Celestial, of Zodiac symbol-pictured.
Coptos, first stronghold of the Troglodytes,
That Cavern-tribe untamed,—and on to Thebae,—
Grand Thebae ! grandest relic of Old Time.

“ Queen, I have maryell'd much, and much
rejoiced,
Am, still unsatiate,—eager still to see.
Here shall I witnes monuments described
By that shrewd traveller of ages gone,
Father of History, Herodotus,—
With Homer and Demosthenes well rank'd.”

“ Yea, Consul, here we anchor for a while,

And gather round us our much-loving subjects,
Holding high festival, in regal state ;—
Revels, and courtesies ordain'd to serve
Thine honour and disport. For Thebae, glad
At the event of thine august approach,
Will give thee welcome to her claffic shores.”

“ Be praised the Queen !—for her ingenious care,
To make our working holiday complete.
But first, to see the wonders ; for 'tis well
To satisfy the conscience ere we play.
When work is done, the after-rest is sweet ;
The heart is light, the duteous mind content.”

So, with a troop of friends, and Theban slaves,
Led by an aged Hierophant, well-versed
In mystic records of Egyptus' land,
And Hierogrammat of linguistic skill,—
Caesar went forth, in sober merriment,
To view the skeletons of ages fled,—
The giant bones, denoting giant minds ;
Those unexampled Temples sempitern—
Luxor and Karnak, twain, yet link'd in one
By avenue of Sphinxes, multiplied,
To endlesf view ;—and first to Luxor, built
By Amunothph ; passing through the propylion huge,
Prefaced by two tall obelisks, and two
Gigantic figures human-form ; beyond,

The temple-tomb of Ozymandias,
And countless gaunt mementos of the past.
But when, 'mid lines of Sphinx and Obelisk,
To Karnak Caesar came, he said, amazed,
" Too wonderful this vision to be real,—
The work of necromancy, or a dream !
This grand confusion, these colossal forms,
This wide extent of ruin ; how could die
Men who had life for this ? they could not die ;
Fate fails to cast them to oblivion ;—
Here, in their deeds, they live ; these silent walls,
These graven monoliths, with meaning rife,
These prostrate statues, and these columns stark,
Speak, from remotest time, to us who live.
Are not these hieroglyphs, through time improved,
The origin of language writ by me ?
Yea, I bow lowly to those greater men
Who taught me how to write : what now were I,
Nathless my labours, and my perilous pains
Save that divine invention of the pen,
Whereby I tell,—and tell as suits the will,
Though truth my beacon be,—my acts and thoughts ?
And yet, alas ! I know not,—but my work
Inscribed, destructible, will fade away,
Whilst these strange carvings yet survive to show
The energies foregone ; what do we now
To live as they, for ever, and for aye
Upon the Earth ?"

His reverie at end,
The Hierophant, proceeding warily,
With courteous motion, would direct his eye
To observation of that marvellous scene,—
The relique of King Ramēses,—sometime named
Sesostris,—Palace, Citadel, and Fane ;
That temple added by the Queen Nitocris,—
Queen to Psammetichus, but more than King,—
Comely as brave ;—her two high obelisks,
And other bold exponents of her reign.
The Hall of Ancestors,—dimensions vast,
Exceeding all that Greek or Roman dared.
The lofty portals, the unnumber'd columns,
Ghastly erect, or wildly overthrown,—
Unbounded desolation !—everywhere,
On, on ! too far for sight.

Away, away !
The tongue is dumb-struck by the mind o'er-
whelm'd.
Next, search the Libyan shore,—for new surprise.
See the Memnonium,—Ramēses' temple-tomb ;
See in the Court-yard that enormous stone-god,
(Grandeur in size for once exemplified,)
Its hand alone threefold the corporal bulk
Of him who raised it for his effigy.—
(Fit emblem of their greatest conqueror,
The largest hewn in stone.) See galleries,

To all the arts of culture dedicate ;
The sacred Library, on front inscribed
“ Dispensary of the Mind.” Then further go,
To view the twin Colossi of the plain,
One, that much-fam'd Memnon, told about
By ancient men with superstitious awe ;—
(Him Memnon by the great Achilles slain,)
At sunrise giving forth its vocal sounds,
—Somewhiles tears shedding, with oracular words ;—
Leviathans that centuries outlive,
Still onward gazing, in unending calm.
Passing by groves of Palm, and monuments
Much by Acanthus and Acacia hid,
And oft with thorny Zizyphus o'ergrown,
They find the mansions of the mighty dead,
'Mid ravines rocky and the Mountains bald—
Tombs of the Kings : and here the Hierophant,—
The vaulted chambers threading reverently,—
In erudite phrase, his stirring story told,
Of walls, in colours picturing bright and clear,
The acts and triumphs of the primal days,—
Acts, with their workers in one place entomb'd.
Immense sarcophagi, of ebon stone,
Inscribed with symbol characters, within,
Without, around, to tell the tale and praise
Of their once animate tenants, there embalm'd.
But chief, was that, to Britain taken now,¹

¹ The Sarcophagus now in Soane's Museum.

Of Alabaster, whole, magnificent,
Shrine of the first Menepthah, mighty king,—
Found by Cambyses erst, and defecrate ;
Devote to Neith, that goddess most adored,
Neith, of the upper firmament the Queen,
Wherein the “ Book of Mysteries ” is graven,—
The war of Soul with Typhon, cause of Sin.
This, and much other, read the Hierophant
Of history, by no tradition stain’d,
Far—far, and mystic as the source of Nile.
Here, roaming these sepulchral palaces,
These noiseless habitations of the dead,—
Great Caesar view’d with sympathetic soul,
Affection’s token, in embalméd loves,—
Mummies of memories, memory to outlive !
There saw he too, depicted, fore unseen,
The graceful Giraffe with uprearing front,—
His Quæstor whispering, “ Seek we one of these,
To swell that Triumph we shall hold in Rome.”

Toil, for the day, is o’er : to Nilus back,
To rest and think, and think, and rest again.
Behold the Royal Barque, with flying flags,—
The jocund music sounding to the shore,—
Hail to the Consul, whensoe’er he comes !

Now is it revelry, and heart’s delight ;
The feast, the song, the timbrel and the dance,—
Whereo’er the blooming Chief presides, in State :

Queenly apparell'd, in a Tyrian robe,
Her temples bound with annular Aſp of gold
Agatho-dæmon, type of Majefty.
On ſilver platter, and in golden chalice,
Went round the generous juice, and dainty cates—
(Wine, that doth prompt to merry words and antics,) Wines of Egyptus or of Thafian grape,
Or, firſt preferr'd, Anthylla : fo the Barque,
A microcosm of joyance, teem'd with life !

But hark ! the ring of laughter from the ſtrand
As the declining fun with ſhimmering ray,
Subdues the motions of the festive ſcene.
“These, Consul, be my virgins, come to charm thee ;
Doth not the breath of Spring refresh thy ſoul ?”
A troop of maidens enter, ſparely robed
In gauzy garments, that but feign diſguife,
Bespangled, glittering, and beſtrick'd with blooms ;
Their brows with wreath of lotus-bloſſom bound,
Their ankles circumveſt with ſilver bells.
First, reverence to their Queen, to Caesar next :
They blithely dance, well-timed by caſtanets,
And cymbals, and the ſynchronal clap of hands,
Or by the agile tread of foot un worn,
Or ſupple mesh of interwoven limbs,
Or wavy movement of voluptuous grace.
Then one, the paragon of symmetry,
Taia named, from forth the group advancing,
With arch significance to Caesar, ſang.

(INVOCATION.)

*Gods of Egyptus' stream,
Gods whom, of Earth, we dream,
Gods of high Heaven, supreme,—
Glory to Caesar !*

*Osiris ! who doth shine,
Iris ! his Queen benign,
Horus ! her son divine,—
Glory to Caesar !*

*Lights of the glowing sky,
Earth that doth food supply,
Zephyrs that round us fly,—
Glory to Caesar !*

*Men, who the world command,
Men of Egyptus' land,
Or, from remotest strand,—
Glory to Caesar !*

*Camel and Elephant,
Beasts that the desert haunt,
Couch your strong limbs, and vaunt,—
Glory to Caesar !*

*Bebemoth, Crocodile,
All Fish that swim in Nile,
Ichneumon, and Reptile,—
Glory to Caesar !*

*Ibis, and Birds that sing,
Eagle with soaring wing,
By tune or plumage bring,—
Glory to Caesar !*

*Butterfly, Scarabæus,
(That doth from evil free us,)
All living things that see us,—
Glory to Caesar !*

*Lotus, our Nile's delight,
And flowers of colours bright,
Odours that balm the night,—
Glory to Caesar !*

*Land of the mighty past,
Of Tombs, and monoliths vast,
Give glory, first or last,—
Caesar, and Cleopatra !*

Her song out-sung, the radiant maiden bow'd
To Caesar's forehead, as, with native grace,
She, on his brow, a lotus-chaplet placed ;

He, bending to receive her proffer'd kiss,
Nor any loth, a jewel gave her, saying
"This to remember Caesar." Taia blush'd.

The feast is over, and the gleeful throng
Have left the night to silence ; but the Queen,
In the Pavilion, with the Consul, lingers.

"Beloved, mine idol ! I beheld once more
Thine Egypt's marvels : after greatness such,
I doubt me great ; we scantily judge the past
By those grand reliques,—surely they were gods !
Men of superior nature, nobler soul.
Yet, in their Tombs, they live ! with sturdy will
Contended they with Fate ! nor quite in vain.
They would not die, would half-immortal be,—
Survive in stone or, in their frame preserved,—
Thought petrified,—themselves their monuments ;
In hybrid type, or artful anaglyph,
Would fain perpetuate material forms,
To symbolize the workings of the soul.
First at the fount of thought, they deeply drank,
Took inspiration from that primal source,
Erewhen my Fathers, of a faded time,
Imbibed of Hippocrene. They had the first ;
And it misgives me—doubting, part ashamed—
That I, in acts, but weakly imitate
Their great original ; shall I bequeath

To men who follow—if the world endures—
A semblance of those Titans gone before ? ”

“ Great Caesar, to thyself art thou unjust,
Though just to others, as the world doth know.
Thine acts are models, as thy thoughts are new ;
And, whilst Sesostris, of uncertain date,
Mere dust, is lost in doubt and mystery,
Thy name illumines the inscribéd scroll,
For myriads of mortals unbegot.
And so, such, Cleopatra—fearing none !
Cheer thee, my Caius ! we have yet to see,
To urge thy soul to more heroic deeds,
If greatest now, thou wilt yet greater be,
And, like a comet blazing in the sky,
Compel mankind to gaze at thy career.
Pr'ythee let past be past, secure the time—
We have the best who live ! enhance thy life :
Occasion lost may ne'er again be found ;
Waste not the fleeting moments made for bliss ! ”

First gleam of dawn beheld the regal Barque
Astir with workers to perform intent.
Well known, this day the famed flotilla speeds :
On either shore is movement early seen,
And, on the face of Nilus ; now departs
The Queen from Thebae. With the freshening
morn,

Came the Thebæans, flocking on and on !
 To render loyal plaudits, unbefougt,
 And bleſs the parting concourse.

Shone the fun ;

Egyptus' deities propitious proved ;
 In sacred boat were group'd the Hierophants,
 Hieraphori with Standards multiform ;
 With music, song, on river and on banks,—
 Flowers strewn athwart the waters, and the cry,—
 “Life to the Queen and Consul !”

Off ! away.

The zest of travel is—to seek the next.
 Pass by Hermonthis, and Latopolis,
 And onward sail until to stay is sweet ;—
 Apollinopolis Magna,—there to see
 Edfou's grand Temple by the Ptolemies raised,
 Wide-spread, as rich in graven histories,
 Of hieroglyph, and symbol-shape occult,—
 To be unriddled in the lapse of time.
 There, a huge mass, the stone, much ornate cage
 Wherein Hawk-headed Horus grimly fate.
 There, the swart Crocodile, elsewhere adored,
 Abhorré, as of god Osiris foe—
 Of Typhon emblem, genius of Evil,—
 Somewhiles devour'd in horror's deep despite !

Reposing, after labours of survey,

The rare repast enjoy'd, that calm hour come,
Evening, of day or life ! for peace and easing,—
The Queen, in lightsome spirit, lightsome spake:

“Caius, I have a thought—to let thee see
Oäsis Ammon. 'Midst the desert fands,
An Island rises, fresh and flourishing,
Of palms and groves, and water-springs and flowers—
A paradise of verdure ; thou shalt see
Temples with gardens, and a Palace fair—
The famed Ammonium, with its riches stored.
Thou wilt on Camel speed, and I the same,—
“Ship of the desert,” sometime aptly styled ;
We shall have retinue to keep us blithe,
And, after joy that novelty doth yield,
Regain the Barque, and float where we would go.
Dear Caius ! this a timely thought I ween
Born to prolong our friendship ?”

“ Cleopatra !

I much approve thy gay, alluring scheme,—
Poem of promised pleasure ! hard to lose ;
Yet, whilst, in dulcet tone, thy voice persuadeth,
And whilst I charméd listen, I *must* think,
And, thinking, think of Rome,—too long forsook !
If to be happy were the lot of life
Sent by the gods to men, most blest am I
With thee now, fairest fair ! yet is there more,—
For we do owe a tribute to the gods,

Which, part as gods, we pay,—it is for us
To render back, for all the gifts they grant,
Some service to the world where-o'er they rule,—
Some benefit to other. Poor is he
Of heart, and brain, and soul, whose force is spent
Regarding only that diminutive thing
'Myself,'—pretending to a separate life ;—
For each is part of that unending chain
To link the next with what has been fulfill'd.
We who now live are debtors ; and indebted
To our forerunners, who gave that we own,
(Beside dame Nature who doth constant bleſſ !)
Those mighty men, 'mid whom thine Ancestors,
Have taught us lessons, by their noble works,
And left their foot-marks in the clefted rock,
Whereby we mount to higher thought and
knowledge.

Gem of Egyptus ! Caesar owes that debt,
And he muſt quit it—or he were not great.
Dear love ! I am much bleſſ'd to be with thee—
With thee, the favourite of the graces trine,—
With thee, the One, her only parallel !
Look on that arch'd sky, with brilliants set,
Mysterious, numberleſs,—of them I seek
The star moſt bright, beneficent, beautiful—
To name it Cleopatra ! doſt thou hear ?”

“ Yea, Consul ! very kind, whilſt very grave ;

Let me careſſ thee,—ſo to cheer thy ſoul.
Hath not Rome waited?—ſurely more can wait!
Whilſt Caefar wends where Alexander went?”

“ Tempt me not further, Queen,—I muſt to
Rome.

I ſhall not match thy greateſt Anceſtor—
To make the pilgrimage to Oaſis Major,—
Nor like him to be hail’d as ‘ Amun-Ra !’
Caefar is Caefar, and will Caefar be.”

Onward to Ombi—there to note, as chief,
Its Ptolemaic Fane, in pride columnar,
On mound conſpicuous at thoſe level ſhores ;
And then to Ultima Thule of Egyptus,
Where commerce, check’d by rocky, foaming falls,
In muſch ſuspenſs its course. Syéne this,
Of bold, romantic aſpeſt, rearing up
Amid the waters,—ſhaggy cliffs around ;
With greenest groves of palm and lebbek tree ;—
Where Nubian girls are ſeen, unheedfully
Cooling their ſlender limbs in Nilus’ wave.
Syéne—ſchool of Science moſt remote—
Of firſt Observatory,—Temple eke,
Where learned hierophants, ſtar-gazing, dwelt—
Or, at the Solſtice, watch’d their ſacred Well,
One day illumined by the vertic Sun,—
Its circled marge by claffic foot imprefſ’d
Of King, and Prieft, and ancient traveller,

Herodotus, Eudoxus, Manétho sage.
And here the gnomon on that day not marks
At noon, the look'd-for shadow on the dial.
Here too the Quarry from whose womb have
sprung—
In tinctured granite, carved and polishéd—
Obelisk, and Temple, and colossal form
Spread o'er the face of Egypt's mystic land.
Near, the twin island Elephantiné,—
A sylvan nook—one time the seat of kingdom ;
With temples and green gardens interspersed,
“ Islet of flowers”—so named,—and then again,
On, to the rocky isle of Philae, placed
Below the rushing rapids, in a lake
Serene, translucent, of the river's bend,—
A swan upon its bosom ! and environ'd
By granite bluffs fantastic—where is found
Shaded by Palm-groves, that most affluent Temple—
To Ifis dedicate, in earliest time,—
Join'd by the later Fane, of triune worship,
To God Osiris, Ifis, and their Son.
Then, at the Cataract, great Caius Julius
Up-climbs the crags, among the tumbling torrents,
Admiring much, in meditation rapt—
“ Here Menes, Alexander, and Sesostris stood ! ”

The search is over !—back to seek the Barque,
And give the eve to rest contemplative.

“ Dear One ! thou endest well our holiday,
With these so lovely, much adornéd isles.
Earnest in will against the stream we strove,
And next, unwilling, with the stream, return !
Now Alexandria !—by the speediest course ;
For Rome much needeth Caesar—Caesar Rome.”

“ Thy word, O Consul, if against her wish,
Is law to Cleopatra,—doubt her not.
So swift as sail and sturdy rowers can,
To Alexandria ; there, if last, she hopes
A respite brief ! ”

“ Aye, love,—a respite *brief* ! ”

The Alexandrines our flotilla met,
With shouts hilarious,—to salute their Queen ;
Hail ! to the Consul, who has brought us peace.
Here, Messengers are found with weighty errand,
From Asia, from Hispania, from Rome.
Whilst Caesar dallies in Egyptus’ sunshine,
Rife is fell Faction in the wide-spread legions,
And, as dark-gathering clouds, presages storm.

But first to gladden—as with those we join
After a term of absence ; politic,
That Caesar’s officers should genial be
With Cleopatra’s Court,—her Ministers ;
And there are diverse farewells of the world,
That claim some tender, ceremonious care.

The Banquet overpast, the guests away,
The Palace silent,—“ Queen, we part to-morrow ! ”
“ No, Caius, no ! all Nature inculcates
Gradual development, and like decay.
If now our love hath its meridian gain'd,
Let there be calm declension, as the Sun,—
Until, insensibly, by lessening light,
Our night of darkness comes unconsciously.
When the beneficent gods their boons bestow,
How should we break, with sacrilegious will,
The spell they did create ?—in gratitude,
Do we not rightly make the most and best
Of god-sent gifts,—to body or to soul ?
Shall our reproach be spiritual suicide ?
Are we not well together, great, dear Caesar,
That, being so mighty, should'ft be lord of joy !
Oh folly, that the happy separate !
Whole life, thou know'ft, is but a longer day,
And suffers, last, inevitable doom.
Wherefore permit our ceasing to be slow !
Let there be no to-morrow till thou goest !
We'll make the days most long by wakeful wiles,
Though happier be the faster ! ”

“ Cleopatra !
Thy voice hath syren tones,—ah, syren eyes !
How strong his will who subjugates thy will :
It is the lot of man to die in life,

Let slip his longings, as the hours do fleet,—
Defenceless, losing, aught he most doth prize.
We die each day to somewhat we have loved—
Or, it will die to us, despite our care.
One day we die to all,—a final death,—
The consummation of those deaths whilom :
Soon must I die to thee ! ”

“ Alas, alas !
May I love Caius, yet his reasons hate ?
A woman I—not cold philosopher.
To part from thee is as a Ship doth loose
Its anchor—to the Sea, perchance to wreck.
Hast thou not saved my State, and counsell'd me,
And given me Queenship ? Father to me best—
And more—that furthermore ! to make thee
dearer ? ”

“ Queen of Egyptus, thy mellifluous speech
Finds echo in my soul. When we induce
A Heaven on Earth—we know it must have end,—
Albeit the tenure is indefinite ;
Nor would we have the gods perpetuate,
That our own sense reproves,—which were to take,
Presumptuous, a throne above the gods ;—
(For e'en the gods may not o'erreach the right.)
Oh Lady-love ! illustrious as thou art
In the fallacious charm of ancestry,

It is as woman, most, thou provest power ;
Why tell thee this ? except that thou may'st know
I have my share of sorrow, losing thee !
For it doth add a thorn to Caesar's pain
To think some other in thy heart must dwell,—
To think some other in thine arms may rest !
O goddess-born ! thou, of this earth unmatch'd,
Gain'st not sincerely, o'er the heart of man,
Predominance by highest place and title,
But by thy wise and charm'd companionship,
The art to please, with sensuous dowers allied,—
(On Nature's pet impartially bestow'd.)
Yet would I eulogize—thy Queenly grace !
Yet Caesar from thee goes, in face of death,
And war's vicissitudes, to keep his rank
As man, to rule mankind. Though love is sweet,
Ambition must exceed ! for left, the world
Were lost eftsoons in chaos of decay.
So, does the pain of Caesar equal thine ?
For, though I go, to me *thou* diest not,—
To me *thou* livest ever, whilst I live !
In the still hour, when graver thought is o'er,
The vision of thy presence will return ;
As a melodious song, somewhile well sung,
Hath taken lodgment in the mystic cave,—
Guarded, in chief, by blest Mnemosyne,—
Thence to resound, in rapturous cadences
Of tones symphonious to the mental ear.”

“ Speak on—speak on, O Caius ! for thy voice
Comes to my senses as the breath of heaven,
Chanting its ghostly paean through the grove,—
Charming, the while we scarce know what it tells.
Oh, thou excellest—by thy wit, too much
For her, but woman, whom so much thou praisest ;
To-morrow, if to-morrow ! we shall part,
And thou wilt witness Cleopatra’s tears.
It is the hour of sleep,—so long, at least,
Be we for all in all,—and all forget !”

On that long fled to-morrow, there was haste,
And sound of action round the Palace walls,—
Not of rejoicing, but, of grave resolve—
Of dull vivacity,—a sense of change.
“ The Romans leave us ! are we glad or sad ?”
Lo, it was then as now, and as for aye,—
They are not merry who do wear the mask.
Caesar, on patriot purpose sternly bent,
Press’d on the exodus of Roma’s legions,—
Of ships, and men, and horse.

Queen Cleopatra—
With placid visage, but tumultuous heart,
Reclining rests, Caesarion by her side,—
A face of Sphinx, that knows but not reveals !
Her hair unbraided, and her bosom bared,—

The floor bestrewn with lotus and with rose,—
Resign'd to meet the Consul's last approach.

Caesar with manly, slow, respectful step,
To near the couch advanced, and, on his knee,
In silence took her hand,—as when they met.

“ As first you saw me, Caius, so I lie,—
To ask, in trifl'd trust, of *thee*, my fate.
See thy Caesarion ! and our tale is told,—
Of love, and amity unvarying ;—
More, of thy plenteous kindness, kingly aid.
Oh, must thou go—go now ? I dread thy speech.”

“ Queen, I have something done, and something
leave ;
For all, whate'er, am I rewarded greatly
In sweet remembrances of thine Egyptus,
Forgetting not that Sweetest-sweet, Thyself ! ”

“ Ah, Caesar, thou hast struck the jarring chord !
Dire deprivation, and a life in death.”

“ O friend belovéd ! let us act with honour,
In such just pride approving what we are.
Some part I've told thee of unsettled wars,
And Roma's discord,—to be quell'd by me.
Caesarion will be nurtured in thy care,—
I crave the child, to fondle—look upon :—

From distance shall I counsel and defend ;—
Soon wilt thou find a King to guard thee well,
And share with thee dominion.”

Stooping then
To kiss her lips,—she, quicken’d by this token,
Sprang from the couch, dishevell’d, passionate,—
Embraced, and, wordless, fell. Caesarion slept :—
Still ! as primeval stillness :—

Caesar stood,
Rigid, with fadden’d eye ; then moved away,
Intoning low—“ Good-bye, dear Cleopatra !
Twice,—thrice good-bye,—the world’s work must
be done.”
In-breathing, sighing, he the curtains closed,—
While she, ’mid rose and lotus, prostrate lay.



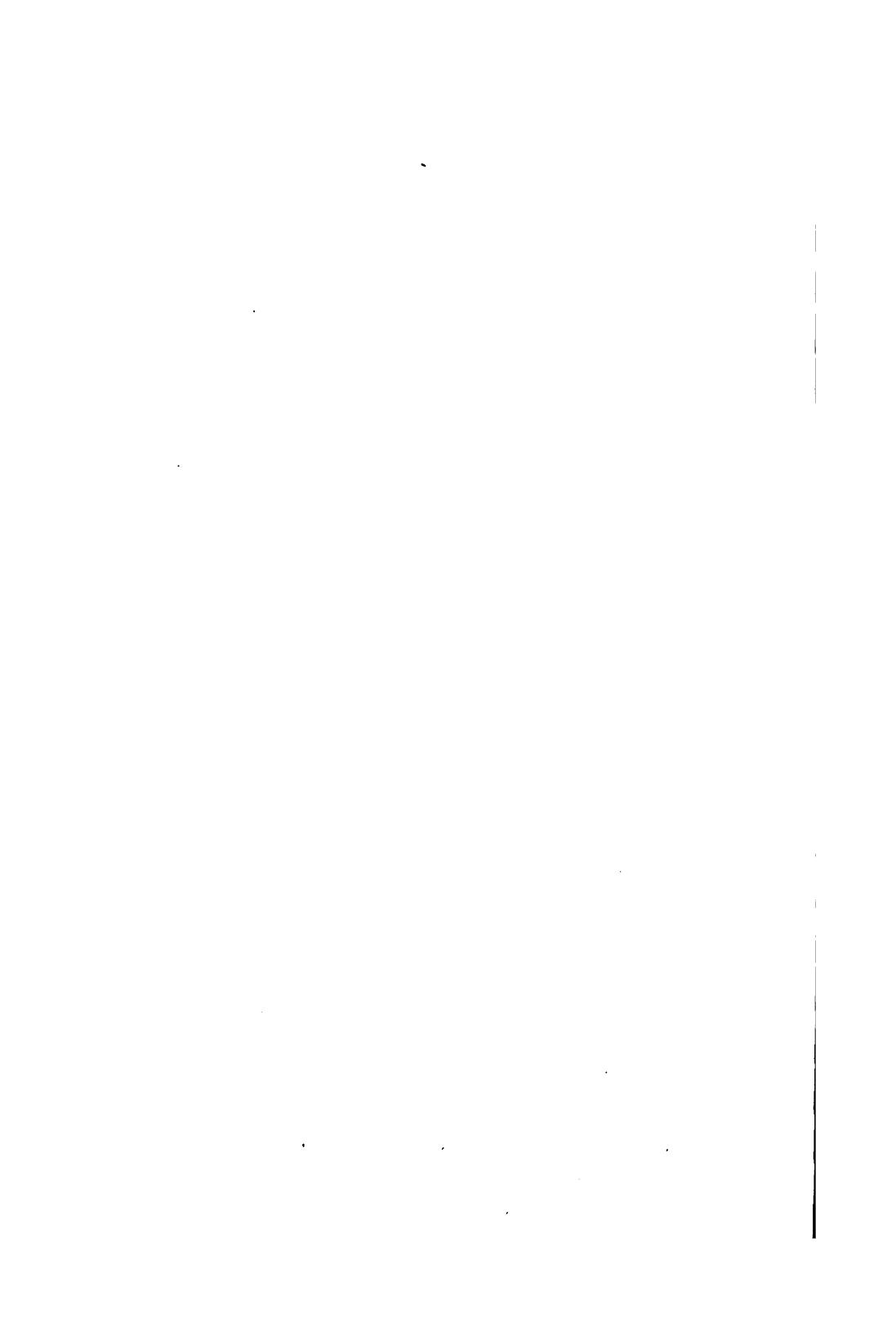




Costanza.



N





Costanza.

WHERE Æolus, King of Storms, had earlier
reign'd,
That shining island of the Tyrrhene Sea,
Of rocky aspect, in whose caverns deep
He stored the winds, and bade the tempests stay ;—
That island where the faint volcano-glare
Sheds, nightly seen, from sources confluent—
In the arcana of the earth, profound,—
With Ætna's seething pit—abode of fire !
Where Mulciber, with Cyclops hammering toil'd,—
Circled in ardent and sulphureous flames—
At anvils, for the thunderbolts of Jove !
Ay, Lipara ! there dwelt a daintie maid,
Costanza named ; of noble ancestry,
Much cared for—nurtured in unclouded joy,—

For since the gods were gone, and Lipara's fires
Blazed upwards, but to lighten, not to scathe,
The isle grew plenteous for the wants of men.
That time was when the turban'd Saracen
Held with the Christian a divided sway ;—
A simpler age, of thought more fresh and free,
When hearts were hearts, and love was love
undoubting,
And when emotion had its pristine play.
The maid shew'd beauty puffing common praise—
As though an angel had her mother met !
Mild-melting, oval, silken-fringed eyes,
Whose placid sheen, as of a glassy lake,
Betoken'd depths profound, and purity,—
Whate'er the mood, true beacons of her soul ;—
Slender yet strong, and agile as the roe,
And rounded as the Phidian master-piece ;
Luxuriant tresses, mantling o'er a brow
Wheron it seem'd the sun, unfetting, shined,—
The pride of Lipara,—but none her own !
Costanza reach'd the age contemplative,—
Not all the present,—when a future dawns,
A land of promise, and illusions sweet !
Ere then a child, of brightest children one,
She had been joyant, and brim-full of love ;
She loved her kin, and all of human kind,
Her doll, gazelle, and petted dogs and doves,
She kiss'd the flowerets, with endearing words,

And took delight in butterfly or bee.
She loved the moon, the stars, sea, earth, or sky,—
The humpéd camel, or the graceful horse,
The pretty babe, or squalid beggar bare,
And, of the wrinkled toad, but saw its eye.
She had been happy, as the roses are !
The dew-drop drinking, paying back perfume ;—
But now there came a void within her heart ;
The loves she loved were not enough to love,—
Nor yet enough for her, to be beloved.
Her mother loved her fondly,—not enough !
She must have love—in love equivalent.

At Lipara they held high festival
To vaunt the birthday of the *Æolian* king,
Whereat went forth the island chivalry,
In holiday trim, and warlike pageantry,
For games athletic, and the frolic joust.
Costanza, with her kindred, forward placed,
In simple-hearted, girlish merriment,
Bred by the changeful motions of the hour,—
Forgat the hungering void, and look'd, and laugh'd,
As one uncaring, save to be amused.
Then, in the final joust, the victor proven
Had for his praise the circus to pass round,
And yield the guerdon to the fairest fair—
Martucci Gomito,—reining a milk-white barb
Of purest Arab blood, and proudest pace.

Costanza mark'd him distant—his fierce eye,
 Broad forehead, clustering hair, and manly form,
 And, in that moment,—knew the void was filled !
 As one spell-bound, she gazed, whilst on he came,
 Bowing and scanning as he moved along,
 The myrtle wreath in hand, prepared to throw.
 And still, spell-bound, she gazed, she knew not
 why,
 To see him cast the guerdon,—till now near,
 His steed, by fright, or by his heel compell'd,
 Rear'd and curvetted,—to the fear of most,—
 Whilst she, unscared, yet gazing, saw him bend
 Low, to the girths,—the chaplet on her lap !
 Up to his eyes she look'd,—Martucci look'd,
 And saw the tinctures of her heart suffuse
 Her delicate cheek—the primogenial blush !
 Sprung from its sources for Martucci's sake,
 The efflorescence of her maidenhood !
 And then her craving soul was satisfied.

Ere long, as lover, brave Martucci came
 To her paternal home, and ardently
 Preferr'd his claim, as victor, for the maid
 To whom he gave the guerdon,—fairest fair !
 They said, “He was not noble, was not mate,
 Nor fit companion of their royal race,
 Nor wealth enough had he to wed with her.”
 Costanza pleaded, “My first love is he,

My only love, for him I live or die ;
Oh ! mother, let me love him—for I must.”

Martucci, raging, said, “ I’ll make me noble,
The wealth will live to gain, or, failing, perish !
And so he rashly sped, with galliots twain,
To scour the seas, and spoil the Saracen.
He ventured boldly, and his fame came back :
“ Rich prizes from the infidel had won,
And home would bring an argosy of gold.”

The while Costanza languish’d, in fond hopes,—
But one dream dreaming—waking still to dream,
Neglecting much her pets and playful tasks,
For now her loves in one concentrated.

But bold Martucci overstrain’d his aim !
And, by a day, too long delay’d return.
The Saracen in double strength came forth,
His convoy intercepted, and o’ercame,
And, with him, took it to the Afric shore.

The trifful tidings fast to Lipara flew ;—
The maiden heard but this—“ Martucci dead ! ”

Then love was dead to our Costanza sweet !
She moved in light unwitting of the light ;
The stars were cruel, the fair moon but sad,

The sunshine did not warm, the earth a blank
Of all affections, creatures, colours all.
The fabric had its lovely form preserved,
Albeit the ghostly habitants were gone !
She did not weep, because there were no tears
Left in the outshed fountains of her heart.
Weary, with weariness no rest could cure,
She wander'd hither, thither, as in dark,
Her beauteous eyes wide open, day or night.

And yet the world wags on its wonted way ;
The portals open'd, revellers came and went.
One night, Costanza, soul-sick utterly,
Her head concealing in mantilla fold,
The parting guests among,—among them forth !
Out, out she glided, thinking, dolefully,
“ I have no home, for me the wide, wide world ;
Night is as day, and day to me as night,
Let Nature do with me as Nature will.”
And on she flitted through the sinuous streets,
Obscure and narrow, steep, and stony-rough,
Until she knew the dawn ; and, as the sun
Uprose, she saw the strand, and out beyond
The sea,—and, on the strand, a fisher's skiff,
Rigged for the labours of the wakening day.

With automatic skill, she loosed the boat,
Unshipp'd the rudder, threw adrift the oars,

And push'd away. The wind blew off the
shore,
The sail was set, and bore its burthen on,—
The freight a thinking, dormant chrysalid,—
To brave the hazard of the waters wild.

Costanza knew it all,—not wisely knew,
But as synthetic with her fantasies ;
And thus far, happy was she,—for she said,
“ Am I not desolate,—withouten hope,
So whither in the finite can I go ?
If earth to me is nought, the sea is there,
And, fain, may bear me to Martucci’s soul.”
Along the boat, recumbent, looking to
The sky, by this time brightening into day,
She had one thought alone,—that thought,—Mar-
tucci.

She saw, by fancy pictured, his first smile,
Born to bestow the guerdon ; his hot look
Of scorn, of anger, of frustrated love,
When wrongly deemed unworthy ; his wide chest
With furious storm convulsed—and all for her !
Heroic features cast in Grecian mould,
Herculean shoulders touch’d by curly locks,
His stature that rear’d upwards, like a god ;
And let the ecstasy o’erwhelm her grief.

Apase the skiff is wandering with the wind.

The moon has mounted, and the stars shine out.
Costanza, with her ever-open eyes,
Stars unto stars ! beheld them, unsurprised,
Thinking they look'd, and spake, and lighted
her.
As soul aflight in æther, unconfined,—
A dream upon the ocean floated she !
So perfected a pearl, so dear to heaven,
A miracle was granted for her sake,—
Two seraphs hovering o'er the fragile ark,
Its puny canvas fanning volantly.

The hours depart uncounted, and the maid
Unnourish'd, lapsing faint, and comatose,
Fell into trance,—translated instantly !
She, with her loved Martucci, lived in heaven,
He to an angel changed, with sapphire wings ;—
Upon his breast her head, his eyes to hers.
She said, “ My love, I've come to thee someway,
And much rejoice to find thee anywhere ! ”
She heard the music heard amid the spheres,
And knew its meaning,—speaking to her thus,—

“ *Doubt not, Costanza—*
 Love does not die,
 Thy love is reckoned
 In thy softest sigh. ”

“ *Doubt not, Costanza—
Thy love is dear
To us, blest angels
Ever, ever here.* ”

“ *Doubt not, Costanza—
As mortal, blind,
Be thou but constant,
Thou thy love shalt find.* ”

“ *Doubt not, Costanza—
If grieved thy life,
Be thou still constant.
Yet wilt thou be wife.”* ”

Supernal strains yet sounding in her soul,
Costanza felt a soft encircling arm
Her from her hapless resting-place remove;—
The miracle-boat ashore in little bay
Nigh Syrtis Minor gulph.

“ What are you, dear?
Whence came you, pretty child?” spake Caraprefa,—
The wondrous waif careffing mother-like.
This heaven-sent finder was of Christian race,
Of Trápani native, and by garb she knew
The damsel must have drifted from afar.
At break of morn she would the fishers meet,

On whom, as slave, she waited. "Pretty dear!
Speak, for thy language is, I think, as mine."
Costanza, looking into space some while,
Moan'd out at last, "I know not—leave me here."
Then Carapresa, grown compassionate,
Bore the submissive maid with haste unto
The shelter of her cabin, there, outstretch'd,
Upon the scant bed laid her, sitting by,
Admired her gazing eyes, much wondering
To see such beauty in such wretchedness;
Gave her some simple food, as nurse would do
To infant,—silent watch'd and watch'd until
The bright orbs closed, and sweet Costanza slept.
A long, long sleep! Long Carapresa watch'd
To see those eyes re-open, for she thought
"Perchance it endeth in the sleep of death."
The angels came about the couch and smiled
On wizen'd Carapresa, waiting there,—
For, though she saw them not, she knew they smiled.
As some night-wanderer notes the streak of morn,
So that poor watcher saw the fringed lids
Uplift to light and life; rejoicing greatly;—
"Sweet, darling pet, I welcome thee anew,
Thou hast been slumbering, and I wished thee
wake."
Costanza, as in vision, with no fight,—
"Where am I now, and who art thou so kind?"
"Thou art near Sufa, of the Afric land,

Poor Carapresa I."—Then raising her,
She laved her gently, comb'd her flowing hair,
Chafed her white, velvet hands, and tiny feet,
Enraptured, clothed her, muttering timorously,
"A princess is she—whence such loveliness?
An angel is she, fair and beautiful!
Alack, alack! how guard her from reproach,—
From infidel clutch preserve, or lustful look?"
Then turn'd her thoughts to heaven for help and
light.
Continuing,—"Now know I what to do,—
To good Alathiel hie we,—if she will."

Alathiel,—a fair Moslem dame high-born,
Wealthy, life-wearied by a broken love.
Retired to Susa, she had there devised
Asylum merciful for maidens meek,
To guide the effluent energies of youth
In ways of virtue, and industrious arts,—
A quiet, calm seclusion, where no man
Must dare to enter.

Carapresa said,
Her reverie mumbling, as the beldams do;—
"Lest she should flee,—I'll keep her as a bird
(The bird this Peri, and my hut the cage)."
So Carapresa, comforting the maid
With such sparse succours as the poorest have,

Went out to reckon with her masters rough,—
 The door securing—window screening close,—
 And came again at eventide, and found
 Costanza sitting, tranquil and forlorn,
 Her splendid eyes wide-looking to no-where,—
 And said, “ My dear, wilt thou not with me go ? ”
 “ No home have I, shall I not wend with thee ? —
 No home have I, my home is anywhere.”
 Then, in the stillness of the murky night,
 The fishers gone to sea, the land at hush,
 Kind Carapresa wrapp’d her, led her out,
 And, oft supporting, somewhiles carrying her,
 Help’d by a market-cart that sought the town,—
 To Susa* brought her,—to Alathiel’s haven ;—
 Susa a city opulent and gay,
 With frowning fortres crowning craggy steep,—
 Across that shore where Titan Atlas lifts,
 Transformed to mountain vast, his mighty back,—
 Doom’d to uphold the firmamental sphere.

It was the early hour when sleep with most
 Is weak, or over, and when cries and raps
 Are heard, but fright not ; so Alathiel heard,
 Observing that the hour was break of day,
 Whispering her maidens, “ Fear not, I’ll descend.”
 Soon, through the lattice-bars, in grey-eyed light,

* Ancient Adrumetum.

Alathiel scann'd the matron and the maid,
Gave patient ear to Carapresa's pleading,
Then, moving bolts and chains, with tremulous hand
The jealous door unclosed, and bade them in.

And when Alathiel mark'd the scaréd eyes
Of lost Costanza, watch'd her 'witching ways,
Heard her weird words of woe,—unblaming any—
Her beauty noted, and her air of grace,—
The most of the romantic tale out-told,—
She added love to chaften'd charity
Anent the fair fea-waif, and nestled her,
To soothe her, night or day, with comfortings ;
The maidens warning, “ Give her tender speech,
And solace her in aught she hath to do.”
For when Alathiel asked her whence she came,
She only said, “ I know not, I'm Costanza ;
There was a world I lived in, but 'tis gone ;
The people in it were both good and cruel,
And, now 'tis past, I know not where I am.”

Costanza with the maidens fate, their queen,
In virtue of her faintly influence,
E'en as its fragrance makes us bless the flower ;—
She had a charm upon her, from the skies,
Surpassing reason, having reason none ;
The favourite of a benignant star,
She, by a look, could warm the frigid heart

And quicken it to impulse ; she would work
Among the diligent sisters silently,
Yet with the art to win their reverence ;
Embroider'd well, and wove the endless web,
And plaintive ditties warbled to the moon.
Their gossip list'ning, she so smiled and gazed,
They read it for the language of the soul.—
She had their love, in love with no restraint,
But in some awe of her, as heaven-born.

Just then the King of Tunis and that land,
The sage and prudent Mariab dela,
By a Granadan prince was hardly press'd,—
His title to the throne by arms opposed.
Martucci Gomito, a captive, pined
At Tunis ; of the war he heard, and thought
A thought that, acted, promised liberty.
He, by the warders being favour'd there,
As one of gracious manners, noble traits,
Said to his gaoler—" Let me see your chief."
Then to the master boldly outspoke he,
" I pray that you do take me to the King ;
Tell that the stratagem I would propose
Shall, by adoption, give him victory."
The master bore that message, and eftsoons
Into the royal presence render'd him.
" I thank thee for this gift of grace, O King !
Would crave thine hearing to my stratagem."

The King,—“ Proceed, we have our ears to hear.”
“ Thou countest on thine archers,—so thy foe;
And more, they argue that, their arrows flown,
Yours will they have to follow;—order then,
With utmost privity to latest hour,
More fine than theirs, your bowstrings to be made,
Your arrow-slits the same,—to fit the string;
Restrain, whilst they, elate, their quivers void,
Then, like a hailstorm pelting, loose your shafts!
Soon will they find your narrow-mouthéd darts
Refuse their bowstrings—whilst your archers shoot,
Doubly supplied, their arrows in return:
A panic in their hearts surprise shall breed,
Then, royal sir, thou hast but to pursue.”
“ ‘Tis well,” quoth Mariabdela,—“ see thou to it!
And, at the battle, by my side stand thou.
If victory follow, I will say ‘tis thine,
Thou shalt high honour have, and rich reward.”
Martucci to his plan the archery formed;—
The battle went as, shrewdly, he forecast,
King Mariabdela his foe repulsed
With slaughter great, and with dispersion wide.

Donna Alathiel, owning lands at Tunis,
Was thither summon’d, to protect her rights.
Alathiel loved Costanza,—ponder’d thus;—
“ She is a graceful statue, would that I
Could it reanimate—to life and love,

By sights and sounds of stimulant verities ;—
Recall her memory to things that were,
By streets and marts, and sprightly circumstance
Occurring in the genial haunts of men.”
“ Dear foster-child, I now to Tunis part ;
There speed thou with me, that fair City fee.”
“ Mother, I care not, care not whither where—
With thee—with thee for ever would I rest.”
Together went they unto Tunis’ town,
Halting betimes at house and hostelrie,
(Whereat the dame, foreknown, warm welcome
found,)
And, as they wended, those the maid beheld
Thought her divine, and bless’d her on her way.

To Tunis coming as the conflict ceased,—
For little then was known of distant things,—
Alathiel heard that presently would be
A royal pomp of triumph national.
The streets bedizen’d were in rainbow hues,
That the fantastic Saracen fancy charm ;
The people buoyant in their late reprieve
From the invader’s grasp, and in their pride
Of victory, jubilant with dance and song.
Costanza look’d, and look’d, but smiléd never ;
Her ever brilliant eyes gazed onward ever,—
Not one side, nor the other ; what she heard
None knew by hearing,—for she did not speak.

She breathed as others breathe ; and yet the air
Gave not her pulses purposes of life.
The while, instinct with art mechanical,
Her fingers deft the loom would nimbly ply,
Or with entrancing pathos touch the lyre ;
She trod the earth as one of other sphere,
Whose thoughts and language are to men unknown.
She look'd up to the sun, but saw no sun,—
As 'twere what mortals see was not to her.

The day of triumph is it, and the King
With our Martucci the procession leads ;
He had the Liparæan thus proclaim'd,—
“ This noble youth hath Mariab dela saved ;
Let him henceforth be honour'd of you all.”
Anear the King rode ministers and peers,
In glittering trappings, blazon'd gorgeously,
Then captives, and the trophies of the spoil.

Alathiel, of patrician rank, was grouped
With noble ladies of the King and court,
Costanza by her, as the Moslems, veil'd.
They saw the Triumph moving from afar
Toward the wide area of the palace (bright
With gilded domes, and minarets painted o'er),
Where they were sitting,—for the king had said
There, at the close, he would the victor crown.

Alathiel's tent approached, the Triumph stay'd ;
 Martucci Gomito, his visor down,
 Riding, the prime companion of the King :
 Alighting there, the King Martucci brought
 Near to the tent, the victor's wreath upheld,
 His visor lifted, next his helmet raised,
 Bestow'd the laurel, with loud voice pronouncing,
 "Lo ! crown for crown, this crown a king doth
 yield."

Then, through the tent and the surrounding host,
 Was heard a cry of joy ineffable !
 One word alone, " Martucci ! "—Quick, unveil'd,
 Costanza, springing from Alathiel's side,
 Leap'd to Martucci's neck, around him clung,—
 Crying, " Martucci !—I have found my love."
 Martucci whisper'd,—“ Ay, in me thy love ! ”
 The King advanced, unruffled, and, releasing,
 Surrender'd her to dame Alathiel's arms :
 " We will to-morrow speak of her to thee."

Those ever-gazing eyes now gazed to see,—
 Like with Martucci's—seeing two in one !
 To right or left, above, beneath, around.
 Costanza hail'd the sunshine with delight,
 Saw banners fluttering in the lively breeze,
 Smart soldiers, horses, and the pageantry ;
 Marked the prismatic colours of costumes,

The palace fair,—and heard the clarion ring ;
Heard women's voices (of all music most !)
And, oh ! she knew of sights and sounds most dear,—
That waking vision of Martucci since,—
The lineaments of Alathiel, vocal now.
She had outsaid, in those first blissful hours,
All Carapresa wot not of,—and next,
“ Dear mother, more than mother ! I awoke
To see thy face, to see thee with my mind,
To know what thou hast done, by grace of God,
For her, a luckless, strange, demented thing—
My debt too great to reckon in this world !”
Alathiel clasp'd her, kiss'd away her tears,—
“ True—true, sweet child,—it *was* by grace of
God.”

Henceforth the loves long frozen in her soul
Well'd like a fount-spring suddenly set free.
She praised the sun, extoll'd the bountiful earth,
And glad, thanksgiving eyes to God upraised.
Alathiel for her cared unceasingly,
And spake to her as mother to her child.
“ God hath not, dear Costanza, given to me
A child of earth, but thee hath sent, of heaven,
That I should know in thee maternal love.
It is an act of His beneficence,
That thou, not mortal of my body born,
Art as the very offspring of my soul.

Have I not foster'd thee with mother's milk
 Of kindness,—fed thee like a cradled babe,
 When, by misfortune, thou wert babe again?"
 " Yea, mother ! it is so, and thou indeed
 Art as the author of my new-born mind.
 (Oh ! first, own mother ! thee I ever love
 Although thou hadst no pity for my tears.)
 Am I not doubly blest in loving thee
 With love scarce lesser than my deepest love ?
 For I have learn'd, by grief, that, lacking love,
 Whate'er the gifts, this world is dark and
 drear,—
 A barren wilderness—nor sight nor sound !
 Withouten love, no glories in the sky,
 Withouten love, no music in the air,
 Withouten love, no blossoms on the mead."

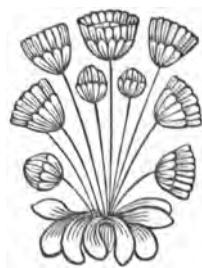
The King with pride on sweet Costanza looked,
 Esteem'd her as a jewel to his crown,
 Nay, even as a daughter to his heart ;
 Yet, told of all the marvellous history,
 More, that Martucci would the maiden wed,
 And, wedded, to his native land repair,—
 Him freed to part, or friend or prisoner,
 Endowed with wealth, and titles adequate,
 And gave his nuptials royal countenance.

Martucci to Alathiel homage tender'd ;

One hand to her, and to Costanza one,
Between them, smiling, said, “ I love you both ;—
Shall not I love the favour of my love ?
Donna Alathiel, wilt thou with us dwell ? ”
Alathiel answer’d, “ Saracen am I !
But can I part from her, my single child,
Bestowed by Heaven, whereto my duty flows ?
Yea, I will go ! for, whatsoe’er the wrench,
Is nought to loss of my celestial boon.”

A day of mourning was it when they went ;
The monarch sorrowful,—the people sad
To lose their champion and miraculous maid.
For transport safe, the King his best ship lent.
Alathiel, Caraprefa, and the pair,
The port forsook, ’mid tears and blessings rife ;
The wind-god favour’d, and Costanza fair
To Lipara return’d,—Martucci’s wife.



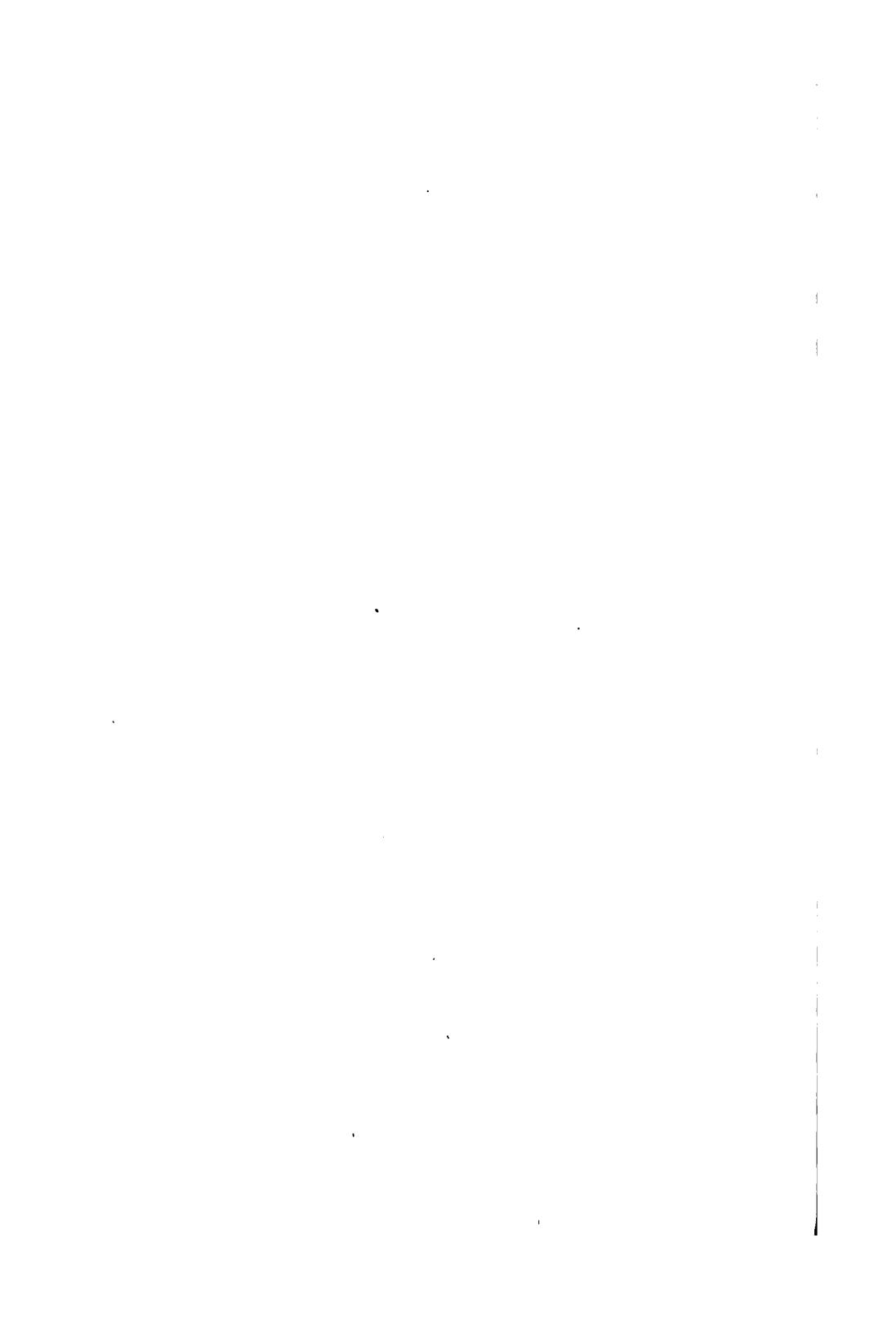




A Flight in Space.



2





A Flight in Space.

METHOUGHT, that in the vast ethereal void
I was upborne without the need of wings,
A charm'd bewilderment my soul employ'd,
And I became mine own imaginings;—

On, on I floated, wifing nothing where,
Fill'd with a fearless ecstasy, and soon
Mine eyes gazed, wonder-struck, in sweet despair,
Upon the ferrate surface of the Moon;
Well, well I knew the ramparts gaunt and grim,
Though much exceeding our extremest guess,
And forms amorphous clung about the brim
Of black abysses, broad and bottomless;
Ah! what a weird and joyless scene I scann'd,
Of bald reflection and of shadows dark,
Great Tycho flung his figure o'er the land,
And Dörfel show'd, miles high, his vertex stark;
No cloudy vapours veil'd their mighty crests,
The stars were shining in the long, long day,

The Sun, that to those summits never rests,
A blazing ball uphung, without a ray,—
A blazing ball uphung in vault of gloom !
And, where he shone, I saw adown, adown,—
Although his beams reach'd not the depths of
doom,
In those chief craters that have gain'd renown—
First Ptolemy, and next Copernicus ;—
And all was terrible, unearthly all ;
Nor sight, nor sound that bringeth bliss to us,
No song of bird, no splash of waterfall,
Nor wind, nor river, nor of motion aught,—
For those dread creatures moved not to mine eye ;
Even to think of them I am distraught,
Nor can I tell if they did creep or fly.
They are not like the entities of Earth,
For, in their airless world, there is no breath,
When they began to be they had no birth,
And, if they cease, it is without a death.

Then, being comfortless, I thought of home,
And saw my loved Earth as a silver sphere,
Ornate with crepuscule of frothy foam,
And lucent, with a lustre very clear ;
Such was its splendour, that I cried aloud,—
“ Rightly, O Moon, our decimal thou'rt shown !
And surely, if thou know'st, art very proud
My beauteous Earth thy primary to own.”

Next, to my vision was, in part, reveal'd
That hemisphere from Earth for ever hid,
Whereon, I think, were mists, which much conceal'd
A vast and varied champaign, in whose mid
I dimly saw an ocean, spreading wide,
And shores productive, and constructed things ;
Then fell the two weeks' night, from me to hide
Beings to whom the dark not blindnes brings,—
Not as the torpid creatures next our globe,
Scantly existing in a vatuous waste,
But such as the Creator doth enrobe
For joy complete—as there more gladsome
placed.¹

On, on I floated, and, unknowing time,
Beheld the orb men dote on from afar,
And ever give a place in loving rhyme,
Vesper, or Venus, our dear even-star :—
It is a radiant world, than Earth more fair,
And, nearer to the Sun, as heaven more seeming,
Like Earth would be withouten cloud or care,
E'en as we think the Earth in happiest dreaming :
The Sun, in grandeur twice our god of day,
There doubly blesseth ; and that globe is clad
In glory that our language cannot say,—
Such, if the poet told, he would be mad.

¹ This is derived from the conjectures of Hansen.

Nor fogs, nor storms, nor biting frosts unkind,
But summer always, or unchanging spring,
And light, in which our eyeballs would be blind,
And warmth that would to us prostration bring;
There, among scenes of nature consonant,
Are organisms dower'd with grace supreme,
Of whom my puny praise irrelevant
Would but conjecture, or a mockery, seem.

Abash'd I look'd, then floated on and on,
Until, in holy awe, I came anear
The Fount of Light, Creation's paragon,
Resting entravish'd on the outer sphere.
I saw the lustrous comets come and go,
The planets, in their fealty, swift careering,
The meteor ring, that gives the zodiac glow,
A whirling mafs, a phosphor zone appearing.

Then, in a moment, I was changed to be
Within the photosphere, the home of light;
And, henceforth, seeing, scarcely did I see,
But trulier knew, as whiteness knoweth white.

For now—the dread abode of Force unspent,
In primal Life and in the womb of Cause,
Amid the nether worlds' arcana pent,—
The ruling Medium of Nature's laws:
Amid the colours prime, of various hue,
Which, in the things of earth, reflection find,

Which herb, and flower, and maiden-cheek endue,
And which the rainbow and the prism unbind ;
Amid the odours of the odours' spring,
Which weakly touch the ken of mortal sense,
Amid the melodies which ever ring,
By men o'erheard somewhiles, unknowing whence ;
Amid the sheen that shineth aye unshaded,
And, shadowless, where time is never told,
In elemental glories undegraded,
The antetypes of diamond and gold :

And so, entranced, by inner sight I knew
The high Intelligences of the Sun ;
Angels I name them not, nor were it true
To term them as of flesh, or fancy-spun ;
Words fit them not, for they are not as we,
Wherefore describe I them with modest fear—
They are all eye, and hence I say they see ;
They are all ear, and so I say they hear ;
But their quick consciousness is not of sight,
Nor are they aught impressible by sound,
Perceiving, ever they perceive aright,
Their least perception passing thought profound :—
Are there not tones on Earth which some not lift,
Odours, most subtle, which the most not know,
Phantasms, which eye inspired, alone, doth wist,
Thoughts that, from germs not of the Earth, do
grow ?—

Or of their language, exercised unspoken,
If I should say they speak, 'twere wrongly said
Of attribute whereof we have no token,
Communion voiceless and unlimited !
Or, if I say they love, it were not well
So to express a faculty to blend
One in the other's nature, and to dwell
In perfect unison withouten end.
Were I to say they have a face or frame,
I should be telling but an earthly dream,
For I have, with amazement 'kin to shame,
Beheld that Intellectual Presence beam :—
Their splendid world of light they permeate,
Unknowing motion, effort, space or time,
Transform'd from zone to zone, from state to state,
At instant impulse of a will sublime ;
Less than omniscient, all untaught they know,
Less than omnipotent, need no control,
Less great than God, they cannot greater grow,
And yet they are not greater than the Soul.

Lo, in My Soul, I their co-equal live,
Albeit incorporate with mortal clay,
In kindred sympathy I homage give,
Nor know I but that I shall be as They ;
With human Minds I think they converse keep,—
Genius, through Nature's influence, inspire,

And, or in waking thoughts, or dreams of sleep,
Imbue them with the empyrean fire ;
Forth, from their glorious home, they subtly shed
Rays that, unseen, through crust corporeal shine,
The body quick'ning, as with manna fed,
The spirit yielding sustenance divine.

O Sun ! I know not half my debt to thee,—
Great Source of joy, and these divinings fond,—
For, by thine awful glow, I faintly see
Thy God, and God of all the worlds beyond.





Columbus at Seville.

A. D. 1505. *ÆT. 70.*

IS it the end?—so mundane honour faileth.
Lacketh that chief meed; the Holy Sepulchre
Will not by me be rescued; that great land
Which much exceedeth, which I yet could find,
Will not by me be proven; that ripe harvest,
Golden-sheaved, will not by me be gather'd:
The reaper hath the glory, not the sower;
To track the pathless ocean needed one;
A host can follow him, and share the gain.
Diego, Fernando—equal as my sons,
Fruit of two mothers¹ equal in my love,
May ye inherit, and deserve the guerdon!

O Thou, beneficent Father! Thou, my God!
Hear now my plea, forgive my discontent:
If man ingrate be base, how baser far
Ingratitude to Thee! forget I not

¹ He was not married to the second.

The joyant day-dreams of my rising life ;
My marvellous salvation from the deep,
Saved, to unfold the secrets of the world !
Forget I not, Thou didst implant in me
The deep, fix'd knowledge of those unknown shores,
Whereby, henceforth, the Earth will be enlarged,
The True Faith haply save unnumber'd souls.

My God ! Thy goodness to me has been great :
How had I clearer thought of Atalantis
Than that of Plato and of Marco Polo ?
Or than of Marinus and Alfraganus,
Of the rotund formation of the Earth ?
How could I doubt what came to me from Thee ?
Didst Thou not give to me, by Martin Behem,
My help for sailing, in the Astrolabe ?
Didst Thou not bring to me my Toscanelli,
And Juan Perez, at the Convent gate ?—
He that, as 'twere Thine angel sent to aid,
Foreran me to the Royal Ysabel.

A pricking pain it is, to scan those years
Of fretful waiting and vexations deep,—
Those eighteen years of earnest hope suppreff'd,
Those droning years of fullest pulse of life,
Outspent in care, and penury, and scorn.
Well I remember thee, cold Cazadilla,
And thy repulse for John of Portugal !

But there were better men in those drear days ;—
Gonzalez de Mendoza of Toledo,
Whose intercession brought me to the Queen.
And thou, De Quintanilla, thou, kind host,
Who, with the good St. Angel, call'd me back,
When, in a brief despair, I fled from Spain.

Then that strong strife of tongues, at Salamanca ;
Then stood I forth to argue with the Junta ;
To tell to men of schools and catechisms
What God had taught me—God alone could teach.
“ Ha, ha ! ” say they, “ and thou dost well believe
That, sailing *down* thy globe, thou wilt return,
By god-sent gales compell'd, up-hill, to Spain ! ”
Or, “ Thou dost think that men feet upwards walk,
Like as the flies upon the ceiling there ! ”
Yet wert thou one, friar Diego de Deza,
Dower'd with a soul receptive of the Truth.
That was well over, though it hurt my heart
To think—the wisest of the world reject me !
How wiser, thou, Columbus ? not thine own,
Not thine own wisdom ! yet how dared I then
To promise that, as undemonstrable
As things beyond the grave ?

Ah, happy next !
Like a triumphant song, the contest o'er,
To me rang out the message of St. Angel,—

Return'd to tell the royal heart's resolve ;
“ For my own crown of Castile will I do it,
E'en though I pledge my jewels.” Noble heart—
Bless thee, St. Angel !

Then I saw the Queen :
For aye, her gracious, sympathetic smile
Is printed in my soul ; for aye her words,
Even as of honey and soft music blent,
My spirit comfort ; as a flood came joy.
Forgat I then seven years of vassalage
In one blest moment ; I forget it not !
Then, then it was that I the Queen besought
To make the treasures of the new-found world
Redeem the Holy Sepulchre, and wrest
From that proud Soldan false, the sacred shores.
O God, Thou knowest it not vainly said ;
Let man propose, 'tis Thou alone permittest.

Come, Juan de Coloma, courtly scribe ;
Bring thou the parchments, let the words be
writ :
Use now thy pencraft on a novel theme ;
Note, in indelible characters, that I,
Columbus, am henceforth “ High Admiral,”
Viceroy and governor of those lands and seas
Far-reaching, fertile, affluent, serene,
To-day unknown, but surely to be found.

Now speed to Palos, to behold the sea ;
To get the ships, to call my mariners !
The sovereigns say it ; read the royal rescript !
“ This is Columbus, fit him for the ocean ; ”
Will ye not do it ? nay, it must be done.
Men, unconvinced, will lag at a behest ;
How could I prove what God alone can show ?
Dear Martin Pinzon, thou for one hadst faith ;
Dear brother of the Sea ! if, since that day,
Was somewhat to forgive, I have forgiven ;
Is not forgiveness the true test of love ?
I love thee ever.

Here my second Spring !
The past a dream, wherfrom I woke to act :
No more the days of hope unsatisfied,
No more for me the life of common things !
Meridian of my mortal years o’erpast,
I breathed as one who newly trod the earth,
Elastic, strong, my spirit fresh as air,
Prophetic soaring over hindrances,
But onwards looking.

Then the solemn day ;
The day of my new world : O God, Thou know’st
My faith was firm, that I went forth assured,—
To search ? ah, no—but certainly to find !
To Thee I knelt, with all my company :

But what in them was prayer, in me was thanks,—
Thanks for the mission I was crown'd withal ;
Our auspice was to prosper—blest of Thee !

Yet, in that joy immortal, was I man,
And justly weigh'd the burthen of my task.
My fellows had some heat not wholly pure,
Fed by a fuel that doth waste too soon,—
A flame that rose and fell with lessening light,
Not, as the diamond, blazing unallay'd.
In their old world they had the common trust,
But, as that world retired, their manhood faded.
The land was lost, the trade-wind sped to west,
And they were drifting—into an abyss
From whence perchance no wind would ever waft ;
Behind them all they knew, before them nothing !
Hard to inform men what they cannot ken !
Who shall unveil the mystery of faith ?
But unto me, in secret, all was well,
Whilst pointing, surely, to the destined coast.
The needle varies ! whither do they go ?
A course, they say, where Nature's self hath doubt !
What painful, sweet contention in my soul !
Those faint, rebellious spirits, murmuring loud,
Yet helping forward daily to the goal,
Threatening to stay, and do they knew not what,
Exasperate, fearing that they could not turn.
Then, on the day of desperation, came

The singing-birds, as heavenly harbingers !
And herbage floating from some neighbouring
shore.

Yet, yet no land—they would no further sail !
I told them I was serving God and Queen,
And they must onward with me to the end.

The light of heaven was in me, and I saw
A light of earth from forth the latent world ;
Then said I, also a new world of men.
Now, God be praised ! oh, uncompar'd to-
morrow !
Has other mortal known of such to-morrow ?
O night, no night ! but as a day in heaven :
The fruiting of a life within the grasp,
The long, long happy dream, at last fulfill'd !
At earliest break of dawn they shouted “ land ! ”
For ever new the day I kiss'd that shore,
And thank'd my God, first, in my promised
world !
What ? my poor mariners—am I a god,
That ye bow down to me, like them of old
To Paul and Barnabas ?

But still a king !
First king of beauteous regions unexplored,
Yet to be peopled in the faith of Christ !
As king of men—a man to rule o'er men :

There dwelt in me a soul to reign and rule,
Albeit perhaps my function was to find.

In the base throng of men, alas ! once more,—
From out the heaven of hope, to mortal cares,
Warring, heart-sick, with lust, and pride, and greed.
Ah, 'mid that low turmoil, I had some joy—
Such as to human heart not oft is given !
Shall I forget that rapture of my soul,
From visions of a virgin world foreknown ?
A world to me reveal'd, and by me found !
The gorgeous birds and flowers, the luscious fruits,
The verdant groves resounding with sweet tune,
Eke, but for man, a heaven terrestrial !

That work was done, when to the East again
I set my keel : ah, Pinzon, one-time friend !
Martin Alonzo, and dost *thou* forsake ?
Wouldst thou, indeed, outstrip me in the race,
And play the herald ? no, that must not be ;
Away to Spain ! to Spain, whate'er betide.

Shall I forget that dread, extremest peril,
When 'mid the horrors of the raged Atlantic,
I waver'd in my faith, and, doubtfully,
My record trusted to the floating cask,
Lest with me, and my toil-worn mariners,
The firstlings of my labours should be lost ?
Shall I forget my tremulous content

When, next, I saw the Lusitanian king ?
Shall I forget that contrast with black doubt,
When my return to Palos was acclaim'd ?
Or, joyful day supreme ! Columbus call'd
In honour to the Court ?

To be a king !

A royal progress had I on that day ;
Still in mine eyes the signs of welcome glister,
Still in mine ears the shouts of welcome ring !
And then, the cavalcade through Barcelona ;
Came forth the chivalry of Spain to greet me—
A cohort of grandes and caballeros
Attending me, until the fount of Honour.
A royal day was that ! myself a king,
And more than king,—a mission'd prophet-king.
Under a canopy of gold were seated
King Ferdinand, and gracious Ysabel.
They rose to me as sovereigns to sovereign :
When I would offer homage, me upheld,
And bade me sit with them, as should a king—
The king of realms more vast and rich than
theirs !
When I to them my wondrous tale had told,
They both, in thankful adoration, knelt—
Due fealty yielding to the King of kings.
The *Te Deum* went to heaven, praising Him,
Great Giver of the glories of this world.

Then spake I that great vow—to pay to God,
 Out of revenues unto me affigned,
 Suffice the Holy Sepulchre to save.

Bright Barcelona ! I behold thee now,
 As then thou wert to me ; thy funny ways,
 Thy pleasant palaces, with open doors
 To him, the first of men ; thy windy walls,
 Wash'd by the blue Internum, where I rode
 Betwixt the king and prince, as equal man—
 O'erlooking not the providence of God :
 And, happier still, where oft-times I conversed
 With the benignant Queen anent the past,
 And limning the beyond.

Then had I honour !
 Then did they give to me a brave escutcheon,—
 (I pray my heirs will bear it worthily !)
 My own insignia quarter'd with the King's,
 Castile and Aragon :

A CASTILLA Y A LEON
 NUEVO MUNDO DIO COLON.

Then had I honour ! for the questing mind,
 Wherever learning grew, was fill'd with joy—
 Possess'd with phantoms of new things to be,
 I the elect enchanter ! then they cried—
 “Praise to Columbus—Christopher Columbus,—
 He who hath dared to fathom the unknown ;

To whom was given knowledge passing knowledge ;
He who hath found a world ! ”

Again away !

With no scant trappings, but in wealth and power.
The Sovereigns, Columbus and Fonseca :—
Who would have licence let him ask of these.
Then to deny more easy than to grant !
Who could resist those high-born, proud hidalgos,
So fervent to be first in ways untried ?
I see thee now, Alonzo de Ojeda,
Thy prowess testing ere the need began.

A deedy conclave were we in that while :
The Admiral, De Soria, and Fonseca,
Francisco Pinelo, the treasurer,—
Beginning that which hath a far horizon,
The prelude planning of a birth of nations.
My labour great—proportion'd to its purpose ;
Nor less, than to explore the hidden Main
Where he, Great Khan, and Prester John held
kingdom.

Then was it done ; and in the bay of Cadiz,
The seventeen caravels, proudly floating, wait,—
Equipp'd with all that might attach the Indies,
And marry well the new world to the old.
Then gave men reverence to me, and I wended,
Of squadron brave ordain'd “ High Admiral.”

O sunrise fair ! that gaily seem'd to smile
Upon the entrance of a world to come :
The Isles Canaries—then away, away !
Until the first-born of the new delight,
Dominica, and then, amid the Antilles,
Gladden'd with odorous gales and sylvan shores ;
There found the rich anana, and there too,
As if to match the bitter with the sweet,
We saw the limbs of men prepared for food.
Next, pass'd uncounted, came the Virgin Islands,
And then our new-world home, Hispaniola ;
Then rest once more at my La Navidad.

Rest in unrest ! for henceforth was I shown
How this sublunar world with trouble teems
Wherever man doth turn it to his uses.
O cherish'd idols of inventive thought !
Are ye to be the origin of pain ?
Gone my first foot-print on the land of promise,
My fortress and my garrison no more !
Yet had I hope and courage, and went on ;
Took firmer stand, and, on the water'd plain,
Builded to thee, O Royal Ysabel !
The primal city of the new-found world.
How like a fever'd dream the chequer'd days,
Until again I planted foot on Spain !
A vex'd dream, of pain and joy and sorrow ;
A tangled web, an incoherent tale.

The cry for gold, gold insufficient found ;
The ships to Spain to satisfy that call ;
Dark discontent of men, who look'd no higher
Than transient enjoyment, yet fulfill'd
Their part as instruments to future good :—
The plot of Bernal Diaz, well reveal'd :
And of the joys, I do bethink me now
Of that entrancing passage mountains o'er.
Great God, I thank thee for that prospect fair,
Which in my soul I think for ever lives :—
The flower-enamell'd plains, the branching ferns,
The giant cedars that of ages spake,
The towering palms, the rivers, and the birds.
More gold—and more, unsated still my need—
My need for favour in the eyes of men.
Found had we not the earthly paradise,
And bent ourselves to furnish it with woe ?
Behold a problem difficult to solve,
That grand results of benefit to man
Must the ordeal pass of sin and pain.
Then sail'd I forth to Cuba, and, more south,
First saw the beauteous land, Jamaica named ;
And then beheld that labyrinth of islets
Like an enchantment the wide sea adorning,
Henceforth by men entitled “the Queen's Garden,”
(Told of by Mandeville and Marco Polo,
From the Great Khan, perhaps, not far removed.)
Yet these were days of dolour ; for the joys

Were nigh outweighed by unceasing trials.
My much-loved mariners, not as in me,
With high hopes raised,—supernal visitings,
Took not serenely those privations dire,
Hard toil of day, misgivings of the night,—
Sustain'd alone by wonder at new things,
With peril faint, and lacking utmost faith.
And I, unstrung, a tranquil sea attain'd,
Swoon'd in collapse—a sickness like to death.

They bore me to my city—as one dead.
Mine eyes re-open'd—oh, unequall'd joy !
Angel of Providence, Bartholomew !
Whence cam'st thou, my loved brother ? sent from
God :
For to my aid thou comest, when my power
Is threaten'd ; e'en when Pedro Margarite
Took ships and fled, with falsehood, to the throne.
Be thou Adelantado, rule with me,
To give me double strength. Now God be praised !

Here I recall intrepid, strong Ojeda,
Who seized, with guile, the brave chief Caonabo,
And brought him, bound behind him, to the town.

Then were some happier days ; the royal pair
By Torres sent me an approving missive,
And, with my dear Bartholomew beside me,

I strove to form and regulate a State.
Then, as a king, I ruled, and not in vain ;
Then gave we battle to the Indian people,
Who boasted much to drive us from the land—
Our little band against uncounted thousands !
But thou, Ojeda, wert invincible,
And help'd us much to hold, and to subdue :
Then fell the yoke upon them, and henceforth
Paid they their tribute in the long'd-for gold.
This breedeth some compunction in my heart.
What rights had we above these simple men,
That we should master them their curse to be ?
May we, for good, cause any creature pain ?
It was the will of God, that o'er new lands
The faith of Christ should spread ; the cry was
“ gold ; ”
My power was gold, and power must be maintain'd.
To cultured minds, how strange a charm hath
gold !
Hath not its touching some Satanic spell,
To poison blood, and make man less than man ?

Now, I remember, I did feel the bite
Of that arch-traitor, Pedro Margarite.
His lies had rooted, and their fruit was shewn
In thee, Aguado, once my favour'd friend.
Juan Aguado, high commissioner,—
Dominion vaunting o'er the Admiral !

Ay, and he had it ; and I gave him place.
That came a heavy blow, although I knew
My God would give me justice in this world.
So thou wilt go, Aguado, back to Spain,
Back, with the budget of my misdemeanours ?
To tell them I have not done what I have,
To tell them I have done what I have not !
I will go with thee then, and there confront
And put to shame thy foolish, false report.
My God was gracious to me in that hour,
And gave to me a boon, by Miguel Diaz,
No less than those exhaustless mines of Hayna,
The same, I think, as onetime Ophir named—
Sought by king Solomon for the Holy Temple.

Unjust reproach ! that I was alien,—stranger ;
How alien, as the wide world's citizen,
How stranger, who had brought them wealth and
fame ?

The whole earth his one country, man his nation,
Whose pure, sole purpose is to serve mankind.
None else, I love thee well, my native Genoa,
E'en with the love a man his mother loves :
Genoa *la superba*, Genoa, my first home !
City of mountain-side, and ships, and palaces,
City of commerce, and sea-going men.

God bless'd me onward, and despite the storms,

(Which must be for the things surpassing man),
Me gave safe passage back to sunny Spain.—
My mariners ! would ye your captives slay—
Sinning for food, your trust in God forgot ?
The people crowded on to Cadiz bay,
To see a sick and sorry company,
In tatter'd guise, with cruel hardships worn.
I went among them, a Franciscan monk,
Corded, begown'd, and bearded ; was not I
Reft of my power, my office stultified,
By weak Aguado's charter ? therefore now,
Until restored, a man unpropertied ?

That check soon over ; not for long I wore
The garb of deprivation : on to Burgos ;—
“ The Admiral,” in lowly gabardine,
His escort proud, with gold, and captive men.
“ Columbus welcome ! why this humble mien,
Art not thou still our Admiral, our Viceroy ? ”
My grace to thee, O traitorous Margarite,
And wily Boyle ! so ended thy designs.

Wife Ferdinand, sweet-smiling Isabella !
Well did ye estimate my troublous tale,
Incline the ear to my prophetic aim,
And grandly grant equipments for the work.

Through thee, Fonseca ! Oh, if called to judge
thee,

I would not punish thee with greater torture
Than that thou gav'it my soul by thy delays.
A bishop hinders what a king commands !
Two years of waning life, unfruitful, lost !
The rich, far-stretching Continent unfound.
Now on the threshold of my last reward,
Thus—thus to be impeded—it was pain.

The struggle ended ; and again I went ;
E'en as a greyhound straining at the leash,
To break the cord, and seize upon the game.
Here I condemn me that, too much incensed
With base Fonseca's minion, Breviesca,
He following me, with insults, to the strand,
I struck the dastard renegade to earth.
Why, in that lofty moment, did he tempt me
To loose on him my pent-up agonies ?

Forth from San Lucar ! on a new-mark'd course ;—
Who that the new would gain, must quit the old.
One cask of water left ! but God was with me ;
And, on that day of need, loom'd Trinidad.
Then found I Paria, which I think must be
Near to, or part of some far-spreading shore ;
For there are freshets, as of mighty rivers,
Whose sources are not islands : and I think
The influences benign that there abound—
Splendours of earth and sky, exuberant joy,

Amid the beaming of unclouded suns,
Cool'd by soft zephyrs like the breath of heaven,
Betoken that not far from this was fixed
The Eden told as man's first dwelling-place.
I say not but that here the fresher flows
From out the fountain of the Tree of Life.

The past grows dim : God knoweth that hence-forward
I had such griefs, to but forget were bliss !
They cannot be forgotten, yet it seems
That by and bye, in life, accustoms sorrow ;
Emotion dulls, or sweet or sour come liker,
Time, growing dearer, more is part with us,—
E'en as ourselves have largely merged in Time ;
And so events have less disparity.
The first Ingratitude impresseth deeply ;
But after that, all ingrates group in one.
The early joys had each a separate being ;
The later joys blend, like the hues at sunset,
And vanish as the setting of the Sun.

Not so in all,—my dear Bartholomew !
Not so of meeting thee ; such joy as that
In youth or age alike, stands out alone,—
Not mixing with the mass of circumstance.
And healthful vigour came at seeing thee,
Adelantado—ever faithful brother.

How fares then, in this while, Hispaniola ?
Too long detain'd ! a wound too deep for cure.
Men turbulent, on vicious purpose bent,
Broke up the springs of order, stood at bay
Against authority, and mischief bred.
My soul approves that I was merciful,
And, with much patience, urged them to do well ;
This know'st thou, Roldan ; thou, the chief of rebels !
But for the just is justice ; and I dealt
Strong-handed justice to defend the good.
Wherefore "The Admiral," wherefore made a king,
If not to govern ? this my tyranny ;
Bishop Fonseca, thou must know they lied,
Therefore didst greatly lie, accusing me
To be unjust—how greatly ! when they sent
A Bovadilla to subvert my power.

As once to Job, the messengers of evil
To me came, saying, " He has seized thy house,
Thine ownings plunder'd, and proclaim'd thee felon."
Is this Columbus, who has found a world—
Is this Columbus, who expended life
In long night-watchings, and in irksome toil,
To give a wider compass to mankind !
You see "The Admiral," but he serves the Crown,
What wills the Crown, whate'er, let that be done.
Put on the manacles, here, take my hands !
And thou too, dear Bartholomew ! come—come !

To prison go we, link'd as galley-slaves.
I thought, that Christ, my Lord, was one time bound,
With scorn affail'd, and flagellate with thongs.

Thus—thus to Spain, to bay of Cadiz thus !
Brought they their Admiral,—Viceroy of a world.
Then pitiful were they—the men of Spain :
Columbus pitied ! for Columbus—pity—
Merciful God ! had I then lived for pity ?
I thank Thee that my heart could bear that thought.
Here stay'd they not, but, zealous, let their pity
Rise into indignation at my wrongs.
Then went a shout of shame, a horrent cry,
A sound of anger, which, advancing, grew,
A people's tumult, echoing through the land ;—
“ *In manacles the finder of a world !* ”

The sovereigns heard that cry ! the Queen had
read
My letter to a lady of the Court—
(For shackled hands may write not to the throne ;)
Then sent they to me, and I doff'd my chains
To put on robes for stately Granada.
Some scanty solace is there in kind words,
And, recking not of verbal penitence,
Sincere regrets can salve indignities ;
But when, at seeing me, the Queen did weep,
I wept to think those eyes should weep for me !

O gentle Isabella! noble heart!
I bleſs my God for ſerving ſuch an one.
Then were the fountains of my ſoul refresh'd,
And I forgave,—God knoweth I forgave,
Whate'er of anguish from the Queen had ſprung.

Two years they ſaid—my reinſtatement then !
Again to common life—it cannot be !
For him to whom 'tis given to open out,
It muſt not be, to ſtagnate in the found.
For then I knew, as now, that time is brief,
And I muſt give, with undeclining zeal,
Life's laſteſt iſſues to the work of God.
Rounding the ſtormy Cape, had not De Gama,
His nation dower'd with wealthy Calicut ?
Should I not find, (as ſtill I think there is,)
A ſtraiſt that tendeth to the Indian ſeas
From out the ocean where my lands are known,
And ſuperadd unto my vaſt new world
The rich reſources of the glowing Eaſt ?

The good day came ; and forth from Cadiz Bay
Made I fair progreſs to the broad Atlantic ;
Bartholomew, beſt Brother ! Son Fernando !
I thank my God who gave, and you preſerved ;
An anxious voyage was it—big with promiſe,
And comfort were ye to me in thoſe hours.
Alas ! keen ſufferings had we, lingering ſorrows,

In perils uttermost of land and sea ;
Yet are they summ'd into a little chapter,
And I survey them with an even judgment,
As doth a watcher looking from the Pharos,—
All objects scanning at a moment's glance.

A bitter baulk was that, when, seeking haven
We craved admittance at Hispaniola ;
Pompous Ovando ! thou didst well, methinks,
To turn away the finder of thy land.
Yet sped we well without thee : and right soon
The coast of Terra Firma hail'd once more.
Then found we Cape Honduras, and I hoped
Near that peninsula the strait desired.
It is not far, or if no strait be there,
The land is narrow to the Indian seas.¹

Now, vext with raging storms, we found in time
The wished-for golden shore Veragua.
'Twas here Adelantado search'd the land,
And did confirm me in my earlier thought ;—
This surely is Aurea Chersonesus.
Thou didst agree with me, Bartholomew,
And hadst establish'd here a settlement,

¹ Later discoveries, and the adoption of "the Panama route," show this conjecture of Columbus to have been prophetic.

Save some mischance, and ills unparalleled.
Back,—back to Spain ; alas ! the strait *must* be ;
And men ere long shall take that course to Ind.
God's will be done ! He lets me mark the way ;
That whence Columbus turn'd, may others speed.

Lo, then my soul had succour, for I saw
Bright visions of the night, and heard my God ;—
“ Why frettest thou, O man, and lovest heart ?
Are not thy troubles as of man with man ?
Have not I promised thou shalt be sustain'd ? ”—
At this, what matter'd when the woe befell,—
My ships ashore, my faithful company
Left, unprovided, on the Indian strand ?
Then was it, that, denied supplies of food,
God gave me the Eclipse, and hid the Moon,
To show the Indian I must be preserved.
Now bless thee, Diego Mendez, constant friend,
That wert the chosen means empower'd by Him,
My heavenly Father, to go thence and save.
Undaunted by one failure, thence again
This time with brave Fiesco to thine aid.
Go then canoes, go fragile boats to sea,
For me the day of miracles survives !
Pals weary months, pals quickly in my thought ;
Months follow months, and yet they will return.
Ah, Porras ! thou wert one who gave me pain
By thy desertion in that time of need ;

Thou too wert baffled : and the ships *did* come.
Unto God's mercy, not to thy good-will
Be that ascribed, Ovando ; so I sail'd
Once more to mine own city, Isabella.
There, with some tendernefs, some deference,
Was I received and foster'd, and did wait,
Enough to grieve o'er my perverted plans ;
To learn of cruel laws I had no power
To mitigate, to hear of deeds inhuman
Which tore my heart to crying—" Not to me,
Oh Good Creator ! not to me, impute
These sufferings of thy creatures,—not to me !"
Ovando, thou didst smile, with some pretence
Of fairness to me ; but thou wert not fair.
I fear, lest thou hast weighted the account
Which I must cast with God : may He forgive !

In storms to Spain :—it seemeth that my life
Must end in storm ; how can the mind have peace,
The goal ungain'd, the recompense withheld ?
How rest, whilst, lost my care, the evil rule
Yet banes Hispaniola ? profitless !
My journey to Segovia, for now
My urgent prayer brings no responsive tones :
The Queen is dead ; the Court is dead to me.
Ah, Ferdinand ! thy chilly, surface-smiles
Gave meagre comfort to my yearning soul ;
What ! thou wouldest grant me titles, properties,

In this old world, where I have nothing earn'd,
 Denying me my just inheritance
 In those dominions I have won for thee !
 Is not the compact sacred ? thou shalt lose
 It breaking, more than thou canst rob from me,—
 In forfeit of thine honour among men.
 Thy glory is inglorious, O King !
 All is in vain ! my letters as my voice :
 Thou too, O friend, Amerigo Vespucci,
 To right me failest, though thy heart be true.

O queenly Isabella ! funk with thee
 My last, best hope : O truest, highest friend,
 Thou, first of women, as the Queen of Spain ;
 Pure pride it is to think thou me didst love
 In like of love wherewith man honours man,
 The flame of friendship ; why then art thou gone,
 Why, why evanish'd ere my task is done,
 Me aidless leaving ?



Dear Bartholomew,
 I pray thee to the throne, and plead my cause :
 Tell Queen Juana how I wait and fade.
 The child of Isabella will not fail me ;
 She will give ear, and, with a yielding heart,

Restore my dignities. Assert my claims !
Show that I leave her, more than she can grant,
In wealth or titles : tell her I can do
A work to raise Castile in might and glory
Above all earthly kingdoms.

He is gone ;
He will achieve his purpose : not for me,—
But for my heritage. Increasing tithes,—
Revenues still enlarging—endlessly,
At Genoa garner'd, shall the fund augment,
Which I have set apart to be applied
To last redemption of the sacred tomb.

The body weakens, but the soul is strong :
O Soul ! what wilt thou do, so resolute,
When left alone,—bereft thy minister ?
I am my soul ; I have not done my work.
Are there not worlds to find I yet can seek ?
Have I not knowledge, and the will to act ?
Such—such the ways of God ; and sure it is
I have been highly favour'd ; for to me
Was given, by faith, perception of some things
Not gain'd by human learning ; I foresaw
Those unseen regions,—as I now foresee
The heaven whereto I go. Shall I essay
To teach men uninspired the graces of
That Country where the King is just ; and where
All promise is fulfill'd ? The kings of earth

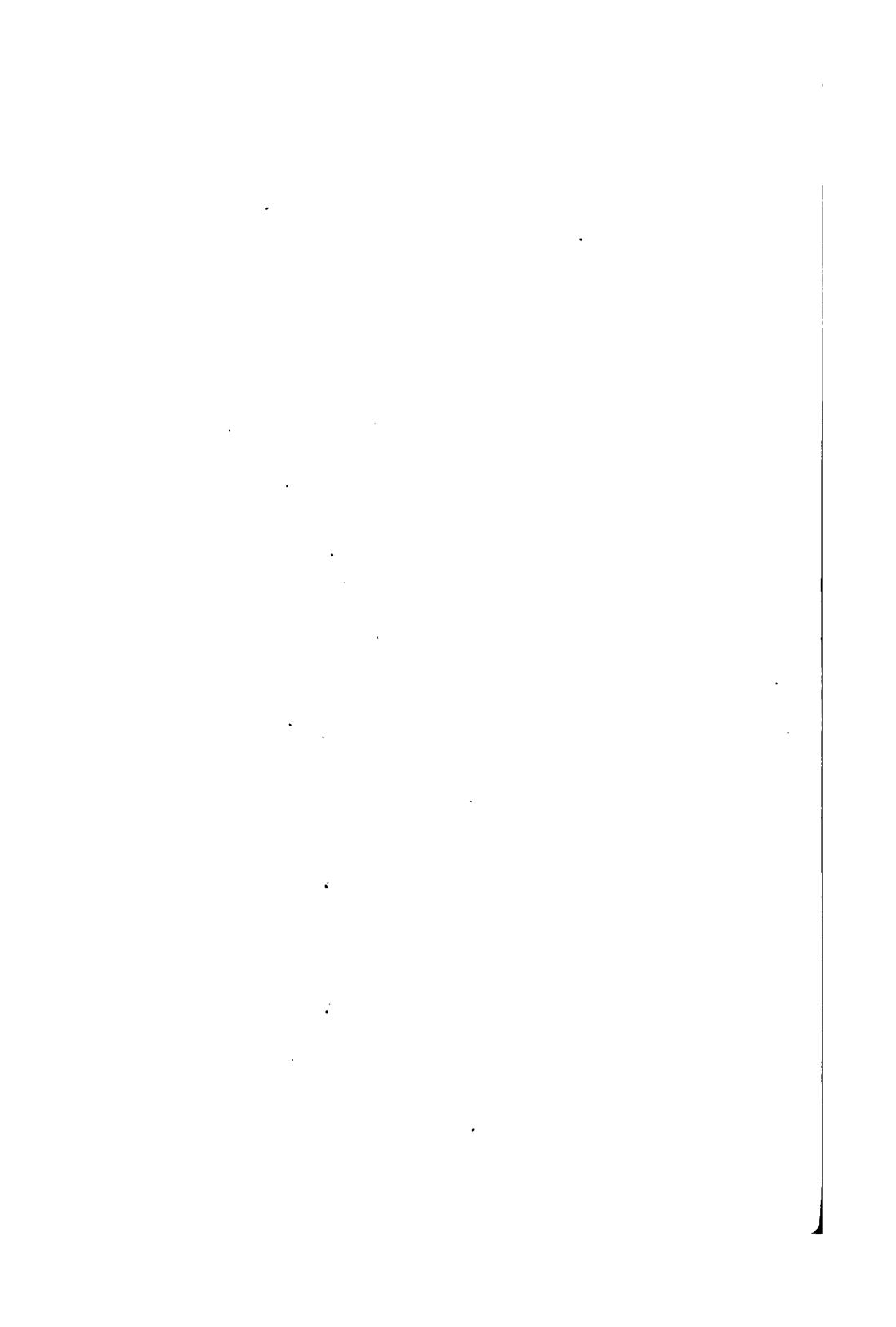
Owe justice, and should heed this holiest law,
Of Him, their mighty Prototype, on high.
Yea, I will praise Him ! for I have been bleff'd :
Has not the beam celestial lit my path ?
Has not miraculous care o'ershadow'd me ?
Have not I heard soft whispers from the skies ?
May I not think of thee, base Bovadilla,
When thou wert lost, and my weak barque was
spared ?
Did I not touch the highest peak of fame,
To be down dragged into the pit contempt ?
Not so, not so ! forgive me Thou Most Good :
My dreams sublime, and their accomplishments,
Have much exceeded all my toils and trials ;
And onward gaze I, with a trustful heart,
The outcomes heeding of my mortal life.
Yea, on those shores, to and through me disclosed,
Will flourish puissant empires, unenslaved ;
The dark will be illumined, knowledge spread,
And His true Faith will permeate that world.
The land of Heaven is, yet, for me to find,
And on the Earth to me shall justice come !
To me will come, and men will say—"COLUMBUS."





Sonnets.







Sleep.

THIEF of the mind—he, at the term of toil,
Serpent-like creeps upon the jaded sense,
And, when no longer we can make defence,
Binds us in death ; anon we crack the coil,
Fresh as an amaranth the trickster foil,
And, with renaissant courage, chase him thence !
Ah, then eftsoons his wiles will recommence,
So of nigh half our days he doth us spoil.
O life no life,—O death not death indeed !
Is there not joy unsought, and love unfound—
Know we all sights and sounds in Nature's store,
Do not our thoughts new thoughts for ever
breed?—
That, as the dormouse or the drowsy hound,
We sleep, and sleep, and sleep,—and wake no more.

Silence.

HUSH—hush ! it is the charm of nothingness,—
A sweet estate wherein there is no sweet ;
A music true, though no vibrations beat ;
A passive mistress, cold and passionless—
Bestowing not, yet having power to bles,
Until, in holy love, we kiss her feet.
O joy wherein no soul a friend may greet,
O Thou that giv'st no comfort in distres,—
Why do we love thee, Silence ? Art thou then
The mystic, ghostly Mother of mankind,
From forth whose womb we sprang without a
throe ?
To thee resort for rest and peace all men ;
In thy embrace serene pure joy they find,—
Art thou the very Heaven whereto we go ?

Silentium noctis.

VOID—void—all void ! the things that were,
are not—

I, but as nothing,—with myself alone
In the Still Darkness : not a ray—no tone
To tell of being, or of space or spot ;
No ghostly glow resplendent,—one black blot
The face of Nature, and the Sun that shone !
The beauteous Universe I once had known
Lost to the senses, as a love forgot.
Yet—yet I am, and, thinking, see, and hear
The tongueless voices in their silent tune,
And bask in light that lives beyond the Sun :
Ah, wherefore is it Darkness bringeth fear,—
Wherefore that Stillness doth affright so soon
The life of Thought, that only hath begun ?

Music.

VOICE of the Air, if silent; ever near,
That somewhen only to the mind doth speak,
And, resonant to them that deftly seek,
Comest, at call, from thine æthereal sphere ;
MUSIC,—Attendant-Angel of the ear,—
Thou that dost breed oblivion sweet, and eke
Subdue the stern, and fuscitate the meek,
And bring, by fitful change, the smile or tear,—
Hast thou not part with the celestial frame
Whereto, by hidden ties, the soul is kin ?—
Thine the one language of the heavenly quire,
Thine the one utterance to all hearts the same,
Whether outspoken in the thunder-din,
Or in the softer accents of the lyre.

Aequo Animo.

HAVE *thou* content,—are there not men unfed,
Who wander forth in empty nakedness,
No pillow owning for the head to press,
The sky their coverlet, the ground their bed ?
Are there not those that crave no mental bread,
Whose passive moments no sweet dreamings bleſs,
Whom no love vexeth in a sweet distrefſ,
Who have no hopes, no yearnings fond, no dread ?
Have thou content !—alas, alas ! in vain,—
Whilſt ſtill I ſeek, and ſeeking do not find,
Whilſt aspiration toucheth not the goal,
Whilſt highest mysteries a blank remain,—
And our beſt gainings are not of a kind
To ſatisfy the hunger of the foul.

Sight.

IF still, with cloſed eyes, I ſee thy face,
What is it but thine imprefs on my mind?
And though, henceforth, I were for ever blind,
Those lineaments mine inner ſight would trace:
Or if on earth no more thou holdeſt place,
To me unveilèd beam thy features kind,
Brought by a force that cerements cannot bind!
Or from the world terrene, or æther ſpace
Thou comest at the bidding of my will,
Shall not I love thee ever, and thou me?
Art thou not calling when for thee I call?
O friend belovèd, whom death doth not kill,
Come to my viſion—wherſoe'er you be,
To ſhow me absence is not death in all.

Analogy.

WAS it a dream—that keen undoubting joy,
Which I, but now, as if for aye, did know ?
Was it a dream—the vision that did glow
In light that light itself doth not destroy ?—
Was it a dream, that did my soul annoy
With anguish of unutterable woe ?—
Was it a dream, that in my mind did grow,
And every subtlety of thought employ ?
Kin of my heart ! real things, the loved and lost,
How come ye to me, and again forsake ?
(As waifs from out the sea of Time uptoft,)
Do ye in dreamland habitation make ?
Were ye then dreams, that bitter tears have cost ?
Is such the life wherefrom, at death, we wake ?

Mythic Harmonies.

SOMEWHILES, when into vacancy I gaze,
And seem bereft of life, or rapt in thought,
My soul is with divinest music fraught,—
Soft accents hearing of celestial praise !
In notes unwritten, and in wordless lays,
Anthems are singing to me, all unsought,—
Each time I listen new vibrations caught,—
Till I in joy am lost, and sweet amaze.
Whence are ye then, ye tones of heaven ? for sure
Ye are not visitings of human kind ;
Are ye embalmèd memories, sublimed ?
Or, of the hereafter, do ye come to lure
My soul from sensuous seekings unrefined,
With strains supernal by the Angels chimed ?

Fame and Immortality.

WHAT being haft thou, much desirèd Fame,
That men should immolate themselves to
thee?

Art thou indeed an immortalitie,
Or only what thou seem'ft ? a name—a name !
Art thou in one, a glory and a shame,
So to be lauded unto extasie,—
And yet be but the mind's infirmitie,
The cause of folly, and the source of blame ?
Speak, speak ! my heart, is there not something
more
Than reputation, that true fame can give,—
Some prize for which ambition is not crime ?
Ah ! is it nothing, when the world is o'er,
To reign in mortal bosoms, and to live
In ceaselefs echoes to the end of time !

Peace.

PEACE is to man not peace, but torpid soul,
Idleſſe corporeal, or a mental ſleep,
It is to be as happy as the ſheep,
Supine, contented with an earthy dole.
Alas, alas ! how ſhall my heart control
The ſtrong unreft, that doth with doubted keep ?
Disquietude, amid compunctions deep,—
Attaining to ſo little of the whole !
Of Heaven is peace !—Oh, funny, ripply ſea
Withouten shore :—till then the normal strife,
Of false and true—the confeft, ceafeleſſly,
Againſt the wrongs wherewith the world is rife ;
The ſtrugge of the Conscience with the Me :—
Peace is the ſtagnant pool, the rivulet is Life !

Double Life.

BLENT in one mortal life, there are two lives ;
One is a life of toil, and trick, and gain,
A life of meagre pleasure, shallow pain,
Along a miry course, as Mammon drives ;
A life that after the Material strives,
Up-building works that, for a while, remain,
In heaps of gold, or monuments as vain,
To be but nothing when the end arrives !
The other life is that of heart and soul,
Of passion, and of poetry, and song ;
Of depths and heights of sorrow and of mirth ;
It brings no profit, as it hath no goal,
And, though it all doth unto earth belong,
Subsists but in oblivion of the Earth.

On the South Downs.

A SONG to thee, O Nature ! whilst the hills
My senses render fullest sympathy ;
Above the world of men, and blent in thee,
A joy that is thy joy my bosom fills,
And I claim sonship, mindless of “ the ills
That flesh is heir to ;” nought is now to me
Than the primeval sward, and sky, and sea,
Boundless—as thy companionship instils.
O Mother Nature, take my heart in thine !
O Mother Nature, I in thee am lost !
O Mother Nature, take me as thy child !
Why know I this sublimity divine,
If not from thee ? me take at any cost !
I had not loved so, if thou hadst not smiled.

St. Preux.

LOVE came and spake to me, "She is thy mate;"
I said, "O Love, how will she know 'tis so?"
Wherat, all suddenly, the paffionate throe
Flooded my heart, and certified my fate.
"Ah," quoth I, "be she heedless, I will wait,
Until her pulses, beating fast or slow,
At tone or touch, in time with mine shall go,—
Until, together, gain we Heaven's gate."
Sweet, gentle Fawn ! caught in the silken snare,—
Unconscious how it wound about her charms!—
She whispered "nay," admonished me, "beware,"
Then lent her spirit unto soft alarms,
And then,—when only left for me to dare,—
Murmured "I love," and melted in my arms.

Abelard.

I SAW, and loved,—love, with no respite, told ;
 She answer'd, “Leave me ! for thy speech is
 rude ;”

I, unabashed, in love's beatitude,
 Knelt to her, heart to heart, and cried, “Behold,
 Mine is true-love, oh, let me thee enfold !”
 She said, “I pray thee rise, nor me delude,
 All I can give thee, is my gratitude,—
 Nay, nay, I love thee not ! thou art too bold.”
 Then spake I, “I am strong, thou shalt not go !
 I read thine answer in those eloquent eyes,
 E'en while thy ruddy lips do say me ‘no,’—
 Thy soul elects me, as thy tongue denies.”
 “Ah, wherefore,” sigh'd she, “dost thou urge me
 so !
 Is it then Love, that bade me tell thee lies ?”

Ninon.

HAVE I not held dominion?—say I, whence?
 Truly I know not, but the sweet effect
 That men become my slaves. I can elect
 Unto the highest heaven of soul and sense
 Him whom I deem so worthy. Or pretence,—
 When Love not lights his torch, will none reject
 This, this my sovereignty,—whilst still bedeckt
 In Beauty's gifts, to yield them recompense.
 My flowing hair,—my never-failing eyes,—
 Eyes that could conquer when I near'd fifteen,
 Charms that could madden to be fool, the wise:
 Must—must they wither? must I quit the scene
 Despair to think!—my spirit brave, replies
 “ Yet, by thy magic, shalt thou reign—their
 queen! ”

Cathedral of Cordova.

AS in a forest seeming infinite,
A portal and an altar everywhere,
The soul is moved to lofty thought, and prayer
Unto the Omnipresent One of might,
So had the pious Moslem purpose right,
Who did at Cordova this temple raise ;
For when he wander'd in the vasty maze
Of columns rich, in every hue bedight,
He knew no spot where he must offer praise,
Nor where he last was prostrate, nor the door
Wherethrough he gain'd the labyrinthine floor—
Unnoting which, among the nineteen ways ;
Nor found he there incitement to adore,
Than as the thankful heart its homage pays.

Between Sevilla and Badajoz.

4th May, 1860.

Lincoln Cathedral.

I'VE seen the Lyncolne Mynster, on the hill
Which, for deep centuries, it hath ycrown'd ;
And, in beholding, such delight have found
As our forefathers' pious minds did fill,
At the evolving from a fervent will
A work yet onwards, endlesfly, renown'd.
Æthereal Fancy ! thou art here unbound,
Roving from human deeds of subtile skill,
Pillar and lancet-arch and tracery rare,
Proportion whose perfection bears a spell,
The votive chapels, proofs of holy care,
With roof by worthy Willson carvèd well,
Unto the destination of my prayer,
Where our great God, beneficent, doth dwell.

Richmond Hill.

WAKING, I saw a valley far and wide
Outspread beneath, the vision of my dream ;
It was of Earth, yet not of Earth did seem—
None having mark of toil ; on every side
Fair mead and forest lay, in verdant pride,
And, as a pearl 'mid emeralds, a stream,
O'er whose broad face the glorious Sun did gleam,
Athwart meandering did calmly glide :
No pain was there, no false exciting charm,
But joy serene that might eternal be,—
Whereat much wond'ring, I inspired did rise
Into a phrenzy, and with sweet alarm
Knew I beheld the long-famed Arcadie,
Phantasm of Heaven, type of paradise.

Ordination.

THIS day, O friend, is thy life's purpose
changed ;
For thou art chosen from the sons of men
In the great cause to labour ; back again
To call an errant nature, long estranged
From primal state of virtue, and deranged,
Until, as things diverse, the Now and Then.
Be brave of heart, and voice, and fertile pen ;
Words will not waver whilst for aye unchanged,
The promises of Him who faileth not.
Before thy mental vision will uprise
Fulfilments, that the name of Sin outblot ;
The tale of evil will provoke surprise ;
Restored is Man, and Earth a heavenly spot !
Behold the end whereat God's agent tries.

Photography.

1842.

BY title new, for added gift, O Light !
 We now shall praise thee, Limner at our will
 Of all thou dost irradiate, with skill
 Surpassing far the emulative flight
 Of human aim ; for the discriminate might
 Of Nature's hand thy purpose doth fulfil.
 Ye, PORTA, GALILEO, NEWTON, if that still
 For earth ye care, are sharing our delight—
 From pride estranged, yet glad that thus your toil
 Hath glorious fruiting ! and ye, of to-day,
 Who, tracking onwards through the tangled coil
 Of philosophic truth, now with them may
 Claim brotherhood,—nor shall your lustre soil,
NIEPCE, and DAGUERRE, and TALBOT, and
CLAUDET !

Wellesley.

FRIEND, I possess with joy a Gift¹ most rare,
 A string of gems the lustrous thoughts of one
 Great in all difficult things,—a mental Sun
 Where'er he glances gilding; and my care
 Shall be to prize it justly, and compare,
 Till, like the skill'd Anatomist, I've won
 The full idea from fragment seen, and spun
 From its sweet poesy, conception fair—
 A noble Mind; at which I'll gaze and gaze,
 Intent by sympathy to emulate,
 Praying, all men may, in the latter days,
 Aspire unto such high and glorious state;
 And, in mine age, I'll list the young men's praise,
 Whilst of his Gift, and Wellesley, I prate.

¹ “Primitiæ et Reliquiæ,” 1840—then first published, and sent by the Marquess Wellesley to the author.

John Britton,

THE ANTIQUARY, ON HIS BIRTHDAY: AGE 70.

7TH JULY, 1841.

WELL it beseems thee, Britton, to have gain'd
Fulness of years ; the Past doth honour thee,
As thou the past hast honoured ; thou shalt be
A long, long age in memory retain'd,
With those stome deeds whose glories have remain'd,
And hallow'd now by "hore antiquitie,"
As is the storm-enduring Druid tree,
Or echoing aisle, with storied windows stain'd.
Ancient of days, but aye a boy in heart,
Still hoping on, with sympathies unspent,
Example to the Apathist, thou art !
Would that thy frame might fitly represent
Thy spirit's freshness ! then should ills depart,
And the grey tyrant, Time, for once, relent.

Frederick William Robertson,

MINISTER OF TRINITY CHAPEL,
BRIGHTON.

Written 15th August, 1853—the day of his death.

SO might it seem—now the brave voice is still
 For ever, and the noble heart at rest—
 That, as a planet leaveth in the west
 No trace of the bright course it did fulfil,
 Thy life, dear Robertson ! no deeds of skill
 In marble, or in gaudy pigments dreft,
 Nor folios, thy labours to attest,
 No monuments to mark thine earnest will :¹
 Of the Unseen—unseen, unwrought, sublime,
 Thy work is woven in the Spirit of Man ;
 Deep meanings of the Mediatorial plan
 Told by thy eloquent tongue's euphonious chime ;—
 Hush ! the truth-tones that ringing voice began
 Are echoing onward through the waves of Time

¹ Nothing of any importance, of Mr. Robertson's writings, had then been published.

Sortain.

AFTER HEARING HIM PREACH.

IF I might envy, it should be, SORTAIN,
 Thine heritage of intellectual joy ;
 For well I know that in this world's annoy
 All other harbourage compares in vain :
 Sweet are these earthlings ! but or shine, or rain,
 Each in fruition breedeth its alloy ;
 Hourling delights, born to themselves destroy !
 How would we have the mutable remain ?
 Oh ! to *forget* them all, and, rapt, to lose
 Sense of mortality ; a while to rise
 Into sublimer being—as the dews
 'Twixt Earth and Heaven, gaining dim surmise
 Of what, unflesh'd, we may be ; this endues
 Man like a god—this dost *thou* realize.

Joseph Hunter.

KEEPER OF THE PUBLIC RECORDS.

STUDENT for love, a quiet-thoughted man,
Thine is it, Hunter, to live lustrous hours
Of gentle brooding o'er the Muses' dowers,
And, humbly erudite, the text to scan ;
Rapt with immortal memories, holier than
All the tame Present issues and devours,
Thy spirit haunteth the Elysian bowers
Among the minds which, ages gone, began :
From doubt rest sacred thine hypotheses !
An honest will is all this world may own ;
But in that life, where Truth hath no degrees,
Thou'l prove the dear conjectures thou hast known,
And see them clear, with mightier mysteries,
Each to its shape immutable ygrown.

T. J. Judkin.

JUDKIN of simple heart, who, in one name,
Joins pastor, poet, painter—in one age
Blends the seven ages, or a Child, or Sage,
As mood may vary ; how, anon, shall fame
Reward thee, or thy worthy works proclaim ?
Will she thy sermons vaunt, of holy rage
And voice of stentor, or thy metred page
Of Hymn or Sonnet ? or thy pencil's aim,
To reproduce the grace the poet sees—
(The picture of *his* mind to other's eye :)
What matters ! if in each a man doth well,
Whether he sought by rivers, rocks and trees,
Or by the word of truth he could out-tell,
Or poet's song, God's name to magnify ?

Edward Lumley.

PERFECT exemplar of the London man,
True cockney, and true Englishman withal,
A Christian too, we may thee justly call,
Albeit devoted worshipper of Pan.
Double-lifed Lumley ! 'plaining of the ban
Of street-incarceration, whilst the thrall
Upon thy body, cramps thee not at all,
Nor narrows thy thought's compass by a span.
Duty claims sacrifice ; yet thy full soul,
Nurtured in hopes and high imaginings,
No portion loseth of its earthly joy,
Strayeth, 'mid prairies green, from pole to pole,
And, scaling Heaven with cherubic wings,
Feeds on delights unreal, which do not cloy.

To Sir Robert Peel,

AFTER HIS SPEECH ON FREE-TRADE IN CORN,

22 JAN. 1846.

NOW seeth the world a high-exampled good,—
 Power confessing error ; onward, Peel !
 Blush not thou if humanity reveal
 Its *native* weakness, (which to have withstood
 Were vice beginning;) let no specious hood
 Be Truth's obscurer ; ever when we kneel,
 Greatest we are ; who to the right is leal,
 Guidance divine hath in Thought's mazy wood.
 Honour to him, distinguish'd by no deed
 Which stemm'd the flowing of progression's tide
 To vaunt him on the eddy ; who did heed
 "The voice of God,"¹ beyond delusive pride,
 And all learnt wisdom. He shall have his meed,
 Though glib debaters of a day, deride.

¹ Vox populi, &c.

The Mutiny in India.

JUST God, my country's stricken heart Thou
 know'st—
 With woe too terrible for tongue to frame !
 Her brave ones' agonies, her daughters' shame,
 Her innocents' torture, by the hellish host
 Of Vishnu, and that prophet false whose boast
 Is countless murder ;—and Thou knowest our blame,
 In that Thy truth we falter'd to proclaim,
 Truth which had saved in dangers uttermost.
 Yet not in vain the martyrs ! not in vain
 Their death-prayers changed to everliving songs ;
 Not void the desolation, nor the pain
 Of thousand treacherous and ingrate wrongs :
 For that the Truth may thence through Ind obtain,
 Strike Thou to Whom requital fit belongs !

7th Nov. 1857 (the day of humiliation).

Delirant Reges.¹

*“—ad hæc se
Romanus Graiusque ac barbarus induperator
Erexit.”—JUVENAL, x. 137.*

HAIL ! victor Emperor ; thou, once a king,
Would’st be uplifted to transcendent state,
Dare to impersonate the part of Fate,
And on thy foe humiliation bring.
And Nemesis hath heard thee pray and sing,
And given thee glory that doth ante-date
A glory ending in unending hate—
In tales of woe that shall through ages ring.
Pitiless exercise of garnered power,—
To harry helpless creatures here and there !
Robbery made righteous by the rules of war,
And death to all who did not basely cower !
Homesteads afire,—fear, famine and despair !
Such was the cost,—and thou art Emperor.

¹ “ *Quidquid delirant reges plebuntur Achivi.* ”
HOR. *Epp.* i. 2. 14.

March, 1871.

Benigna.

O LOVEL Y lady, of the radiant mien,
 Thine aspect is a book of gentle joy,
 A sweet-toned happiness, without alloy,
 A lake of waters clear in placid sheen.
 It seemeth to me that, like Nature's Queen,
 Thou dost an holy influence employ,
 The haughty quelling, comforting the coy,
 And making all things, with thyself, serene.
 Ah ! surely, in thine angel-face we see,
 Unfaded, the Divine similitude ;
 Just as in Eve, ere of the fatal tree
 She tasted,—erewhen Evil's darksome brood
 Had, in the ceaseless struggle, sinfully,
 Displaced the lineaments with fingers rude.

Tones to the Absent.¹

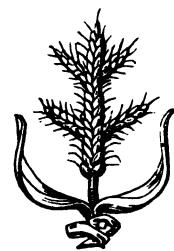
MARY, mistrust not ; wake the charmèd tone,
 Strike, strike ! the chords that are too sweet
 for vexing ;
 Let thine Attendant-Spirit, else unknown,
 Speak with the voice whose stillness is perplexing ;
 Dread not the absence of the ears that were,
 Open that heart which will not bear confining,
 And there shall issue forth a holy prayer
 Of heavenly music, with thy thoughts combining ;
 More true than words, or wail of mortal breath,
 Were Music for thy sorrow's full expression,
 For it is abler to discourse with Death,
 Than any language in the world's possession ;
 Court then, oh love ! the speech which no words
 needeth,
 The subtile tongue, whose heft the Unseen heedeth !

¹ To a young lady who avoided music after the death of her father.

Now and Then.¹

SO, lady, in the haven of thy will,
 Meeting dear sacrifice with calm contentment,
 Dost thou thine earthly destiny fulfil,
 Thyself bereaving 'gainst thy heart's assentment.
 Unto the Future art thou hence allied
 By her, in grace and good, from thee proceeding,
 And though the prefent fade, all rainbow-dyed
 'Twill hold a blissful charm in its receding.
 From the mind-treasures of the joyant years,
 Fancy will reproduce thine own sweet springing,
 E'en that thou scarce shalt ken, 'twixt smiles and
 tears,
 If then, or now, the merry bells are ringing ;
 But, as the sun another clime adorning,
 Merge into one, the evening and the morning.

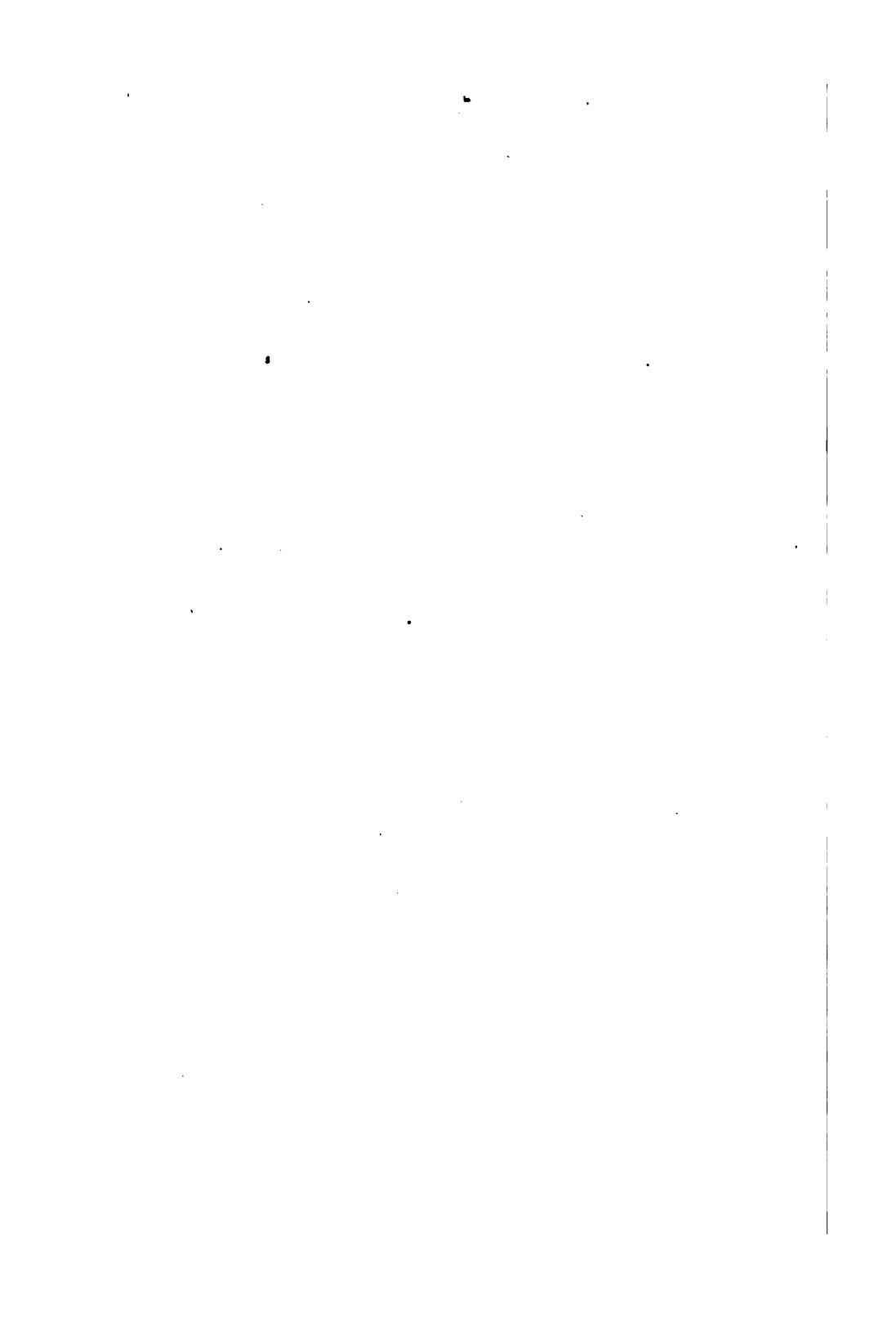
¹ At the marriage of the only child of a dying widow.





The Dirge of Man.







The Dirge of Man.

WE live to learn, and learn to live,
We know, nor longer gues and try ;
Our knowledge henceforth we outgive—
But we must die.

We see, and now can rightly see,
No more deluded by the eye ;
Sight ! thou henceforth our guide couldst be—
But we must die.

We hear, and separate word from wit,
Nor take for truth what is a lie ;
Ear ! be henceforth our counsel fit—
Ah ! we must die.

TIME, we did treat thee with disdain,
And let the hours, unnoted, fly ;
Now prize thee we, O Time, in vain !
For we must die.

SPRING, thy ecstatic influence
To life renews, we care not why,
The juvenescent soul and sense—
But we must die.

SUMMER, thy genial, sunny hours
Returning, still the past outvie ;
And brighter, brighter, bloom thy flowers !
But we must die.

AUTUMN, thy tints, thy lessening day,
Thy saddening eve, and reddening sky,
Still charm us more the more we stay—
But we must die.

WINTER, thy cold our spirit warms,
Thy rest, our rest doth typify,
And we have grown to love thy storms ;
But we must die.

Ye verdant plains, ye branching trees
That oft with rapture we descry,
More, and still ever more ye please—
But we must die.

Ye pretty flowers that deck the mead
And move our hearts to glorify,
More, more do we your beauty heed—
But we must die.

Ye elements that flash and roar,
And, godlike, each to each reply,
More, more we wonder and adore—
But we must die.

O Nature, mother Nature ! thou
Once moved men thee to deify ;
We feel our kindred with thee now—
But we must die.

Dear friends ! we miss'd you when ye fled,
Distress and time did us ally ;
TIME ! thou couldst substitute the dead—
But we must die.

And ye, our loved companions yet,
Whose constancy can Time defy ;
Time doth increasing love beget—
But we must die.

Children beloved ! our hope and care
Since when ye could but laugh and cry ;
Our friends to be !—but otherwhere—
For we must die.

Sweet confidence ! so sweet to know,
Sweet trust, we'll win thee by and bye,
And trusted, sweetlier, trust bestow—
But we must die.

Much that we knew not how to love,
Regarding not when it was nigh,
We covet now all else above—
But we must die.

Oft-seeing some affection brings,
We prize what Time doth ratify,
And grow to love familiar things—
But we must die.

We've labour'd much, our deeds are known,
Perchance our work doth fructify;
Now might we reap where we have sown—
But we must die.

For thee, O Fame! we could endure
To be interpreted awry;
Now are we righted, and secure—
But we must die.

For wealth, the need of polish'd life,
We did in much ourselves deny;
Ease, now, succeeds the money-strife—
But we must die.

Sweet the appliances of wealth,
When life is fresh, and hope is spry;
Of sickly zest in ageing health:—
And we must die.

The talents in us, little prized
Whilst with our compeers we would vie ;
If late, the world hath recognized—
But we must die.

Honours are ours and high estate,
Our name men now much magnify ;
Is it in scorn they make us great,
When we must die ?

O Reputation ! canst thou not
Our joy and strength revivify ?
Or, lagging long, thou hadst forgot
That we must die.

Experience, trial, habitude,
Tend much our lives to simplify ;—
We have, by use, the world subdued—
But we must die.

Now, apt in all that skill may test,
Or if we wits or fingers ply,
We joy that skill to manifest—
But we must die.

Intricate, difficult, abstruse,—
These yearly less to us apply ;
Practice should henceforth prosper use—
But we must die.

Some fond idea whereto we've wrought
Through weary years with many a sigh,
Is, now, to full fruition brought—
But we must die.

Lost opportunity we grieve,
Best noting what hath passed by ;
May we not now the lost retrieve ?
No, we must die.

Acts have we done, when lacking light,
Resulting much to mortify ;
Henceforth they shall be done aright !
No, we must die.

In outward things what first appears
We scan, compare and rectify ;
Then taste the beautiful endears—
When we must die.

Loved knowledge ! ours by sweat of brain,
It seems that thou art ours for aye ;
Poor tree ! will not thy fruit remain,
Though thou must die ?

Pile truth on truth, from age to age,
Let knowledge mount from high to high ;
Oh, then, we might indeed be sage !
But we must die.

Alas ! to each, alone, has worth,
Experience that life must buy—
Small part whereof we leave on earth,
When we must die.

Wisdom may come, not lightly given,
But hard to gain, elusive, shy,
Is won by those who well have striven,—
When they must die.

Philosophy hath vistas fair,
Wherethrough new wonders we espy ;
To us their sequence is despair—
For we must die.

O Fount of language, springing new,
Whence comes thine affluent supply ?
Is, then, thy source exhausted too
When we must die ?

Why, why, O Tongue, thy wealth of words,
The viewless Soul to signify ?
Is thine the mifion of the birds
That sing, and die ?

Memory—the long, instructive past,
Hath made thee Reason's best ally,
And, now, a treasury rich and vast !
But we must die.

Ye trackless subtleties of thought,
That dare beyond our world to pry,—
Your striving shall not be for nought !

Though that we die.

From whence ye came, thereto ye go—
The Me, divest' of mortal tie ;—
The very Self we best shall know

Though that we die.

Oh, highest Thought ! Oh, impulse true,
That dost the highest thought imply ;
Our Father God—and life anew,
Though that we die.

Our Father God ! enough to think,—
Enough all thought to satisfy,
And mortal to immortal link,
Though that we die.

O Thou most Wise, the single Good !
Thy Work may not Thy work decry ;
For all, we owe Thee gratitude,
Most, when we die.



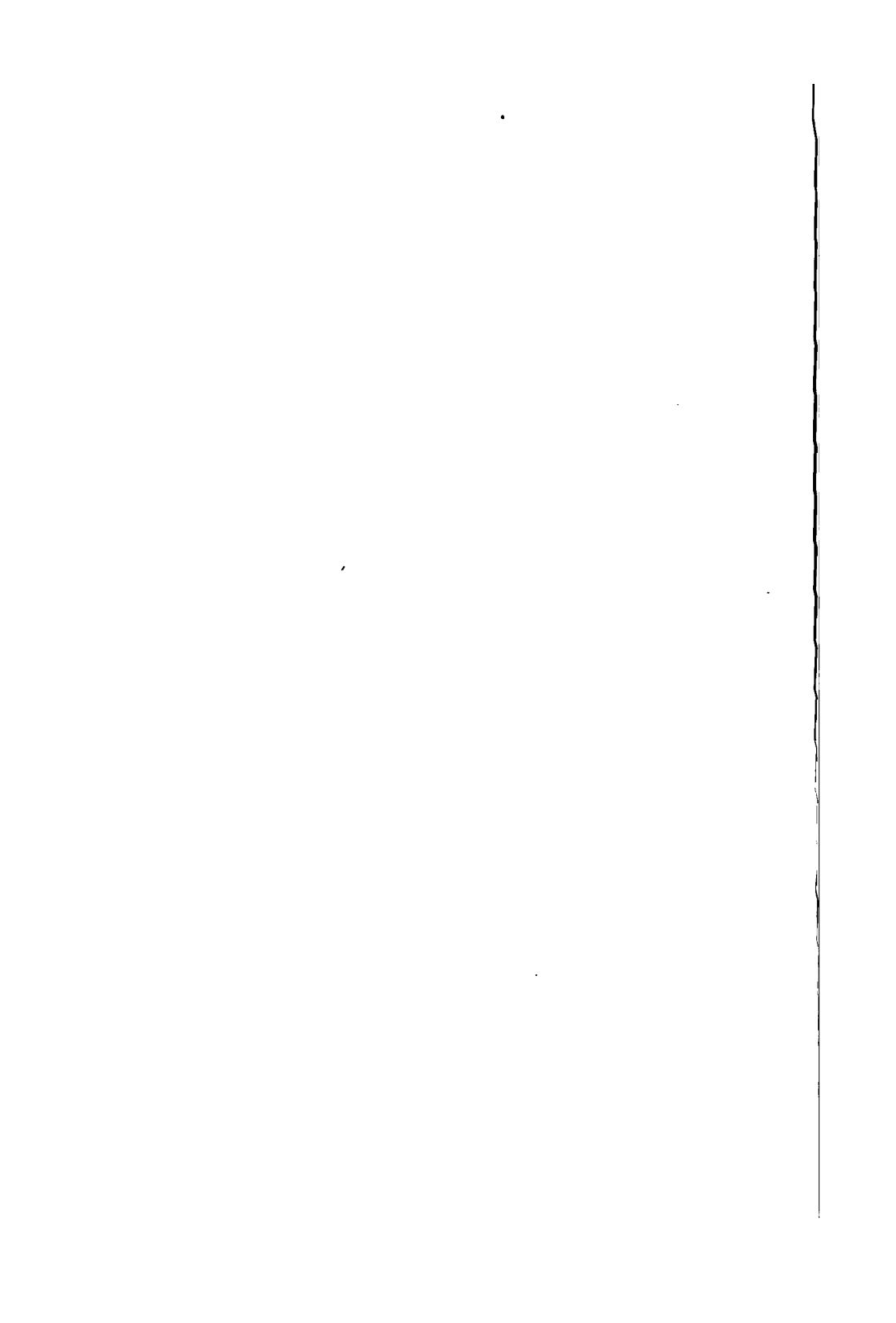


The Tercentenary.

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON,

23RD APRIL, 1864.







The Tercentenary.

A FESTAL SONG.

I.

JUST three centuries agone
Was our gentle Shakespeare born,
And we hail his natal morn.

Shall we then forbear to sing
What the centuries do bring ?
Shall we, thanklessly, forget
An accumulated debt ?
Rather let us all confess
Our unsumm'd indebtedness,
Let us turn from work to play,
And in joy keep holiday :

For, three centuries agone
Was our gentle Shakespeare born,
And we hail his natal morn.

D D

Cometh Spring for hope and mirth,
In the Spring exulteth Earth,
Spring gives all the world is worth,
Jocund Spring gave Shakespeare birth !

With his primal, purest ray,
Phœbus beam'd upon the day ;
Then in glory forth he came,
Putting lesser lights to shame,
Like our Shakespeare by his fame.
Avon's banks are greenest green,
Avon smiles in silver sheen ;
Stratford town this day is glad,
Streets in boughs and banners clad ;
Hour of mortal waking brings
Sights and sounds of joyful things ;
All people dreſt
In gayest best,
The church-bells ring,
Lads and lasses sing,
The birds are carolling—
Earth is bleſt !

For, three centuries agone
Was our gentle Shakespeare born,
And we hail his natal morn.

II.

Now, muster'd in the Civic Hall,
The votaries obey the call
Of Flower, Mayor of Stratford hight,
Stalwart, portly man of might,
Flower, of ample beard white :

Round him and Carlisle they gather—
Mayor and President together ;
Carlisle, him Green Erin's king,
Poet-love doth hither bring,—
Carlisle, who himself doth sing ;
Round him throng the devotees,
Marking Shakespeare's effigies ;
Round him lovingly they prefs,
They whom Sympathy doth bles ;
Flower lifts his stentor voice,
“ All be welcome ! all rejoice !
Lo ! our revels are begun,
Let us forth to feast and fun.”

Shade of Shakespeare.

I am here, I am here
In æther sphere,
As æther clear ;
I am near you,
See you, hear you ;

Me you not espy,
 But I am all eye ;
 Me you not hear,
 But I am all ear ;
 And though you not hear
 Through the way of the ear,
 I am whisp'ring to you,
 Passing through you ;
 Everywhere
 I am there !

III.

Now the soul of Stratford smiles,
 Shakespeare now the hour beguiles.
 Ring out merrily, merrily chime,
 Bells that rang in Shakespeare's time ;
 Ring out merrily, jubilant ring,
 Bells that did to Shakespeare sing ;
 Ring out, bells, and ringing tell
 "Here the bones of Shakespeare dwell :"
 Ding dong ding, and dong ding dong,
 So to Shakespeare was your song.
 Deck'd with medal and rosette,
 Not unwillingly display'd,
 Every man doth care forget,
 Every matron, every maid,
 Walks in love with Shakespeare's shade.

To the foremost favour'd spot
Where our Shakespeare was begot ;
Where, when Nature him had won,
She bestow'd her darling son ;—
To the little chamber, blest
More than palace golden-drest ;
To the school-room, where he caught
More of knowledge than was taught ;
To the precinct let us hie
Where he dwelt, where he did die ;
To the church, where prayer he said,
Where he now lies buriëd ;
To bright Avon's grassy banks,
Conscious of his boyish pranks ;
Tread the fward his foot hath prest,
Green, as it his tread confest !

By the same stream
That on him did gleam ;
In whose cool wave
He oft did lave ;
Whose glassy face
His form did trace,—
O river ! we implore
That reflex us restore !

To the meadows' chequer'd shade,
Where he ponder'd, where he play'd ;
List to Philomela, sprung
From the quire that to him sung ;

Then unto the streets agen,
Where he took his note of men.

IV.

Ho ! to the banquet, in a tent
Raised for this high tournament ;
Grandly circled, and array'd
With the proverbs Shakespeare faid,—
Through the roof the sunbeams streaming,
Glancing, glancing here and there,
As their presence was befitting,
Gleaming, dancing through the air ;
Ranged at tables gaily set,
Pilgrims nigh eight hundred met,—
Ladies fair, and men of thought,
In one love together brought.
Shall they not, in genial mind,
Bles the blesser of their kind ?
Shall they not, in Shakespeare's vein,
Loving cups to Shakespeare drain ?
Carlile, leader of the feast,
He, the festival's high priest,
Has the duty to proclaim
Homage unto Shakespeare's name.
For three centuries agone
Was our gentle Shakespeare born,
And we hail his natal morn.

As a poet well may prate
Of a poet much more great,
Carlisle spake, and, full of glee,
Shout the merrie companie,
“ *Shakespeare's honour'd memorie!* ”
Yet a shout! and, in the clang,
“ Avon's bard ” the minstrels sang.

Shade of Shakespeare.

I am near you,
Near you,
See you, hear you ;
I have been at a feast,
Nor last nor least :
I forget not,
I regret not !
Drink I not, and yet I drink
In a way you do not think ;
Eat I not, and yet I eat
What is better than your meat.
Taste your viands, sip your wine,
All you do this hour is mine ;
In your cup my spirit enters,
In each soul my spirit centres ;
All you drink, and all you eat,
With my sympathy complete.

Flower told of greeting sent
 From the German continent ;
 From far Moscow's domes and spires
 Through the telegraphic wires.
 Houghton for the poets spake,—
 For his own and brothers' sake :
 Creswick signalized the fame
 Of his great fore-runner's name.
 Sound the trumpet ! minstrels sing,
 "Hail the Thespian poet-king!"
 From the dais Carlisle sped,
 And the votaries followèd.

Under Cynthia's smile they rambled,
 At the Pyrotechny scrambled,
 Saw that rocket and balloon,
 Minish'd quicker than the Moon ;
 Rambled, yielding to the whim,
 "Here the moon so shined on him ;—
 Soothes *his* spirit, too, the light
 Us doth tranquillize to-night?"

v.

'Tis the Sabbath : fair the day ;
 Now we shall with Shakespeare pray.
 To the church the votaries speed,
 Space the Gothic fane doth need.
 Trench, the critic-bishop, rises,

Gives a sermon of surprises ;
For he took their hearts along
Less with sermon than with song ;
More than sermon them to tell
All that Shakespeare had done well ;
And to picture what we owe,
In our joy or in our woe,
Shed throughout our mortal span,
To the poet-friend of man.
Near those hallow'd reliques standing,
Tone and attitude commanding,
Well the Preacher then doth preach,
Much to charm and much to teach.

Shade of Shakespeare.

I am the air
Of this House of Prayer ;
You have well said,
I am comforted.
I bless you,
Enfold you, caress you.
Sweet to me the praise
Touching my mortal days ;
For my light, now so bright,
Blinks not my sight
To my earth-born darkness ;
I am well bestead
To be so interpreted ;

I left you my best,
 You hold the bequest,
 In your love I have rest.



Now to Avon's banks away,
 Where was Shakespeare wont to stray ;
 Or, in smoothly gliding boat,
 Floating where our Bard would float ;
 Fancying, as we gently row,
 We with him a-fishing go ;
 Or to grassy pathways yonder,
 Where on Sunday he would wander,
 Pacing on with quiet feet,
 Lost in contemplation sweet.

Swan of Avon.

Die I never, never I,
 Whilst my Shakespeare doth not die ;
 Die I never, never I,
 For my Shakespeare will not die ;
 Sing I ever, ever sing,
 Whilst my Shakespeare's voice doth ring ;
 Live I ever, dying live,
 Whilst my Shakespeare's name doth live ;
 Sing I ever, ceasing not
 Till his singing be forgot.

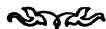
VI.

Every day the sun doth shine,
Every day we garlands twine,
Garlands made with flowers of spring,
Flowers that Shakespeare caused to sing.
Every day we yoke with fun,
Frisk and gambol in the sun ;
Burthen us no sorrow shall
For 'tis Shakespeare's festival !

Ho ! to Shottery by the path
Shakespeare's foot oft trodden hath,
When he would a-courting go,
Stepping neither weak nor slow.
See the house where she did dwell
Whom our Shakespeare held in spell ;
See the house where she was born
Past three centuries agone ;
Then, o'er grassy uplands, on
To the hill of Luddington ;
See the spot where, it is said,
Shakespeare did his first love wed ;—
(Aye with Shakespeare briskly walking,
Aye with Shakespeare inly talking,)
Over Avon, where he went,
Following where his footsteps bent ;
Thorough meadows, green and still,
By the river-side, until

We re-enter by the Mill ;
 Pass the Church where Shakespeare lies,
 So fulfil our sympathies.

Then to Charlecote, whence, they say,
 Shakespeare help'd the deer away ;
 Scenes that Shakespeare saw, survey.



Now the great Pavilion throng,
 Listen to our Shakespeare's song ;
 Songs of sad or merry note,
 Chaunted by a lithesome throat ;
 Songs that tell the inmost mind,
 And the complex thought unwind ;
 Songs almost of soul a part,
 Songs, the music of his heart.

Shade of Shakespeare.

I am here in the throng,
 I know my song ;
 Your singing list—
 Ye Zephyrs, whist !
 Sing, sing,
 The time is spring,
 Sing, sing, ever sing ;
 Sing as I sung,
 Old or young ;

Sing when you can,
Boy or man,
That was my plan ;
Sing, ever sing,
Mother or maid,
Be not afraid.

VII.

Every day the sun doth shine,
Every day we garlands twine,
Garlands made with flowers of spring,
Flowers that Shakespeare caused to sing,
Gay all earth, and gay the sky,
Leaping fish, and birds that fly ;
Gay the hill-side, gay the glade,
Gay in light that doth not fade ;
Never open'd days more bright,
Match'd with splendours of the night.

Heart in hand the votaries meet,
Unrefrain'd, the votaries greet,
Tread the earth with lightsome feet,
On the mead, or in the street ;
Note the sky, the birds, the flowers,
Cheerly court the frolic Hours.
Then at eve, more blithe than sage,
Gather them before the stage ;
On their Poet's visions dote,
Realize what Shakespeare wrote.

See his Juliet, Viola,
Rosalind, Olivia,
See the pictures of *his* brain,
See *him* half on Earth again.

Shade of Shakespeare.

I am here, I am here,
In æther sphere,
As æther clear ;
I am near you,
See you, hear you ;
These were my loves,—
I have left you my loves,
For ever my loves ;
Seek, you will find them,—
Lovingly bind them ;
Earth's gifts and graces,
Sweet faces,
And pleasant places,
Delights more high
That search the sky,—
Though they pass away,
Be not vext,
Give Fancy sway !
They are types of the next.
I have left you my joy,
Look above and around,
There is more to be found
Time doth not destroy.

I have left you my care,
Oh ! of it beware ;
I look'd high and gues'd,
So do you your best.
Old loves are yet mine
In the region divine ;
Æschylus, Euripides,
Homer strong, and Sophocles,
Plautus, Aristophanes ;
Best of the chosen few,
I dear old Plutarch knew,
 And my debt to him confess ;
Nor fought in vain
Cervantes, Rabelais, Montaigne,
Dante, Tasso, and Petrarch,
Lope de Vega, Calderon,
Spenser, and my rare Ben Jon,
 Mad Kit Marlow, and the rest.
Strive, that, when from mortals free,
With the greatest you may be.

VIII.

Lo, the longest day hath end,
Every friend must part from friend ;—
Still high up the Sun doth shine,
Yet we know he must decline.
Votaries at Shakespeare's shrine,
Knit in sympathy divine,—
'Tis the tyranny of Fate

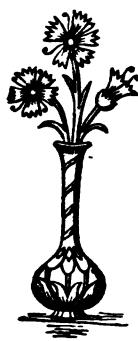
To dissolve and separate !
But, before we part, we shall
Meet at this great Festival,
Clad as Shakespeare's folk were clad,
And, albeit a little mad,
Fancy, 'mid the mazy dance,
Shakespeare's comely countenance.
Make the ball-room blaze, sublime
With symbols of the olden time ;
Deck the room with emblems round,
As where Shakespeare should be found ;
Don flash'd doublet, ruff and hose,
Camifole with lace and bows,
And a hat that Shakespeare knows.
Lasses, well your tresses trim,
Lace the silken bodice slim,
Look as you'd be loved by him !
Let the minstrels not forget
Jig, cotillion, minuet.
In the time of good Queen Bess
Men were merry none the less :
Let the hour of parting be
In Shakespearean jollitie.
So, in after-time, we'll say,
We did re-create his day !



Shade of Shakespeare.

It is well done,
I relish your fun ;
Your crew I'm among,
Your hands by me wrung ;—
To me Time is past,
The first is as last ;
But I love you, I love you,
O sisters and brothers,
I love you all well,
As I have lovèd others ;
I care for your sorrow, I join in your laughter,
I ken my kith now, and my kin who come after ;
A century passes, and you pass away,
But I'll be here then as I am at this day.

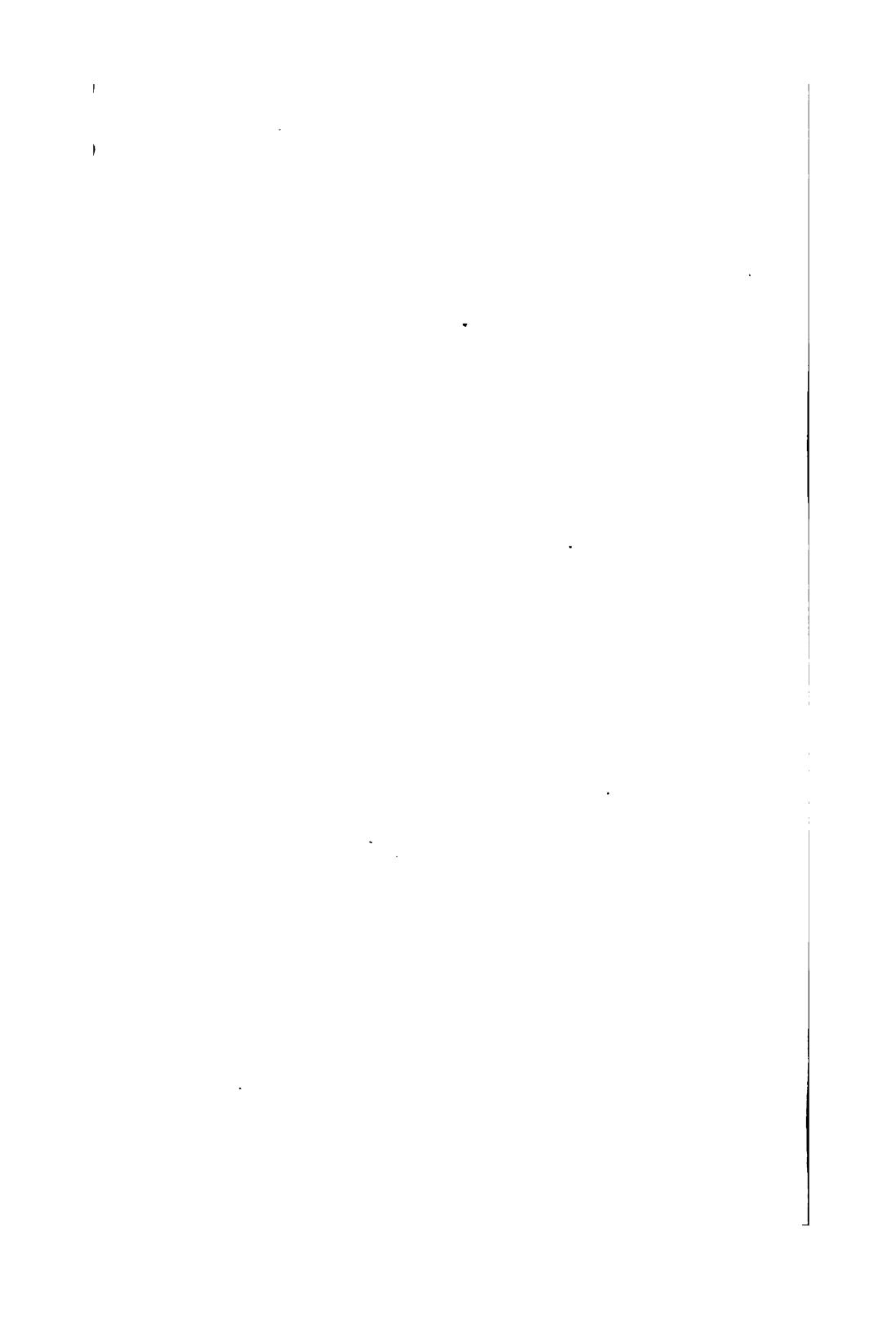






Esto Perpetuum.







Esto Perpetuum.

If happiness is perfect joy,
And Heaven is true felicitie,
A happy moment Heaven could be,
Evermore.

The little maid's first birthday-feast,
Her little head with chaplet crown'd,
Her little first-loves all around :—
For ever !

The younker, with his younker friend
A ramble goeth, far away,
Throughout a sweltering summer day :—
For ever !

The schoolboy at the breaking-up,
Paff'd the ordeal, speeches said,
Two prizes gain'd, the classes sped :—
For ever !

The game is cricket, and the scores
Are even—but another run—
The ball is hit—and we have won :—
For ever !

I've heard of fishing, find the pool ;
My heart is burning with one wish,
And now, I grasp a glittering fish :—
For ever !

The girl, almost to woman grown,
Whose beauty might elect her queen,
Hath ne'er, till now, her beauty seen :—
For ever !

The stripling, first his nature conning,
In day-dream, dares the world to scan,
Thinks what it is to be a man !—
For ever !

The demoiselle, of homage tired,
Learns, though she knows not how or when,
She has impress'd the man of men !—
For ever !

Stept out of Academus' shade,
The man beholds his future clear,
And bravely forecasts a career :—
For ever !

A day, its like not born before—
The earth in smiles, the sky in shine—
This world, so beautiful—is mine.
For ever !

The world is mine, this world of men—
Do they not love me, every one ?
Have loved me since my life begun :—
For ever !

Dear Alma-Mater, hard thy task !
But now, the best condones the worst—
A wrangler, and a double-first :—
For ever !

The years have flown, the fight is fought,
The care and doubt are less and less,
And, from this hour, it is success !
For ever !

To one I love I tell not love,—
Perchance, I talk with her awhile,
And win a smile beyond a smile :—
For ever !

My love is with me, and I prove
There is no doubting in her love ;
How more than this the gods above ?
For ever !

'Mid meadows green, and summer's sheen
I track the winding of the brook,
And now and then a trout I hook :—
For ever !

A-wearied in the summer heat,
I stand upon the River's brim ;
A "header"—and a mighty swim !
For ever !

Who cometh nigh ? what lovely face,
What form of grace, what eyes divine !
She passeth—but a look is mine :—
For ever !

Ecstatic vision, thou art gone ;
Gone, as the meteor glideth by,
Its splendour leaving in the eye :—
For ever !

My nag is fleet, the fward is soft,
I turn my back on men and towns,
And madly scamper o'er the downs :—
For ever !

The wind is south, well soak'd the soil,
The sky is grey—hark, hark ! the horn ;
This—this, good hap, a hunter's morn !
For ever !

The hound gives tongue, Fox breaks away,
Away ! o'er mead, or hedge, or stream ;
I claim the “brush”—in pride supreme.
For ever !

I've woo'd in vain, and woo again,
This notelet comes to ban or bless ;
I break the seal, the word is “yes :”—
For ever !

We meet and kiss, and talk, and walk
In winding path and coppice green,
By all, but each by each, unseen :—
For ever !

The time is May, the Earth is new,
And warm, and bright and blossoming,
The soft air stirs, the birdies sing :—
For ever !

How like to life the tale is told !
So true, that fiction it is not
To me, who have all else forgot :—
For ever !

Or, with our Laureat we rejoice,
Till, with his Fancy so at one,
We e'en forget dear Tennyson :—
For ever !

A friend, front *coupé*, train “ *express*,”
A novel, or the *World’s Gazette*,
A gossip, and a cigarette :—
For ever !

White, graceful hands now strike the chords,
A lithe some throat doth deftly sing,
And I, the loved, am listening :—
For ever !

’Tis calm and warm, the summer night,
And clear the moon, when on the lawn
We linger, linger till the dawn :—
For ever !

Or on a sultry day of June
Beneath the canopy remain,
And listen to the thunder-rain :—
For ever !

Some work is done, some part achieved,
No more to-day but talk and joke,
Serenely rest, serenely smoke :—
For ever !

O hand unfaithful ! in my mind
The very touch is clearly wrought ;
That, *that* is it ! I see my thought :
For ever !

In intelle>ual being blent,
With chosen friend I now converse,
And here and there a line rehearse :—
For ever !

The middle row, a central stall,
The zest of youth, the rest of age,
As Hamlet, Fechter, on the stage :—
For ever !

The lake is smooth, the mountains shine,
I steer the skiff amid the isles,
And, at my look, my sweetheart smiles :—
For ever !

A truce to toil, a truce to care ;
Shipp'd are we not for funny France ?
What do we now but sing and dance !
For ever !

The music has been in my soul ;
But now that it is made a voice,
Supremely doth my soul rejoice :—
For ever !

To think that men henceforth shall hear
From out the sweet supernal store,
A cadence never heard before :—
For ever !

Now Costa leads, the viol sings,
And every deft device of sound
In perfect synthesis is found :—
For ever !

Her eyes are lustrous, large and full,
Their icy beauty men admire ;
But now, I see them flashing fire :—
For ever !

The mother, first her child caresses,
And first the thought her life-blood stirs
That in the world two lives are hers :—
For ever !

Now done it is—a noble deed ;
Prolonged the toil, 'mid doubt and blame,
But men shall much repeat my name :—
For ever !

The sweet forgetfulness of ease,
A sense that all is good and true,
And nothing in the world to do :—
For ever !

The game is Whist—the friends are four ;—
Old friends, well-loved, of kith and kin ;
All savage—in desire to win :—
For ever !

Where chamois haunts, and glacier gleams,
Stupendous Alp amid, I pause,
More high than Alp, to think the Cause :—
For ever !

I know a truth words cannot prove ;
Come arc and angle, point and line,—
O perfect Reason, it is thine !
For ever !

Through me, by geometric art,
A thing invisible is shown,
A vital consequence beknown :—
For ever !

Humane philosopher, distress'd
At ills unthinking men endure ;
Propounded hast thou cause and cure ?—
For ever !

Or, with abstruse, inductive search,
The Earth's Arcana hast unseal'd,
The hidden mystery reveal'd ?—
For ever !

Indulge the beatific thought
That, through the ages yet to be,
Mankind shall own a debt to thee :—
For ever !

Ingenious mechanician, thou
Hast well the combination sought,
And iron now performs thy thought :—
For ever !

Thou know'st that by thy shrewd device,
Some hurtful toil in filth and pain
Will ne'er be done by hands again :—
For ever !

The analyst a solvent needeth,
Nor from his craving knoweth rest ;
'Tis found—'tis found ! the only test :—
For ever !

Rapt poet ! vext by subtle thought,
With urgent throes thy thought hath birth—
A new creation on the earth !
For ever !

Astronomer, despair not yet,
The star *is* there, compute again ;
Now look, and this time not in vain !
For ever !

The long continued effort closes ;
My Book is nearing to the end,
And now, the final word is penn'd :—
For ever !

At ease reclined, in waking dream,
For overwork by rest atoning—
No neighbour but the wind amoaning:
For ever !

The air is fresh, the day is young :
This day I act my long desire—
Who tells of toil, who talks of tire ?
For ever !

Of feeble breath, withouten hope,
The weary weeks have pass'd in pain,
'Tis o'er—'tis o'er ! I live again :—
For ever !

Fatigue and peril press too long,
The fruits of toil with us will die ;
Ho ! to the rescue ! hear, they cry :—
For ever !

Now, past the danger and the dread,
I breathe again unbated breath,
And say, “ No more I dance with Death : ”—
For ever !

I loved onetime ; that love is dead ;
Since then I've striven the sordid strife :
Again I love, am loved—new life !
For ever !

On foreign land, perchance in Spain,
I ride and rove amid the wild,
And freshen, freshen as a child :—
For ever !

This pain doth stultify my mind !
And will, with mind, itself destroy,
Hush—it hath ceased ! new-born is joy :—
For ever !

Oh, anguish ! and oh, deeper grief ;
Why life and health, 'mid cloud and care ?
Outshines the sun, my sky is fair :—
For ever !

Cathedral dome beneath, I lift,
The Anthem riseth to the skies ;
And all the mortal in me dies :—
For ever !

Far, far from land, the ship rides well ;
I view the restless, shoreless sea,
At one with that infinitie :—
For ever !

How still the night ! the stars are bright,
They see me with their myriad eyes,
And to their gaze my soul replies :—
For ever !

The world forgot, my spirit clear,
From mazes free of doubt and strife,
I live a new, unbounded life :—
For ever !

The past into the future pafes,
And all experience I see
Resolved in the eternal Me :—
For ever !

Difſolved in prayer, in rapture loft,
I know no ſpeech of thought or word,
And yet I know my prayer is heard :—
For ever !

A joy there is above all joy,
A thought beyond all thinking known,
The thought—to be with God alone—
Evermore !







A Canticle.





A Canticle.

UNTO God, the all-pervading, Whence we
came, in Whom we live,—
Men, for aye your voices raise
Unto God, in songs of praise !
Unto God, Whose gifts are boundless, let us give
all we can give.

Of unconscious earth made conscious, conscious
earth of God aware ;
Men, for aye your voices raise
Unto God, in songs of praise !
Knowing God, shall we unknow Him for a moment
out of prayer ?

Sole indued with admiration, sole concepitive of
applause ;
Men, for aye your voices raise
Unto God, in songs of praise !
Sole, on Earth enraptured gazing, more enraptured
of the Cause.

Witness, diverse shell resplendent, glistening crystal,
ore, and gem ;
Men, for aye your voices raise
Unto God, in songs of praise !
Witness, egg of bird or insect, and the germen in
the stem.

Witness, living things quiescent, varied flower, and
herb, and tree ;
Men, for aye your voices raise
Unto God, in songs of praise !
Witness, zoophytes, perceptive though they neither
hear nor see.

Witness, ye ephemera, lasting the duration of a
breath ;
Men, for aye your voices raise
Unto God, in songs of praise !
Witness, parasite, and fungus springing beautiful
from death.

Witness, animated creatures, of the water, land, or
air ;
Men, for aye your voices raise
Unto God, in songs of praise !
Witness, complex works that, working, silently their
God declare.

Witness, myriad modes of instinct new in beings
numberless ;

Men, for aye your voices raise
Unto God, in songs of praise !

Witness, each existence order'd a superior life to
bless.

Witness well, ye orbs of glory ! balanced by a mighty
spell ;

Men, for aye your voices raise
Unto God, in songs of praise !

Witness, meteors and comets, forces that their
course compel.

Witness, principles of Nature, laws that winds and
seas control ;

Men, for aye your voices raise
Unto God, in songs of praise !

Witness, mysteries electric, and the needle to the
pole.

Witness, verities of Science, lighting to the vast
unfound ;

Men, for aye your voices raise
Unto God, in songs of praise !

Witness, philosophic visions unexpress'd by verbal
sound.

Witness, godlike power of Reason, scanning the
sublunar scene ;

Men, for aye your voices raise
Unto God, in songs of praise !

Witness, higher reason, rising to the proof of the
unseen.

Witness, habitudes unreason'd, tending always to
the best ;

Men, for aye your voices raise
Unto God, in songs of praise !

Witness, human heart confessing more than reason
has confess.

Witness, Fancy daring further than the farthest
planets roll ;

Men, for aye your voices raise
Unto God, in songs of praise !

Witness, inspiration prompted through the whispers
of the soul.

Witness, awful voice of Conscience—voice at war
with mortal sin ;

Men, for aye your voices raise
Unto God, in songs of praise !

Witness, God in man residing—making man with
Angels kin.

Witness, Mind of Man revolving of the future and
the past ;
Men, for aye your voices raise
Unto God, in songs of praise !
Witness, Man, the God-perceiving, seeking to the
first and last.

Witness, Providence prevailing omnipresent though
unsought ;
Men, for aye your voices raise
Unto God, in songs of praise !
Witness, God's unmeasured goodness—mercy
passing human thought !

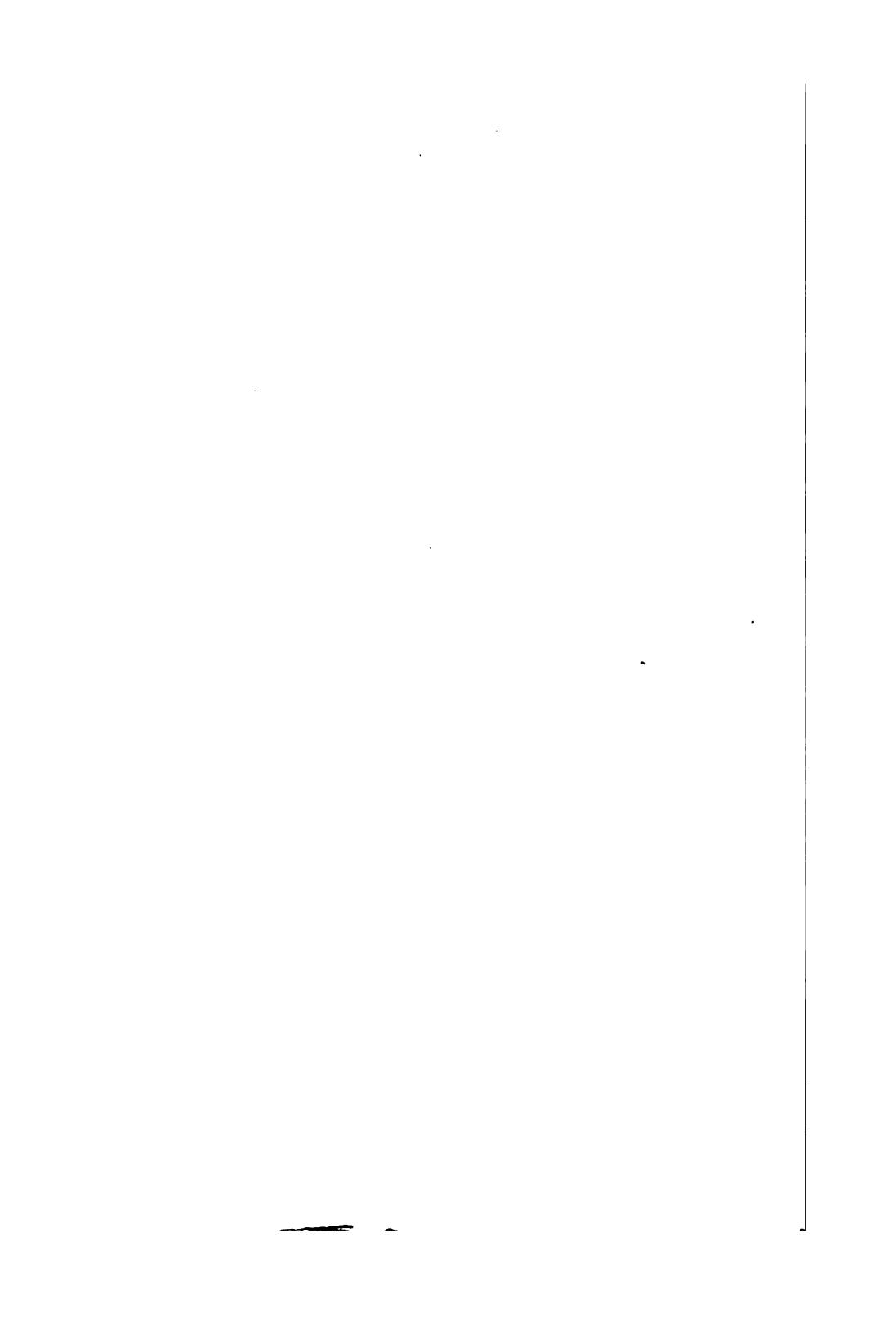


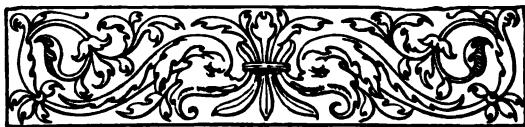




Meditation.







Alpha—Omega.

THE urchin, elated at feeling his feet in the
dame-school,
Ingrate, looks back, with the firstling of scorn, to
the Nursery—
“Its trumpery toys, its infantine triflings,”—
The germ of the sad thought,—that Earth-life is
nothingness !

Next the mannikin schoolboy struts in defiant
pretension ;
Ignores, with half-shame, the late-enjoyed games of
the dame-school—
“Those childish pranks! those paltry simplicities!”—
Begetting the sad thought,—that Earth-life is
nothingness !

Then the brave adolescent, unconscious as yet of
ambition,
Disdains the athletic amusements—a year gone his
life-joy ;—
“ Mere sports ! unproductive of glory or lucre ;”—
Begetting the sad thought,—that Earth-life is
nothingness !

He is man now—and, in his strength goeth forth to
his purpose ;
Essays, and achieves, and with rapture possesses the
guerdon,—
Contemning the prize he hath yearned for, and
fought for,—
Begetting the sad thought,—that Earth-life is
nothingness !

He has loved ;—a true love—a phrenzy that knew
no confining ;
This the sum of all hope,—to have won the true—
love of his mistress ;—
Won also the insight of loving more wisely ;—
Begetting the sad thought,—that Earth-life is
nothingness !

Oh, for learning ! he ponders, full-puffed with the
pride of the pedant ;
To-day’s blush but faintly atoning for yesterday’s
rashness,—

Time lost ! in acquiring some fruitlings of error,—
Begetting the sad thought,—that Earth-life is
nothingness !

And now hath he learnt, and his knowledge has
mounted to wisdom ;
O Wisdom miscalled, if thou too must soon be
exceeded !—
The Mind's supereffence attainted as folly !
Begetting the sad thought,—that Earth-life is
nothingness !

Again, and again, and again for the goal that is
furthest ;
Again, and again, to perceive that the foregone is
worthless,—
Again to the stretch, for the loftier and nobler,—
Begetting the sad thought—that Earth-life is
nothingness !

Then a *Thought* rose to him,—and he saw with a
far-fighted vision :
He said,—“ In Life that cometh, is transcendency
final ;
This world as a dream, awaked from and over ;—
I shall see thence, exalted,—that the Earth-life is—
Nothingness ! ”

Forgotten.

GLIMMER of the light of Heaven,
Inklings of the life of angels,
Voices reaching me though heard not—
Forgotten !

Grateful sentiments engender'd,
Priceless favours unrequited,
Native impulses to virtue—
Forgotten !

Thoughts of fire, that flash'd and faded,
Clear and infinite perceptions,
Fitful visitings of genius—
Forgotten !

High resolve and passionate purpose,
Schemes that unto Fame were tending,
Haply marr'd by false ambition ?
Forgotten !

Loves that grew without incitement,
Loves that glow'd of flame the whitest,
Loves of sympathy sincerest—
Forgotten !

Loves of places, things and persons,
Loves made loves in love unconscious,
Real loves, though unresponsive—
Forgotten !

Friendships genial, spontaneous,
Softer friendships, more than friendships,
Friendships true, though uncontinued—
Forgotten !

Ah ! the years of seeing, hearing,
Thinking, reading, storing knowledge
Gladly found and fondly treasured—
Forgotten !

Incidents of signal import,
Strange events of poignant pathos,
Synchronisms that moved to wonder—
Forgotten !

Gifts of God ! outreaching reason ;
Gifts exceeding mundane value ;
Gifts we knew not how to ask for ;—
Forgotten !

Gifts, not less by mere denial ;
Gifts of guidance forth from danger ;
Gracious gifts of blest prevention ;—
Forgotten !

Dire unreason and delusion,
Keen chagrins, the futile offspring,
Errors that have work'd for evil—
 Forgotten !

Much is gone, but more remaineth,
Who can tell what Memory holdeth ?
Will they be—the myriad memories
Hid in that mysterious storehouse—
 Forgotten ?



No more.

O FRESHNESS and newness of all in this
earth-world,

O simple contentment, acceptance undoubting,
O future unending, and sweet without bitter—
No more !

The world was for *me*, in its beauty and grandeur,
The beings I loved were for *me*—a charmed circle,
All places and things had endurance eternal—
No more !

O dreams of perfection, in waking or sleeping,
O pure admiration that knew no abridgment,
Perfection of hope, in a hope seeming perfect—
No more !

O faith that was in me, a faith yet unshaken,
A faith in all promise, a faith in pretension,
A faith in the rightness of all things existent—
No more !

Sweet Truth ! with no stain on her heaven-born
whiteness,

Sweet Trust ! resting calm as the sleep of the babies,
Devotion unstinted, and boundless as æther—

No more !

O warmth of the heart that had never known
chilling,

O impulse forth-springing, the cost never counting,
Emotion that well'd as a river of gladness—

No more !

O joy of the thoughts I believed to be primal,

O joy of invention that none had preceded,

O joy of observing what none had erst noted—

No more !

Wild wonder that came to me daily and nightly,

Holy awe, unobservant of cause or conclusion,

And dread, with no fearing, in glimpses supernal—

No more !

O zeal, as the flame that to heaven ascendeth,

Desire for all goodness,—expedience unknowing,

O sentiment, glowing untold and unmeted—

No more !

The zest of the spirit, the zest of the senses,

Each sight and vibration a new-born enchantment,

Enjoyment that came from the fountains of Nature—

No more !

O charm of the vision, and charm of the hearing,
O pride of the soul, quick in mental perception,
O' marvel of life in a life full of marvels—
 No more !

O dreams out of Earth, in the region of Fancy,
O fancy ecstatic, that soar'd as the angels,
O life out of life, in a life beatific—
 No more !

Ye error, delusion, or bootless expectancy,
Thou base discontent, eldest born of unreason,
Thou fatuous conceit of a self proved so feeble :—
 No more !



Dead to Me.

IN my youth I went a-roving,
 Roving on beyond the oceans,
 Men and things I saw, rejoicing,
 Many marvels—unforgotten !
 Dead to me.

What a man was he I dwelt with
 In a city of Achaia !
 Great in virtue and in knowledge,
 Still I love him—for he liveth ;—
 Dead to me.

Oh ! the learned disputation,
 Oh ! the subtleties expounded,
 And I doubt not that he speaketh
 Ever with enlarging wisdom :—
 Dead to me.

Wondrous scene ! amid the Andes,
 Mountain over mountain towering—
 And the terror of volcanoes—
 Fire, and frost, and heaven commingled ;—
 Dead to me.

Fertile plains and shining rivers,
Flowing on in sacred silence,
Flowers and birds of gorgeous colours,
Regions of primeval nature ;—
Dead to me.

Pleasant cities ! where I rested
Till their novelty grew home-like—
Mosque, and Temple, and Cathedral,
That have been, and are for ages ;—
Dead to me.

And the people of those cities,
For a while my social circle,
Or philosophers, or poets,
Graceful ladies all-accomplished ;—
Dead to me.

Ah ! the one of my election,
Moving with a queenly grandeur,
Smiling with a smile that blesseth ;
And she still is smiling, blessing ;
Dead to me.

So, I ponder, will the earth-gods
To me, on and on be dying,
Whilst I live in thoughts unceasing
And increasing, till they all are
Dead to me.

My motto.

THOUGH thou art on the ground,
 With things of baseness found,
 Be not to baseness bound—
 Look up.

The lowly may be high,
 And loftiest be nigh,
 And thou canst see the sky—
 Look up.

Haft thou some work to do
 And canst, with false or true
 Or low, or high, endue—
 Look up.

Haft thou thy place to take,
 And wouldst some merit make,
 For self and others' sake—
 Look up.

If, as a latent fire,
 Doth burn some strong desire,
 And well thou dost aspire—
 Look up.

If much with cares perplext,
Mid complications vext,
Thou doubtest of the next—
Look up.

If, having open choice,
Thou hearest honour's voice,
And after, wouldst rejoice—
Look up.

In disappointment crost,
Thou hast essay'd and lost,
And tremblest at the cost?—
Look up.

Exists the world in joy,
That knoweth none alloy?—
Lest thou the charm destroy—
Look up.

All dark the world appears—
Thou art depress'd with fears—
And fails thy heart to tears?—
Look up.

They say that Truth's a flam,
Honour, a mere whim-wham,
And Honesty, a sham ?—

Look up.

Art thou both mean and grand,—
Thy life seems darkly plann'd,
And hard to understand ?—

Look up.



The Shadow of the Tomb.

WHAT is this which cometh o'er me,
 Makes me so suspend my breath,
 And begin to think of death ?
 'Tis the shadow of the tomb.

Why so caring and comparing ?
 Why doth thought, through memory ranging,
 Moralize, the world is changing ?
 'Tis the shadow of the tomb.

Chosen friends ! I think, where are ye ?
 Whither doth such thinking tend ?
 That I too shall have an end.
 'Tis the shadow of the tomb.

So do all things have an ending !
 Folly ! thus thy heart annoying
 With things made for thy enjoying :—
 'Tis the shadow of the tomb.

Knowledge, I have loved thee dearly ;
How this heresy of thought,—
Knowledge tendeth unto nought ?
 'Tis the shadow of the tomb.

No ! it tendeth unto wisdom :
Yet, when faculties are failing,
Wisdom will be unavailing !
 'Tis the shadow of the tomb.

Or, if Wisdom cometh truly,
She shall teach thee for thy earning
All the littleness of learning !
 'Tis the shadow of the tomb.

Ay, but fame shall be my guerdon ;—
Fame, I think, not far extendeth,
And like other things it endeth !
 'Tis the shadow of the tomb.

Time, I ponder, fleeting, fleeting,
Once my slave, is now my master,
Like a torrent, faster, faster !
 'Tis the shadow of the tomb.

Is it well that I, so earnest,
Sicken at the worldly strife—
Feel the nothingness of life !
 'Tis the shadow of the tomb.

Sweet contentment, wert thou darkness ?
Have I hallow'd wrong for right ?
Why perturbeth me the light ?—
 'Tis the shadow of the tomb.

More to Heaven I bend my vision,—
More and more in God confiding,
More and more in God residing :
 Past the shadow of the tomb.



Golden Moments.

OF itself the soul is conscious,
Knoweth that it lives sublime,
Out of space and out of time.

Love begot is unconfined
By the earth or arc above,—
What is in the world but love ?

Each on each, abstracted, leaning—
Eye to eye, and cheek to cheek—
Musing more than tongue can speak.

Friend, my friend, O friend eternal !
What shall sympathy control
When we see each other's soul ?

Gaily we converse together—
Strive wherever words can reach ;
What else need we having speech ?

In a waking dream I ponder,
Thinking out and writing thought,
Coining treasure out of nought.

Thought abstruse, by others written,
Weans me from the mortal strife,
Charms me in a charmèd life.

Words of praise alone are sounding,
Words of praise that promise fame ;
Have I made myself a name ?

Heart still in a holy silence,
Knowing dread that is not fear,
Doubting not that God is near.



Ignis Fatuus.

WAIT, oh wait ! for life is new,
 Time will bring thy heart's desire,
 Thy young hopes shall tell thee true—
 If thou aspire.

Wait, oh wait ! though sped the boy,
 Let not care precede the day,
 Thy long future hath of joy
 All that you pray.

Wait, oh wait ! though manhood's prime
 Hath not satisfied thy will,
 Be not out of heart with time,
 It cometh still.

Wait, oh wait ! if love to thee
 Hath till now been bitterness,
 She is coming, fair and free,
 Thy life to bleſs.

Wait, oh wait ! the world as yet
 Doth not heed thy voice or pen ?
 Wiser growing, thou wilt get
 The praise of men.

Wait, oh wait ! though knavish fools
Take the prizes rightly thine,
Thou dost doubt the Fate that rules,
 If thou repine.

Wait, oh wait ! if thou hast past
The clima~~c~~tic of thy years,
Highest honour comes at last,
 Suprefs thy tears.

Wait, oh wait ! if strength decays,
And thy future seemeth brief,
Note, that those who wear the bays
 Have greater grief.

Wait, oh wait ! if hope no more
Trick thee with delusions fond,
All thy triumphs are in store—
 In life beyond.



The Skylark Caged.

WHAT wouldst thou tell? wing'd voice that
 singeth
 Imprisoned there,—
 Prisoned! a lot that unto man but bringeth
 Untold despair.

Is it then joy that from thy narrow cage
 Escapes in song?
 Or but the passion of poetic rage
 To vent thy wrong?

Or hear we now the music of the spheres?
 Pent up in thee!
 Sobbing—more sweetly than in sighs and tears—
 Thine agonie.

Or, dost thou cry unto some far-off mate
 That in the skies
 To the empyrean soars to learn thy fate,
 Until she dies?

Caged—doth the soul of man, like thee, rejoicing,
On music's wing—
Mount, the loud beatings of the heart outvoicing,
As thou dost sing.

Caged—doth the soul of man, like thee upsoaring,
Seek heaven for balm,
Till, from its thrall released and its deplored,
It rests in calm.

O soul of man ! regard that skylark's rapture
Through wire-bars free ;—
When dark-stoled melancholie doth thee capture,
Sing—singing flee !







Emotion.





A Love Song.

MY love's a miracle: to me alone
Her beauty liveth;
Her glistening eye alone to mine
Its light out-giveth.

The rest her mortal countenance may scan,
And find it fair,
But oh! they see not, as I see,
The *lustre* there.

She comes—and lo! as by some mystic spell,
Earth disappears,
And I am living out of Time,
Amid the spheres.

She looks—and I, in gazing, am abash'd
Her soul to see;
For when she looks, her form and face
Are not to me.

She speaks—and I suppose that other ears
Hear woman's voice,
The while for me soft tones of heaven
My heart rejoice.

She moves—and from her course obstructions
fade,
For so it seemeth
That, passing, she doth glide or float,
As one that dreameth—

But that her motion harmonies attend,
Supernal, sweet ;
And notes of music, told in pauses true,
Fall with her feet.

She smiles—and instant flashes forth the Sun,
All round so bright ;
Distraught, I fain would turn away,
As dazed with light.

She laughs—and with ethereal echoings
The sky resoundeth ;
And in the glee, from height to height,
My spirit boundeth.

She sings—the winds, all earthly sounds, are hush'd ;
The angels lift ;
And I am with them flying, flying,
On wings of mist.

My love is gone—how blank and dark it is !—
And hope how vain !
Except, that on a day my love
Will come again.



Sybil.

HER face uplifted, and she looked—
 A look that spake !
 Not—not to me :
 But, to see her eye so grand and bright,
 Enough—enough for my delight—
 I blessed her for that other's sake,
 As the slave blesseth the free.

Her face uplifted, and she smiled—
 Her soul a smile !
 Not—not for me :
 Yet, to see her face so heavenly bright,
 Enough—enough for my delight—
 I blessed her that did him beguile,
 As the slave blesseth the free.

Her face uplifted, and she blushed—
 Her heart a blush !
 Not—not for me :
 Yet, to see that sight of pink and white,
 Enough—enough for my delight—
 I blessed the face one else could flush,
 As the slave blesseth the free.

The Early Song.

A H, I bethink me, dear, longing still on and on,
 What numberless new things are there to see !
 And I'm rejoicing me now, in foreshadowing,
 To be beholding them,
 Lucy, with thee.

Spring will be coming soon, trees will be budding
 forth,
 Flowers will be blossoming over the lea ;
 Birds will be carolling,—and I'll be happy then,
 Looking and listening,
 Lucy, with thee.

Are there not rivers, and lakes amid mountains
 high,
 Countries and cities beyond the broad sea ?
 Are they not waiting, and glowing, and flowing on,
 Until I visit them,
 Lucy, with thee ?

Endless the wonders of nature and skilfulness,
Spread o'er the world we shall wander in free;
Blest are they all to me, lovely or terrible,
In that I'll witness them,

Lucy, with thee.

Jewels, and pictures, and sculptures, and palaces,
Rare things and fair things of highest degree,
Are beaming in colours and grace and magnificence,
All to be looked upon,

Lucy, with thee.

Nought it concerneth me, Wifecare's whispering,
“ Ever these have been, and ever will be;”
Nought are they worth to me than dust and ashes all,—
If I behold them not,

Lucy, with thee.



Coqueta.

MY day is over !
 My pride all past !
 No more a rover—
 Who married the last.

“ Ever adore you,
 Ever mine own ! ”
 Bah ! now I bore you,
 Now rivals are flown !

Worse than a Zany
 Lift’ning to such,—
 Were there not many
 Who loved me as much ?

The men admire me,—
 For them the fun ;
 Wherefore desire me,
 Belonging to one ?

Onetime, their fury—
 Duel,—or toast !
 Sit as my Jury,—
 Pass me as a ghost !

“ Bright your eyes ! Minna ;
 Your face how fair !
 Slender waist, Minna ;
 How silken your hair ! ”

No one to praise me,—
 Beauty all lost !
 Surely to craze me
 Is what it will cost !

What does it matter ?
 Live so : alas !
 Only to flatter
 Myself—in the glass.

Chagrin to cover,
 Laugh I in pain :
 Not—not one lover ?
 COQUETA again !



Enigma.

TRUE of heart, as false of tongue,
Old in art, albeit so young,
Darkly hiding whence she sprung.

Pretty lips, with smile so sweet,
Pretty lips, with fibs so fleet,
Pretty lips, with kiss to greet.

Placid smile withouten guile,
Syren smile with hidden wile—
Winning, winning all the while.

Eyes of fire without desire,
Eyes the same for love or ire,
Eyes to look on and admire.

Somewhen wild, and somewhen mild,
Somewhen praised, anon reviled,—
Simple as a prattling child.

Free of care as passing air,
Flinching not to do and dare,
Somewhiles facing blank despair.

Dark in word as fair in deed,
Generous to grant the meed,
Never failing at the need.

Rash of speech, discreet to teach,
Patient listner when you preach—
None the worse or better each!

Words do flow you should not know—
Words that out of nothing grow,—
Knowledge sought, she answers,—No.

Somewhen wise, to your surprise,
Volatile as butterflies,
Sparse of truth, diffuse of lies.

So Enigma passes life,
Smiling on, evading strife,
Making many wish her Wife.



Brunetta.

BEAUTIFUL eyes so bright,
 Are ye shaded never,
 Till ye close in night,—
 Their effulgence clear
 Beaming ever, ever ?

Beautiful eyes so bright,
 Do ye never gloom,
 Ere ye close in night,—
 Though men dying live
 Pondering their doom ?

Beautiful eyes so bright,
 Do ye never weep,
 Ere ye close in night,—
 Wretches, by *their* wounds,
 Writhing, though they sleep ?

Beautiful eyes so bright,
 Will ye ever fade,
 Ere the final night,—
 When their tenement
 In its shroud is laid ?

Love-stricken.

THEY say that the King will be there
 With his Queen, and her courtly dames ;
 They say that the honour I'll share
 In their skilful and chivalric games,—
 Ah, what is it all to my love ?

They say there'll be worthies of state,
 Ambassadors, Princes, and Peers ;
 And scholars of merit most great,
 Whose fame has advanced with their years,—
 Ah, what is it all to my love ?

They say there'll be music and song,
 And objects the eye to delight,—
 To the ear do soft accents belong,
 To the eye the blest pleasures of sight,—
 Ah, what is it all to my love ?

They say there'll be feasting and glee,
 And jesting, and dancing, and wine ;
 Oh, these are as nothing to me
 Who have found a companion divine !
 Ah, what is it all to my love ?

Love-lost.

I.

I LOVED My Love,
 And my love was, as the Sun at his ascension,
 Resplendent, clear and strong;

I loved My Love,
 And my love was, as the Sun at his declension,
 Calming—as coming sleep :

I loved My Love,
 And methought my love is, as the lamp that flickers;
 Uncertain of its life,—
 Flaring, fading,
 Brightening, decreasing,
 Somewhiles nearly dying !

II.

The torch is out !
 What can relume it ?
 The torch is out—
 My heart is cold and void.

The torch is out !
Thou would'ft relume it ?
Not so—not so,—
It will not kindle there.

The torch is out,
Who would relume it
Must fire a heart,—
Must re-create a soul !



The Song of Othello.

SHE is my soul's delight,
Of life my joy is she,—
The Sun, the Stars are bright,
Less bright—less bright to me !

She is my soul's delight,
Ah, could she be faithless,—
Not dark of darkest night
So dark would seem to me !

She was my soul's delight !
I know that false is she,—
Oh, dark of darkest night,
Less dark—less dark to me !



Song.

LOVE me, my love, why or whether,
 Love me,—love me as I love thee ;
 So the time when we are together
 A foretaste of Heaven shall be.

What matter the world or the weather,
 If lost in the thought—we have met ?
 We know but that we are together,
 And everything else forget.

What matter, or flower or feather,—
 Are not four eyes better than two ?
 And, dear, what we see not together,
 Is nothing to me !—nor to you ?

Love me, my love, why or whether,
 Love me,—love me as I love thee ;
 So the time when we are together
 A foretaste of Heaven shall be.

A Lament.

HE is gone: our hopes and fears
 Are ended now—by death;
 And from his parting breath
 Outspring our tears!

Gone,—ah! wherefore was he born
 But—but to mock our love;
 But—but to soar above,
 And make us mourn?

Yet not mourn without relief,
 For, loving, we shall own
 That never to have known
 Were deeper grief.

Never Davy to have seen,
 His pretty, gentle face,
 His unlearnt baby grace,
 And look serene;

Not the quick though steady eye,
 The mounting forehead fair,
 Cluster'd with Saxon hair
 In “brutus” high;

Davy's eye, observant, blue,
His brow of noble traits,
Thoughtful in infant days,
Of promise true;

Never lift his laughing joy,
Proving by every sense,
A clear intelligence,
And all the boy.

It were greater loss than woe,
Not to have seen him—dead,
In loveliness unsaid
On th' earth below;

Beauty that unto him came
New when earth-life had past,
And hover'd to the last,
A lambent flame;

Beauty yet unshed, innate,—
As bud involveth bloom,—
Subliming to assume
A fainter state.

•(12)•

The Last Good-bye.

MOTHER! no more we'll see thy face,
 No more will hear thy voice,
 Lost—lost the sympathetic tones
 That made our hearts rejoice.

Yet will the Seasons come and go,
 The Sun, the Moon, will shine,
 But all our consciousness will lack
 The portion which was thine.

So now begin we life anew,—
 Past, present, future changed ;
 Full many an old, accustomed thought
 From us will be estranged.

Dear Mother ! absent though thou art,
 To *me* thou livest still,
 For carnal Death is impotent
 The Life in Love to kill.

Love and Time.

SAID'ST thou the time was brief?
 Who stole the hours away?
 Stern justice bids me say
Thou wert the thief!

Shall I then blame thee for
 The theft that gave me joy?
 And, left thou Time destroy,
 Flee from thy presence, or

Shall I, contented, bless
 The charmer and the charm,
 That can so sweetly harm
 In sweet forgetfulness?

Oh, then, increase thy crime,—
 That, if from day to day
 Thou steal the hours away,
 There'll be an end of Time!

Leonora.

* * * *

TURNING, her face shone on me—to my
sight,
Alas ! surpassing speech : the vision dwells—
My memory haunting as a ghostly guest ;
Or chance, or change, or trouble, space, or time,
To me not dim the full expression fair :
Melt, melting eyes, ye cannot freeze to me ;
Smile, dimpled cheeks, to me for ever smile ;
Pout, pretty lips, to me for ever pout ;
Beam, sunny brow—that cannot on me frown ;
Shine, seraph-countenance, for ever shine,—
To me the same whilst constant is my mind,
Seen, though in darkness, or though eyes be blind !



Felicia.

LADY, the nightingale did sing, full-hearted,
 As on my homeward way
 I linger'd yesterday,
 Oppress'd with sorrow that from thee I'd parted ;
 (Ah ! tuneful, happy sprite,
 Singing thy roundelay
 Of all that love can say
 Throughout the charm'd night !
 Why is our lot, alas ! so different—
 Art thou more blest, or I less innocent ?)

Dearest, if the soul do wander,
 As the Orientals tell,
 Into various tenements
 Still on earth to dwell,
 Then I pray, whate'er my fate,
 Thou a nightingale may be,
 Hymning, aye, at Heaven's gate
 From a spring-time tree ;
 Never but in music speaking,
 Smiled on by the listening stars,

Soothing man in his distress,
Joy attain'd yet keenly seeking,—
Only varying the bars
Of a sweet-toned happiness !



Impromptu.

A H! Lady, pity the poor fluttering mite,
 Which, madden'd by the radiance of thine
 eye,
 Found, that to taste of the intense delight,
 Was but to feed ambition, and to die.

The memory cherish of the tiny bird,
 That, proudly scornful of the taper's flame,
 In orbèd brightnes instant death preferr'd
 To the spun pleasure of a joy more tame.

So dared have I, when those twin meteors blazed,
 To bask a moment in the liquid fire ;
 So, at the flashing tempters have I gazed,
 And known that but to look was to expire.



The Love Test.

OH ! frank, fond kiss—oh ! honied kiss,
Of lips to lips, and clinging ;
Oh ! heart rejoice, whilst her clear voice
Mine ear within is ringing.

If that sweet kiss e'er quit my lips,
I'll think she is offended ;
When those dear tones mine ear not owns,
I'll know her love is ended.



Violetta.

VIOLET on that bosom white,
Did its loveliness decoy thee ?
Soon thou sheddest thy delight,
Quickly will its warmth destroy thee !

So, the lure knew I too late,
In the spell of her soft eye ;
Violet, happier thy fate
That doth on her bosom die !



The Blush.

BLUSHING, thou charmest me most, my dear,
 For it's then that I'm sure thou art all mine
 own ;
 When blushing, I know thou'ft forgotten to fear !
 And I know thou art loveliest then, my love.

I think when thou blushest thy heart overflows,
 Ah ! how full must *thy* heart be for that, my love ;
 The tint is as rosy as that of the rose,
 Only warmer—much warmer ! is't not, my love ?



Pity or Envy.

LOVE me ! or pity not :
 Mine image all outblot ;—
 Lest I that wretch should be,
Pitied for losing thee !

[Will love from pity grow ?
 Cold reason tells me no ;
 May greater spring from less ?
 Hope faintly whispers, yes !]

Give but thy Love to me ;—
 Pity to hell be hurl'd !—
 Then am I, *gaining thee,*
 The *envy* of the world.



The Inconstant.

SO you think she deserves not my love ;
 That she's fickle, and may be untrue ?
 Well, why should I fret or complain
 That she seems not to me as to you ?
 For I love her, I love her, you see,
 And I think that she much loveth me.

I have look'd into eyes more earnest,
 And enfolded a bosom more fair,
 Taken honey from ruddier lips,
 And toy'd with more soft silken hair :
 But I love her, I love her, you see,
 And I think that she much loveth me.

I've rejoiced with a spirit more frank,
 A more bland and beneficent grace ;
 I have won me a tenderer smile
 Than the sweet sunny beam of her face ;
 But I love her, I love her, you see,
 And I think that she much loveth me.

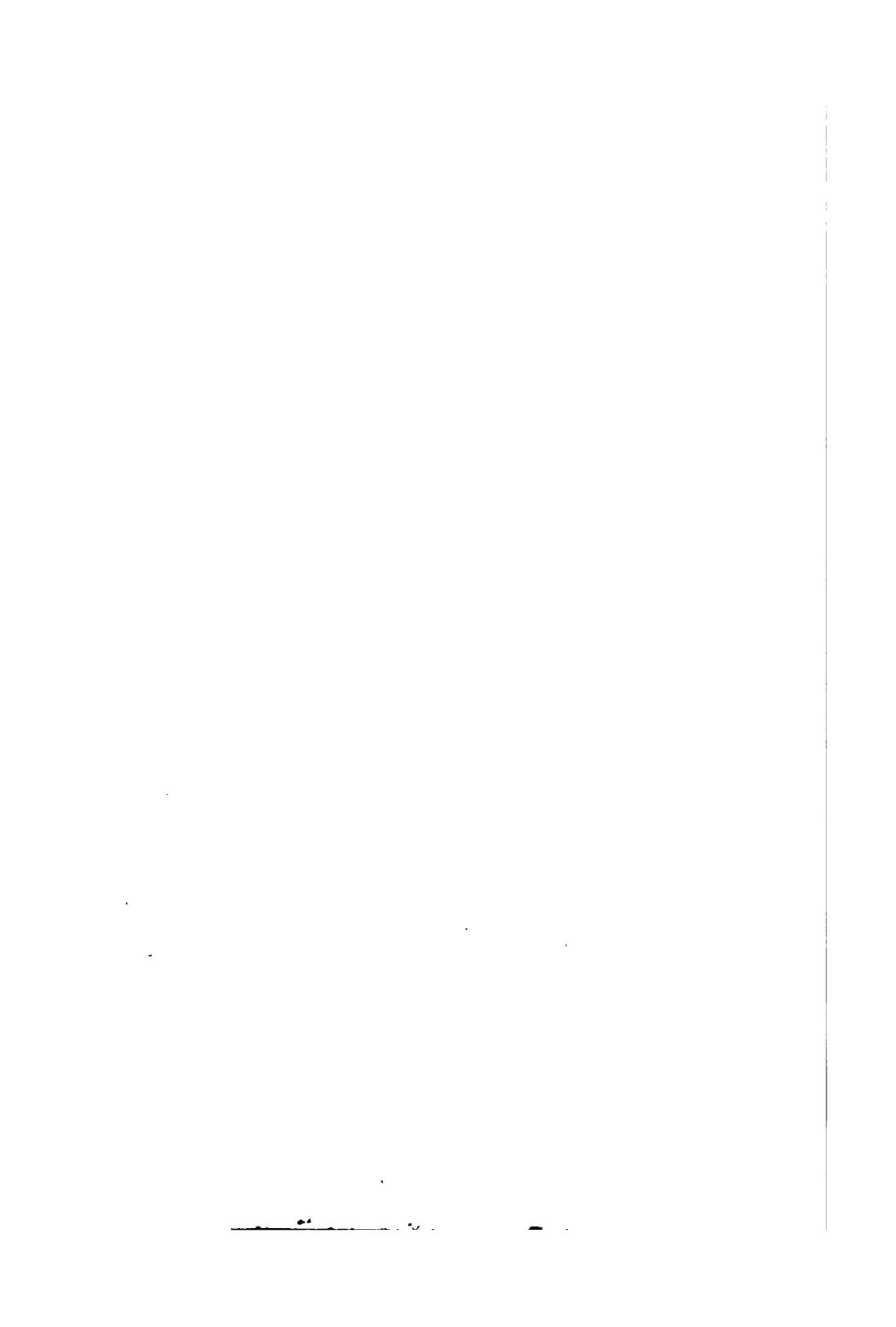
Ha ! you say that on *him* she'll bestow
The most favour I thought only mine ?
Well, it's pity, and serveth to show
That, as mortal, she's not quite divine :
Yet I love her, I love her, you see,
Though I know that she *not* loveth me.





Various.







Last Words to my Lorgnette.

I.

COMPANION of serenest hours,
Good genius of mine eyes,
To aid me with thy magic powers—
Rich in thy memories!
O constant friend through fleeted years,
Since we must part ere long,
Lift, whilst I mingle smiles and tears,—
My valedictory song.

II.

Impressed upon thy crystal arc
Are countless lovely things ;—
E'en that to fit—thy form to mark—
Sweet recollection brings ;
Yet, to recall what thou dost hold
Were more than I may hope,
Nor would I wish thee all unfold
From thy kaleidoscope.

III.

Ah! dost thou think of that first day
 When we began delight?
 A multitudinous array
 Of dames in colours bright:
 Then wert thou new, then I was young,
 And it were rash to tell,
 Or more, or less, to thee or me,
 The joy that then befell.

IV.

Those eyes, those lineaments, those smiles,
 Those glances slyly soft,
 Till, to assure ourselves—too well,
 We look'd again—too oft!
 Thou know'st we saw a maiden's cheek
 So redd'n'd with a blush,
 That thy two orbs, so cold and meek,
 Partook the crimson flush.

V.

We look'd again, and saw, beside
 That fair one, looking down,
 A dark face, blanch'd with rage and pride,
 And a portentous frown;
 Thy firm frame shiver'd at the shock,
 And when I thee withdrew,
 I saw thy glossy surfaces
 Bedimm'd with frigid dew.

VI.

Dost thou remember that grand dame,
Castilian, high-born,
Of whom we knew not e'en the name—
So beauteous in her scorn ?
Of her I know, beyond thy ken,
And more, I know right well,
That, but for thee, I ne'er had won
The smile of Ysabel.

VII.

Rememb'rest thou, across the stage,
That dancing fairy-fair,
How we her notice did engage
On earth, or in the air ?
She flew, bird-like, again—again !
As if our glance to greet,
Whilst wonder'd we what *could* sustain
Her pretty twinkling feet.

VIII.

A noble lady once we found
Endow'd with eyes of fire,
We met them as they gazed around,
And ask'd, “ is't love or ire ? ”
And then we look'd again, to heed
A look all looks above !
Then, in our beating hearts agreed—
“ It is the look of love.”

IX.

We felt it—burning through thy lens !
Who would that look define
Will need a power beyond the pen's,
A tongue more skil'd than mine.
I took thee down in sudden fear
And trembling—for thy sake,
Left, by such heat, thy mirrors clear
Should into atoms break.

X.

Canst thou forget that Actor great—
Whose features we did scan
Whilst wrestling with a hopeless fate,
Till he seem'd more than man?
I felt thee shudder in my hand,
And pitied thee thy pain,
Yet thought, with thee—“ it is so grand,
We'll suffer it again.”

XI.

Rememb'rest thou—a face I knew,
At distance, dimly gues'd ;
I sought thy help, and, by thy view,
Good hap—perceived the rest.
We mark'd his movements, saw his hate,
And said—“ 'tis very clear,—
Good hap, for us 'tis not too late,—
We stay no longer here.”

XII.

Some secrets are there us between,
Which fain with us must die.
And some of such a kind I ween
To seal our sympathy.
I thank thee for unreckon'd smiles
Which came through thee to me,—
Let us, when life no more beguiles,
Together buried be.



Song.

“ VIVE LA FOLIE.”

BURTHEN base of mortal cares
 That, of the godlike, nothing spares,—
 Takes the soul from out us wholly ;
 Joy and jollity rise unawares,
 Then, away with melancholie !
 Vive la folie !

Weary, bored with life’s humdrum,
 Waiting for joy that doth not come,—
 Wit and fancy fly us wholly ;
 Tipple and smoke, and sing fee-fo-fum,
 Ho ! away with melancholie !
 Vive la folie !

Work is good, and work is dry ;
 Live a little before you die,—
 For a while forget it wholly ;
 Fiddle and dance, and laugh till you cry,—
 Ho ! away with melancholie !
 Vive la folie !

Grind and grind, and gather wealth,
And have everything but health,—
Zeft for joyance losing wholly ;
Off for a rollick—sweeter by stealth ;—
Ho ! away with melancholie !

Vive la folie !

Pore and fret, let knowledge grow,
The more we learn the less we know,—
Till content deserts us wholly :
Summon the Ladies,—and shout ho, ho !
Ho ! away with melancholie !

Vive la folie !



Sevilla.

IN after-days I oft shall praise
 The towers, and flowers, of fair Sevilla ;
 Her sun and shade and busy ways
 Graced by the Doñas in mantilla ;
 Her grand Cathedral's solemn gloom ;
 Her zephyrs sweet with orange-bloom ;
 Her patios cool with pure azul,
 And all her Moorish maravilla ;
 But chief in memory will rule,
 (As far above as great Orion !)
 A sprite or bird
 Which there I heard ;
 An English tongue,
 That spake or sung
 In simple sooth
 Or careless truth,—
 The clear, frank laugh of Dame Carlyon !

Sevilla, 1 *May*, 1860.

For “Weber’s last Waltz.”¹

AIR.

BE still, be still, my soul, is this delusion,
Or is my spirit free from earthly bondage ?
Those strains seraphic cannot be illusion—
Ah, no ! they are . . . for sure . . . from heaven . . .
from heaven.

INTERLUDE.

Mortal—mortal ! thou art not translated,
Yet art thou habiting this lower sphere ;
O soul ! to hear those accents thou hast waited ;—
Once having listen’d, must I linger here ?

AIR.

Hark, hark—oh lift ! again, again ’tis sounding—
Now—now I hear thy echoing melody—
Now—now ’tis ringing through the host sur-
rounding,
In tones . . . divine . . . decreasing . . . softly flow.

¹ Verse 1 is to be played in usual time, except last line, which is gradually slow : the Interlude, rather softly : verse 3 with fervour, quick time, diminishing at the end : verse 4 slowly, and gently decreasing in force to the conclusion.

AIR.

Rest, rest, my heart—for thee this world is over—
Rest, spirit! thy celestial home is nigh.—
I hear—I hear! and they are Angels' voices,—
I hear—I hear!—and . . . now . . . I die—I die.



A Hymn for all People.

A LMIGHTY Father, hear !
Our voice to Thee we raise
In gratitude and fear ;
And, tunefully, to praise
Thy holy Name, confessing,
With humble heart, our sin,—
Beseeching for Thy blessing.
Great God, so long forbearing,
With us, the while transgressing,
And oft for Thee uncaring,—
Let not Thy wrath begin !
We have done ill, unknowing,
And, thanklessly, received ;—
But, Thy mercy much exceedeth,
As our faultful nature needeth ;—
Oh ! cease not Thou bestowing,
That we be not bereaved !

To Sarah at School,

ANTICIPATING THE HOLIDAYS.

PRETTY, merry-laughing Sister,
 This will find thee ever gay,
 Brimming-full of hope and joyance,
 Seeking still a happier day.

From the mirth thy heart o'erflowing
 Wouldst thou wisely make a store,—
 Though I wish not, yet there shall be
 Times when thou wilt want it more.

What a fund were that for after !
 Fairy Sister, fancy-free,—
 Precious fund of merry laughter,
 All enough for thee and me.

Through our lives, however lengthen'd,
 Thou shouldst from thy store dispense
 Balm divine for every sorrow,
 Joy distill'd from innocence.

That may fail thee, merry Sister,
So laugh out the little span;
And be it a rule of living,—
To be merry when you can.



Impromptu. The Mirror.

THE mirror broken? never mind!
 Let not such breakage breed dejection;
 Nor will I scold, whilst yet I hold
 The Source of its most sweet reflection.

Vale!

ADY, believe,
 Though but few hours ago
 Each other's face we did not know,
 There's one will grieve
 That needs so soon we part,
 And hoard thine image ever in his heart.
 Oh, happy fate,
 That hath endow'd it with so sweet a mate!

Impromptu. A Whim.

SHUT, shut, blest eyes!—turn, turn away, fond face!

Tend not wherfrom that moment thou must sever;
Yet oh! let sorrow next to joy give place,—
For what, at sight, thou lov'st, is thine for ever.

Impromptu.

SOME acts there are, of human kind,
Beyond this earthly sphere,
Some thoughts in other worlds to find
The home they have not here.

And such will be the kindred traits
That stamp the heavenly face,
Whereby the loves of mortal days
Affinity shall trace.

The Sermon.

MADAM—when, sitting in the Church,
 I see thee near the parson shining,
 Howe'er recondite his research
 I, gazing, list, without repining;
 And whilst, in fairnes, I agree
 With those who call the sermon prosy,
 Mine eyes (as shut they could not see),
 Forget entirely to be dozy.

The Answer.

AY, lady dear ! whate'er—I'll go to see thee ;
 For, in thy presence, time is very sweet,
 And, in thy presence, joy is very great ;
 But cometh soon the moment I must flee thee,
 The end most bitter of sweet time too fleet,
 And sorrow greater—when we separate !

Impromptu.

AS a cloud before the Moon,
So is life,—pass'd by as soon ;
So is life of mortals given,—
Hiding sight, not hope, of Heaven.

Song. The Rose.

SWEET Rose ! from thy kindred sever'd,
From thy parent stem—alone !
In spring-drops pure I place thee—
Ah, did I hear thee groan ?

I weep, e'en to guess thy feeling,
And, in fancy, hear thee sigh,—
That sigh the thought revealing,—
Thou wert but born to die !

Prelude

TO A COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

NOUGHT to me e'er pleasure brought,
 Like participating thought !
 If silent, deep's the joy we feel,
 To find our own, another's weal;
 The bright conception, unexprest
 Yet to ourselves,—by others dreft ;
 Truly, and touchingly, that shown
 Which we had thought were all our own.
 This mutual insight of the mind,
 This glimpse to which a third is blind,
 This interchange of feeling, this
 Sincere, though momentary bliss,—
 Should it,—as bliss had been the cost,
 If by me it now were lost,
 Should that, which bliss had caused to be,
 Be straight forgotten then by me ?

1835.

With Hood's Annual.

(1840.)¹

LANDY, the books herewith thy favour claim !
 Thou shalt find Wisdom, drest in Folly's garb,
 Good sense, instill'd with all the force of smiles,
 Truth its own language speaking to the heart ;
 Thou shalt know Virtue when she doth not frown,
 And pathos undisturb'd by groans and tears,—
 And learn, by pleasant proof, that laughing out
 Doth better recreate than doleful dreaming.
 That keen, though bloodless weapon, Satire named,
 (Sometimes misused in aid of personal spite,
 But then most weak) doth in these pages strike,
 With cunning aim, and guileless artifice,—
 To wound for cure, chastising faults which else,
 Congenial being, and in colour like
 To a degraded nature, had remain'd
 Uncared for, or unseen.

On thee—on thee !
 The shafts of satire must all pointless fall.

¹ This date was prior to the general recognition of Hood's *genius*.

The Fifth of November.

THREE was a time, my brothers,
Ere to man's estate we came,
When the fifth day of November
To us brought a merry game ;
Oh ! the banging squibs and crackers,
And the rockets and the wheels,
Still memory smells the powder,
And the trepidation feels.

Then Guy Fawkes, that wretched hero,
Was reduced to ashes quite,
As the red remorseless tar-tub
Completed our fierce delight ;
Yet, like the famous Phoenix
From the flames to re-appear,
And make this day, next winter,
Unlike other in the year.

Now, the fifth day of November,
To us brings,—perhaps a fog ;
'Tis a Monday or a Tuesday,
Or,—a day to burn a log ;

We wonder much those simpletons
That "guy" should hawk about,
And then, with squibs and crackers,
Will make that infernal rout.

Sage and Disciple.

MASTER, for thy learning,
Much my soul is yearning !
Why don't Man live longer,
Longer live, and stronger,
Wisdom always earning ?
This is my surprise.

Son, thy thought hath reason,
With thy youth in season ;
Yet, to wish life longer,
Longer life, and stronger,
To our God were treason !
Man would grow too wise.



Pyrrha.

THY golden tresses, Pyrrha,
 Illume my silvery pate,
 As oft the sunshine blesses
 A wretch disconsolate.

Thy golden dowers, Cleon,
 To me much more are worth,
 As oft the summer showers
 Refresh the thirsty Earth.

Nay, nay ! thy gold, my Pyrrha,
 Is finer gold than mine ;
 For these resplendent tresses
 Around my *heart* entwine.

My heart thou bindest, Cleon,
 About with cords of gold ;
 Else, lover though the kindest,
 Might Pyrrha think thee old.

Ah ! lovely, saucy Pyrrha,—
 Thy gold is more than gold ;
 For, near these glowing tresses,
 I never can be old !

Prospero.

OH Mother ! how shall I spell ?
 Sister can spell every word ;
 I wish to do it as well.
 Try, dear, try.

Solomon Stratton can swim ;
 Often I think I shall drown ;
 Why can't I do it like him ?—
 Sink, to swim.

Algebra bothers my brains ;
Herbert, with ease, took the prize ;
 What have I earn'd for my pains ?—
 Work, to earn.

Tumble I went at that fence ;
Fleming sat firm as a rock ;
 Surely my riding's pretence !—
 Bravest first.

They skate, like train on a rail ;
 I cannot keep on my legs ;
 On ice one's courage does fail !—
 Fall, to rife.

The balls run just where they say ;
How do they drive 'em so sure ?
Billiards I never shall play !—
Wish and will.

Hand ! me thou wilt not obey ;
Craftsman—it's legerdemain !
Why is my work as your play ?—
Skill comes late.

Science to me is a maze,
Albeit some prate it so glib ;
Mercy ! my head it will craze ;—
Think, to know.

Strange ! how such pictures they make ;
My trial is but a daub ;
Palette and brush I'll forsake !—
Nought for nought.

Music I love, and would play,
Art superhuman it seems ;
Practice to me is dismay !—
Zeal doubts not.

Thoughts to the world would I tell ;
Difficult effort it proves ;
Some, not my betters, write well.
 Think well, first.

What is the Orator's power ?
Me, public speaking confounds ;
Some men can spout by the hour.
 Heart breeds speech.

Fix'd was my hope on that chance !
Lost ! whither now shall I go ?
Backwards whilst others advance !—
 Mend thy spring.

Ruin ! half-way up to fame,
Down from the ladder I fell ;
Nothing is left me but shame !—
 If low, mount.

My love ! ah, half of my soul !
Yet she my love has denied ;
Hard my distress to control !—
 Love prevails.

Oh, to determine the right !
Wrong hath its reasons as well ;
Error like truth is bedight !—
Truth will win.

Firm in their faith, do they preach,
What nothing on earth can prove ;
How to such faith shall I reach ?—
Faith is *born*.

What has become of my prayer ?
Struggle, and struggle in vain ;
Broken heart whispers despair !—
Pray, pray, pray !



Stigma Loweri.

READ AFTER DINNER—25TH JANUARY, 1860.

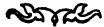
MARC ANTONY LOWER's a prince at "palaver"
 But, plainly to speak, a most rascally carver ;
 Twice his aid at the table no host will employ,
 Having seen the arch-spoiler hew, hack, and destroy ;
 As Hecuba's, dire the despair of the wife
 Who ever has trusted his hand with a knife ;
 That moment all reason and sense fly away,
 He seizes your prog as a tiger his prey ;
 Your Beef he faws thick, your Down Mutton thin,
 Or if it be fish serves out nothing but fin ;
 If Chicken he causes beholders to groan,
 Tearing flesh into ribbons, and sinew from bone ;
 Seeing near him a Ham, you ask him for *that*,—
 When straightway he gives you a dollop of fat ;
 In the matter of pie put not in him your trust,
 Lest wishing for fruit you get nothing but crust :
 He's been known, many times, to be very profuse
 With the savoury stuffing, forgetting the Goose,—
 And wisely avoiding your steel blade to tarnish,
 Help the lady who's next him to nothing but garnish ;
 He can cut with a pen, and concoct you a dish
 Out of fine modern ink with an ancient relish,

U U

But in carving, and saving, of Lower beware,
 Else, though you be parson, he'll cause you to swear.
 Thus though in the higher you recognize Lower,
 In this art which is lower, you love him no more!



Marc Antony Lower enjoys his “vacation,”
 But says there’s no time in it for—recreation ;
 And then for long months he pursues his “vocation”
 Like horse in a mill without any cessation :
 Hence a problem provoking no small botheration,
 Namely—which is vocation and which is vacation ?
 For the difference here between vo and va
 Should value the same as between work and play,
 Or even as much as between do and say ;
 (Not to mention the contrast, in aim foul or fair
 Nor if 'tis your purpose to spoil or to spare.)
 But whether in vo or whether in va,
 Or whether in work or whether in play,
 Or whether in do or whether in say,
 The metamorphosis is with O and A ;
 So with Lower—a slave who ne’er kicks off his
 fetters—
 Call it work, call it play, it’s a question of “letters.”



The Curate.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

IN a village not far from “the city of smoke,”
Where, if bitter the scandal, the better the joke,
A place much infested with (very) old maids,
Who, declining, are pining for spiritual aids,—
Where tradesmen learn brotherly love at “the
Shades ; ”

There dwells a young Curate, ah, so interesting !
He wins by a look, by his mode of requesting,
And so sweetly retiring, 'tis said by his friends
That, so mild his beginnings, he can have no ends.
When he took to the parish, most sad to relate !
Original sin was its terrible state ;
No light in the darkness, no star in the sky,
Of the whole population, not one but must die !
Then—then came the Curate, and surely no change
Since that first at chaos, so marvellous strange
Has been known or conceived ; in one little week,
No lady need carry a blush on her cheek ;—
The thieves all decamp'd, tongue-tied were the liars,
The sellers, converted, told truth to the buyers ;

The maids grew seraphic, angelic the men,
The old "roaring lion" durst not from his den ;
Decorum, and piety, order, and peace,
Half ruin'd the lawyers, and spoil'd the police :
Now the godless and graceless flock gladly to church,
Now the sick and bed-ridden are left in the lurch,
Now pew-openers are harass'd, and big beadle's
strut,

And free seats are *not* free if the church is not shut ;
Now balls are deserted, and plays unremember'd,
And all the May joys prematurely December'd ;
It was said that all those who had fathers before
them

Penance did for *their* sins, and but lived to deplore
them.

The Curate proved truths with a force mathematic,
He proved without meaning the old word fanatic ;
He proved to his listeners, by counting their heads,
Exactly the number at home in their beds ;
He proved—and fair Truth ne'er seem'd sweeter or
grander—

That man is not rightly a goose, but a gander
(And that fact, he explain'd, could most clearly be
shown

In a very particular friend of his own).

The Curate did more ;—a blunder irrational
Had mis-named the school of the village the
“ National ;”

The boys had their duties ; the principal thing
Was, aloft in the old church to make the walls ring,
And, like cherubs, encourage the people to sing.
Now these cherubs sang badly, all out of tune sadly,
And the Curate at first bore the dissonance madly,
Until he discover'd, and shewed o'er and o'er,
That they couldn't sing worse, if they sang as much
more !

It follow'd from this that the people, improved
By the Curate's exertions, felt piously moved
To some cheerful diversion ;—for saints do not
thrive

Without something worldly to keep them alive ;—
To give them full justice, it here should be said
That much they consulted, and patiently read,
To find a pursuit which their hearts need not grieve,
Nor even a shade on their spotlessness leave.
They search'd through the Fathers, and little there
found,

But just when despair their perplexity crown'd,
St. Thomas Aquinas the friend in need stood,
Pronouncing that music is “ holy and good ; ”
They shouted the dictum, they felt quite delighted,
They thought all their labour was doubly requited,
But ah ! one suspicion their joyfulness crost,
If the Curate objected, their pleasure was lost !
The Synod agreed on the Pastor to wait,
And, or banning or blessing, discover their fate ;

The Curate received them with looks calm and
gracious,
And mild as his favourite food farinaceous ;
The purpose propounded, the visit explain'd,
They await the decree, with suspense nothing
feign'd ;
Alas ! why so dark that erst radiant brow ?
Why quiver those eyelids ? why rises he now ?
He lifted his book, the table he flamm'd,
"Why, gentlemen, surely you would not be damn'd?"
The worthies first wonder'd, then meekly begun
To mention their reasons ; but ere they had done,
"Twas lost on the Curate,
Who still was obdurate,
Till, venting his fury, he splutter'd out, " Zounds !
When you talk to me this way my zeal has no
bounds,
If your taste were thus heighten'd in every degree,
Who, I ask, will be caring to listen to me ? "



King Sham.

ONCE on a time there dwelt upon the Earth
 One unendow'd by genius or by birth,
 With knowledge unencumber'd, as with worth.
 He swagger'd forth, and said, “ I'll have my day—
 Hey, for King Sham ! let men say what they may.
 What others know, can I not that *prof/s*,
 And take the credit for it none the leſs ?
 This I perceive—that diffidence doth lag,
 That Talent, toiling, is cut out by Brag ;
 And he that claims the merit—takes the swag.
 To modest pleadings gates and ears are ſhut—
 The mode potential is to ſwell and strut.
 Let honest zeal, unfordid, sweat the brain ;
 For me, prepared to grasp, the fruits remain ;
 Of Truth, with Pilate's question I agree—
 Truth is a branch of high Philosophy !
 Learning and virtue, and all gifts divine,
 May work their purpose, ſo the ſpoil is mine !
 Bethink what game will beſt your wiles repay,
 And then, with tongue in cheek, ſay—*That's the way.*
 A noble project ! Go a-head, my boys !
 Who gets the guerdon ? I, who make the noise.

The brainless boobies, aimless, fail to see
That all their striving is, at last, for me.
Wheedle, incite, and, when the battle's won,
Forward I stand, and vaunt what *I* have done ;
Then, with a flourish, sheath my bloodless sword,
And, in due sequence, seize my just reward.
If other foremost in the fight would be,—
Disgust him—then, he leaves the field to me :
Oppose, denounce, and put him on the shelf—
Next, to the front—and do the thing myself.
Flattery goes far, and homage bringeth grist—
Few men (or women) can that siege resist.
Yet, though your words be soft, and sweet as honey,
They are as empty wind, unback'd by money.
Therefore my cry shall be 'gainst joke or jibe,
(Indifferent for what) subscribe, subscribe !
When, for the race of life, you get astride,
The filly Charity's the one to ride !
What wots the world or if you die or live,
Unless that you have something still to *give* ?
He has the thanks by whom the dole is dealt ;
Enough that leaps the largess from *his* belt.
Cajole, and twit, caress, and promise high ;
If still you *fail*—to give the world the lie,
Suggest a “Testimonial” by-and-by.
Sign me this paper—testify your debt
To me who never did *your* good forget.
Some scruples ? tush ! a fig for your pretences !

At them at once ! and bring them to their senses.
What ? recreants, cowards, meanlings, to refuse
A fair return to whom you owe your shoes !
Downcast, ashamed, they all before me creep,
And do my bidding like a flock of sheep.
Then they the bantling bring—to me who got it—
And I exclaim—God bless me ! who'd have thought
it !

Ho ! to oppose me who shall be so bold ?
Who can bestow, can he not too withhold ?
Your friends—are those who fawn, or those who
fneer ;

For some are held by hope, and some by fear.
If one, distraught, against me dares to preach,
I say he's ' personal ' and stop his ' speech.'
Or if sometimes they flat refuse to hear you,
Tell it instead to the Reporters near you ;—
They'll find to their surprise, defeat and sorrow,
It's in the Papers all the same to-morrow.
This is not all, for living maketh bill ;
For this the best thing is to share a Will :
Fools work, and what they earn must go to some
one,

And then, what does it matter to the dumb one ?
A noble maxim—that all men are brothers ;
Nor less a truth, some born to work for others.
Such useful, slavish industry you shirk,
Then manifest the glory of *their* work.

Janty alike, be it to saints or sinners,
 Feed them with eleemosynary dinners ;
 Some one to couple beg-and-boast presumes—
 Don't you look quite as well in *borrow'd* plumes ?
 The art of life ! to be *not* what you seem,
 Cozen the world by impudence supreme,—
 Gross, and yet unsubstantial as a dream !
 When the good parasites would bow the knee—
 Nay ! it is *you* men honour, honouring *me*.
 But if they rashly breathe contempt or blame—
 Remember that on *you* descends the shame.
 I pray no prophet from the sky be sent
 To reckon all the good—I did *prevent* ;
 Or, of my deeds, interpret to the letter
 What, but for *me*, had certes been much better ! ”

“ Have you not seen a damsel, fair as day,
 Whilst all-deserving, pine herself away ?
 Have you not seen a woman bold as brafs,
 With nought to flatter her—except her glass,—
 Proud in success, with her third husband pass ?
 So to succeed in honours or in pelf,
 Wait not for courting, but ‘ propose ’ *yourself*.”

“ Though much is gained, yet further must be
 done—
 Some for to-day, and more for future, won ;
 Forsooth, the future is beyond my ken—

The dreadful difference of now and then !
In this how true—*Bis dat qui citè dat!*—
I know my men too well to count on that !
It's good to batten on the things that be—
A grander aim—to gull posterity !
Make thine own Statue ! or thy ghost will rue it,
For when thou'rt gone, who will be left to do it ?”





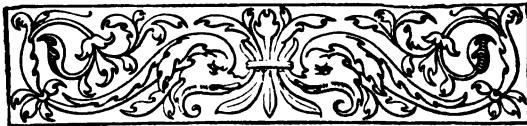


In Germany,

1844.







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1844.

Bastei.

S POT from primeval chaos unsubdued,
Or, haply, left by the creative Word
An instance of that fell disorder crude ;
We gaze and tremble ! the still spirit stirr'd
To deep emotion, by this shapeless herd
Of things material ; and thus do own,—
In all our pride of destiny defer'd,—
A kindred nature with the senseless stone,
And bow, small block to great, as we to fear are
prone.

Brandt.

MEETHINKS, the countless orbs in space revolving,

At the beginning, were concrete in *One* ;
And *that* dread shock, the vast compact dissolving,
Left here enruin'd, when the wrack was done,
A city, which man's work should equal none.
Monstrous foundations, taller than our spires,
Columns, sky-searching, though but yet begun,
Portals, from whose survey, man, shrank, retires ;
Grandeur beyond our means, not passing our desires.

The Dresden Gallery.

TREASURE of atoms of great souls translated,—
The sparks of inextinguishable fire
Erst, in the upward struggle, scintillated ;
Relics, bequeath'd to comfort and inspire
The future earth-worm destined to be higher ;
Enchanting sublimations of high thought,
For centuries prisoned in a dense attire ;
Glimpses, in heavenward flight, by Genius caught,
To thousands aye unknown if not to vision brought.

Cologne Cathedral seen from the Rhine.

LIKE a dismember'd stone-god thou appearest !
Assured the course of ages will restore
Thy giant limb, and front sublime thou rearest,
As that great Titan proudly did of yore ;
And, even now, is thy abasement o'er,
For man admits thy long neglected right,
Resolving to endure thy shame no more ;
Lo ! where the weed had growth, the owl delight,
Again the chisel clinks with hundred-handed
might.

A Full Moon at Ehrenbreitstein.

ISAW at Ehrenbreitstein the still queen,
Refulgent crowning the embattled height,
On all things smiling with as pure a sheen
As forth she shed, her first created night ;
Such sweet communion held she by her light,
That some lone mortal, gazing from afar,
Forgot his earth-born nature, and, despite
Whate'er of ill his aspirations mar,
Became, for little while, as her attendant star.

Y Y

The Ariadne.

TIS a great deed, Dannécker, thus to earn
A perpetuity objective, so
That, if the unending lot whereto we yearn
Not unto us were granted, thou wouldest know
Prolong'd existence, whilst men come and go,
Thy soul in stone,—a name forever new.
Nor would man's Maker thus on man bestow
The skill creative, and unpleasèd view
Of our decaying form, such lasting image true.

The Ariadne.

TIS very well,—that arm reposeth sweetly,
Wholly uncared for by the eager mind;
And the fair form is fashion'd so completely,
It is too difficult a fault to find;
Yet, if to state a choice I were inclined,
First would I praise the limb depending low,
As proof of art in nature, most refined:
Prove me that it is nerveless, ere I go!
Or, if she liveth not, what *will* supports it so?

The Novice.

WITHIN that antique convent thou art
hidden,—
A jewel in a casket, yet mine eye
Lacks not thine image ; for, in spirit bidden,
The loved form, like an angel, standeth by.
Ah, if indeed unwilling, wouldst thou hie
Unto the mountain-top, with features mild,
And, in a ghostly presence, hear me sigh ?
This were to prove true love but Fancy's child,
And sympathy, alas ! no more than notion wild.

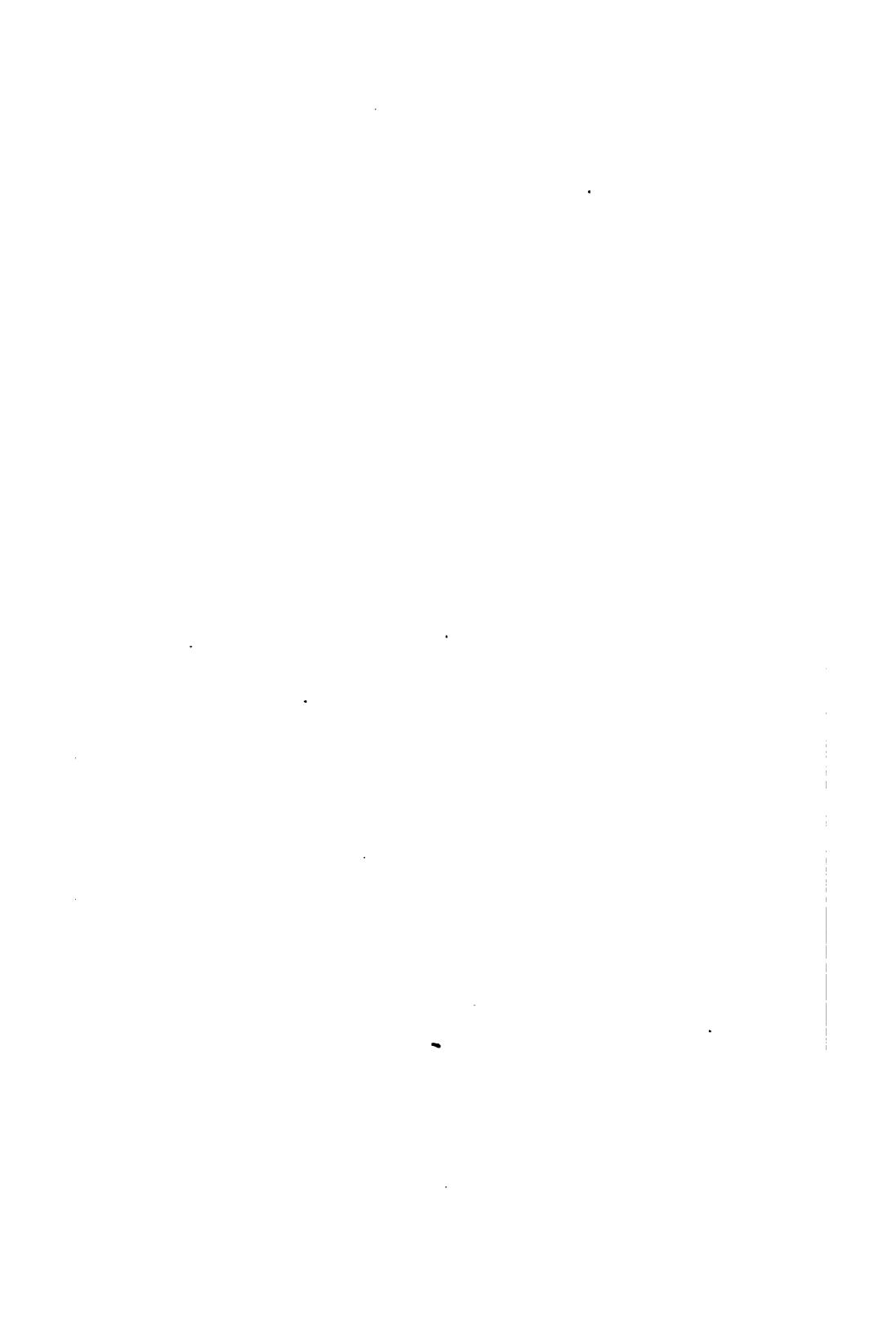






A Chase of Echo.







A Chase of Echo.

AN IDYL.

[The legend of Ovid reversed—Echo pursued, instead of pursuing : Echo still lives—as a Voice : she is the object of love—love, as an abstraction,—real only whilst unreal—lost when found. Laon is the love that dies on disenchantment.]

LAON.

VISION of sleep,—my Dream of waking life !

Why is it, Echo, that I find thee not ?

Thou livest doubtless, for the heart is true,

And in my heart thou livest :

Echo dear,

Soon shall I find thee,—for I think, nay, know

That thou art near ; Oh, answer to my call !

Be Nature blessed for these yearnings sure,

Be Nature blessed for unfailing hope.

* * * * *

Where from me hidest thou?—where art thou,
Echo?

Dear Echo! I have sought thee o'er the plain,—
In meads and groves, and in the ways of men:
Sweet, answer me! that I may be where *thou* art;
Echo!—not here:

Echo!—alas, not here:

* * * * *

Still on I wander, wander, wander on,—
Aweary wandering, without thee, Echo!
Ah! *with* thee, I would tread the Earth like air,
Thy presence giving each a two-fold life,
Thy soul with mine us winging o'er the hills!

* * * * *

Here, by this lucent lake's smooth, smiling face,
The woods and rocks around in holy stillness,
Here thou awaitest me: I'll find thee here.

Echo!

Echo.

She is here!

Come to me!

Come to me.

There,—there! 'tis sure,—across the lake I'll swim;

Dearest, I come!

Dearest, I come.

* * * * *

Alas! not found—again—again not found.
Come to me, Echo! that together we

May see, and hear, and know but one blest life :
Come to me, Echo ! to my longing come !
No joy without thee can be quite a joy,
What *thine* eyes see not, brings no joy to mine—
To look on cheerles what *thou* feest not.
That yet thou shouldst be near me,—it is pain ;—
Pain to be near, nor see thee, nor embrace.
Echo ! dear Echo !

Cruel, she is gone !
As I approach and think to clasp, she flies ;
Oh, I am weary, and must faint, or sleep. (*Sleeps.*)
(*Murmurs in sleep.*)

Dear love, but this is well : come—come to me !
Now, now I see thee, now I hold thee near ;
We shall not separate—shall ever live !
Such love for ever lives :

(*Wakes.*)

No more ! no more :

Yet shall I follow, if she will not stay,
Where she hath cheated me :—away, away !

* * * * *

Out of the maze at last ! I pant with speed ;
But where—where is my Echo ? Echo dear !
How on these spreading down-lands can she
shroud her ?
The velvet sward, too soft for resonant,
Too smooth the print to take of her light feet,—
How shall I guide me ?

z z

Swelling on and on,
 The earth is undulate like waving waters,
 Now high, now low—an ocean, though of land :
 Yet, in that trough adown must silence be,—
 There could she gain some harbour ; I'll descend ;
 The place is very still ;—if she but speak,
 How softly ! I'll pursue her o'er the wold.

Echo !

Echo.

Whence was the voice ? I heard it very clear.

Echo !

Echo.

Lo, she hath flitted ; but I'll call again.

Echo, where art thou ?

Where art thou ?

Echo :

Echo.

Hearest thou me ?

Hearest thou me ?

Yea, Love, I heard thee ! and do straight come near
 The spot wherfrom thou speakest ; I am here :
 Echo, dear Echo ! do but speak again ;
 Oh, flee not from me,—flee not from me love !

Echo !

Gone—gone is she ! and I must further travel.
 I faint—I faint ! and yet once more will call :

Echo !

Echo.

Answer me !

Answer me.

Thou lovest me still ?

Thou lovest me still ?

Thou knowest that I love thee, Echo sweet !

Forsake me not ! for I am broken-hearted :—

The day doth fade, and with it hope and life ;

I sleep, or die :

Be with me, Echo dear ! (*Sleeps.*)

ECHO *speaks.*

Yea, I'll be with thee, Laon,—in thy sleep—

Fain would I pity thee—fain prove to be

The love thou seekest—and so lose my joy ;—

Thy pain, my joy,—still fleeing, still pursued,

For aye evading, and for ever loved !

So *shalt* thou see me,—for that fight is life,

Fire to thy heart, and fury to thy soul.

LAON (*in sleep*).

Echo, dear Echo, now I see thy face,

Yea, hear thee breathe, yea, know that thou art
mine :

Thou'l never leave me ! never leave me more.

ECHO *speaks.*

Fond, foolish boy, then wert thy chase at end !

Away, away ! or thou wilt lose thy joy.

LAON (*waking*).

Oh, horror ! sleeping live, and waking die !

Echo, dear Echo !

She is gone—is gone ;
Dying I'll follow—sleeping live again.

* * * *

The dells are ended ; on this arid plain
The mereft sprite can hide not ; fading hope !
Oh, void in heart, oh, heart an aching void !
Oh, languid limbs, sustaining heavy heart,
Stay thee, the while I sing :—

*Sweet one, why flyest thou ever away from me,
Here and there answering, never appearing,
Somewhiles approaching, or whispering low to me,
What shall I think, is it loving or fearing ?*

*Is it at will, or of fate thou evadest me,
Still being near me wherever I'm straying ?
Is it in joy or in grief thou escapest me,
Mocking my call, and thy presence betraying ?*

*Yet, whilst thou answerest, ever I'll follow thee,
Wooing the voice, and its origin blessing,
Lovingly hearing, and calling unceasingly,
Till eyes shall be blest, and arms shall be pressing.*

* * * *

And next, oh whither, whither do I wend—
Abroad this dreary field, withouten bound ?
That dim horizon is, I think, the Sea ;
That mark I'll reach, and then no further stray.

* * * *

It is the Sea,—and by its shore and crags :
There doth my Echo hide :

I come, dear Echo.

* * * * *

Here, in this sea-cave, will my Echo be !
'Tis deep and wide ; the voice of Ocean lift !
If she be here, I'll win her,—and her hold.

Echo !

Echo.

I follow !

Follow.

O happy me ! I'll enter ;

Echo sweet !

Echo, dear Echo ! kill me not with scorn !
Echo, dear Echo ! kill me not with woe !—
Sure then she spake, but then again is dumb.
Why in these dark recesses should I bide ?
Here, from the beach, I'll call her, o'er the Sea.

Echo ! hark—Echo ! lift—my Echo ! lift :
Nought but mine own voice moaning o'er the
main :

What worth to me is life, if hope has fled ?
My heart is fainting, and mine eyelids droop ;
Come—come, kind sleep ; my feet approach the
flood :

The waves will mount—upon them I shall float
Another world unto,—and to my Echo. (*Sleeps.*)

ECHO *speaks.*

Dootned Laon, thou wilt die : the while I love thee !
 So will they hear me ! and pursue in vain,
 A love that doth not to their world pertain.
 See me once more, dear Laon ! dost thou not ?

LAON (*in sleep*).

Echo, I see thee, and methinks thy beauty
 Sublimeth more and more ; turn not away
 Those dove-like, dreamy eyes : look on me yet,—
 That I the thought of thy seraphic traits
 May have with me in my celestial rest :—
 Now I behold thee fully, and for aye.

(*Wakes.*)

Gone, gone !—despair !

I think the world is false,
 My Love a Voice—my loved-one but a Shade.
 My hope is dead ;—is higher life a dream ?
 The life of dreams is love and joy to me :
 My heart is void, and life is nothingness.
 Then rather let me sleep that long, long sleep,
 Where vain hope is not, or where love abides—
 Where, dreaming, ever I my Echo see.

The heaving billows lift me from the Earth ;—
 Echo, dear Echo ! Daughter of the Air,
 To thee—to thee !



L'Envoi.

Go, my book, go, tuning tell
 Some thoughts that haply me befell,
 Or in my youth, or later age,
 And set my soul a-singing ;
 From me, to bear upon the page,
 Some traces of my pilgrimage
 To them whose life is springing.

Wend well, my book, wend wide and find
 The true-born brotherhood of mind,
 Some kindred souls who me not know,
 Albeit they have been yearning ;
 Tell them their love may serve to show
 That knowledge which to self doth flow
 Is little worth the learning.

So speed, my book, so gainful speed,
 As that, in readers some, to breed
 New notions of the heart and brain,
 To send their thoughts a-flying ;
 Then shall I not have writ in vain
 But charmedly live on again,
 And never quite be dying.





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